THE

ESSEX HARMONY:

BEING AN ENTIRE NEW

COLLECTION

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

SONGS, CATCHES, CANZONETS, CANONS and GLEES,

FOR

TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, and NINE VOICES.

From the WORKS of the moſt eminent MASTERS.

Principally publiſhed for the Uſe of all Muſical Societies, Catch-Clubs, &c. both in Town and Country.

VOL. II.

The SECOND EDITION with large Additions.

By JOHN ARNOLD, Philo-Muſicæ,

Author of the COMPLEAT PSALMODIST, and CHURCH MUSIC REFORMED.

LONDON:

Printed by G. BIGG,

And ſold by J. BUCKLAND, and S. CROWDER, in Paternoſter-Row.

MDCC LXXVII.

John Wood Woodhams his Book

Sep.r 14 1782

BRITISH

THE PREFACE.

THAT Part-Songs and Catches, Canons and Glees, were never held in greater Eſteem in this Kingdom than at preſent, is evident by the great Number of Catch-Clubs, &c. which are now eſtabliſhed both in Town and Country, viz. at the Thatched Houſe Tavern, St. James's, is held one of the greateſt extant, to which a very conſiderable Number of Noblemen of the firſt Rank, Gentlemen, &c. are Subſcribers; who annually give four Gold Medals, each of Ten Guineas value, as Premiums; two of which are given to the Compoſer, or Compoſers of the beſt Catch and Canon: And as Glees are of two different Sorts, the one of a very gay Turn, the other of a more ſerious Caſt, the Society gives two Gold Medals of Ten Guineas value each, for the Compoſer or Compoſers of the beſt Glee, in the two different Ways abovementioned; which Premiums have of late Years been productive of a great Number of the moſt excellent Compoſitions of the Kind that ever exiſted: There are likewiſe ſeveral other Catch-Clubs held in London, alſo at Oxford, &c. but it would be giving both myſelf and Readers too much Trouble, to give a ſuccinct Account of them all, as there are a great many others in ſeveral Parts of this Kingdom, ſome held

weekly, ſome once a Fortnight, and ſome of them once a Month, amongſt many Country Choirs, &c. and in ſome Places are given gratis, by Gentlemen, a Silver Cup, &c. to be ſung for by Country Choirs, on Holidays, at ſome Inn, or Public Houſe; and in many Places, Publicans themſelves have put up Gold Rings, &c. to be ſung for in like manner; which, provided this was more encouraged and purſued, would not only prevent the many Accidents, Miſchiefs, and other bad Conſequences, generally attending thoſe Diverſions of Heroiſm, Cudgeling, Football Playing, &c. but would be a means of encouraging the Practice of one of the greateſt of Sciences; and what can be more agreeable or commendable for Country Choirs, than to meet once a Week, Fortnight, or Month, and thereby entertain themſelves and Friends with ſuch harmonious and inoffenſive Mirth; which may not only introduce Peace and Tranquillity in a Neighbourhood, but the Practiſing of Part-Songs and Catches, will be a means of greatly improving ſeveral Country Choirs in their Knowledge of Muſick; ſince this Collection conſiſts of the Compoſitions of ſome of the moſt eminent Maſters extant, notwithſtanding ſeveral of them are very eaſy, which I chuſe to put amongſt the others, for the uſe of Learners, &c. and ſince ſeveral of the Catches and Glees, herein contained, having gained the Prize Medals, is a ſufficient Proof of their Goodneſs.

Finally, I recommend the following Sheets to all true Sons of Apollo, hoping they will be as candidly received as the firſt Volume of this Work, which will give me ample Satisfaction for the Pains I have here taken.

6 NO 63

Great-Warley, Eſſex,
May 1ſt, 1776.

J. A.

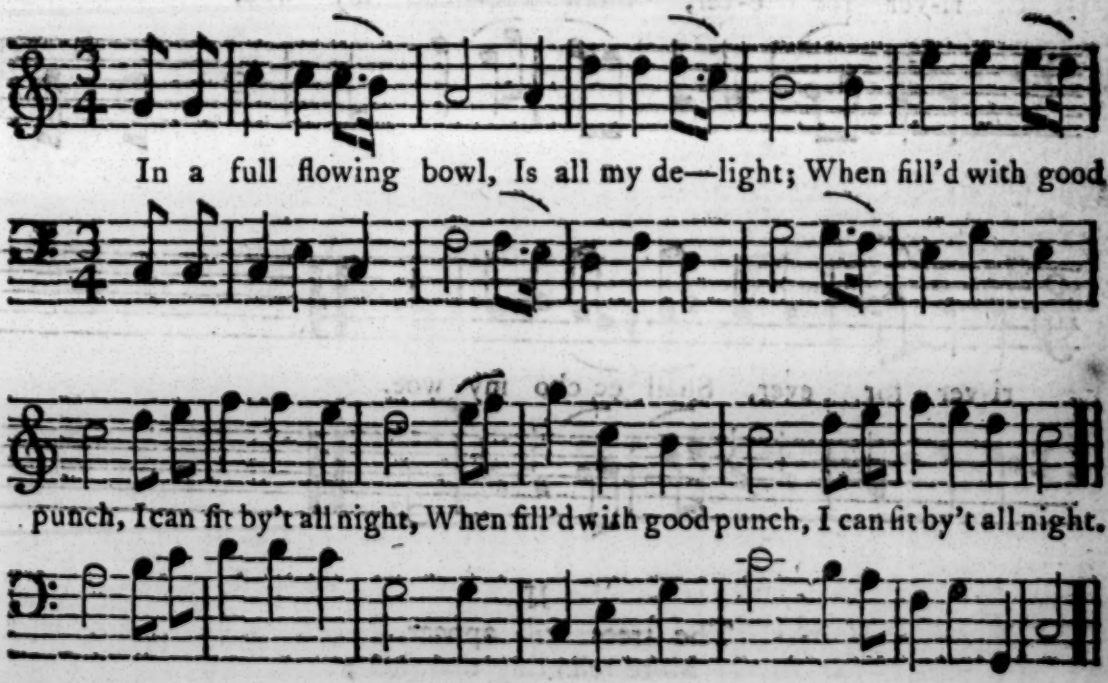
SONGS, &c.

FOR

TWO, THREE, and FOUR VOICES.

SONG. *A.* 2. *Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.



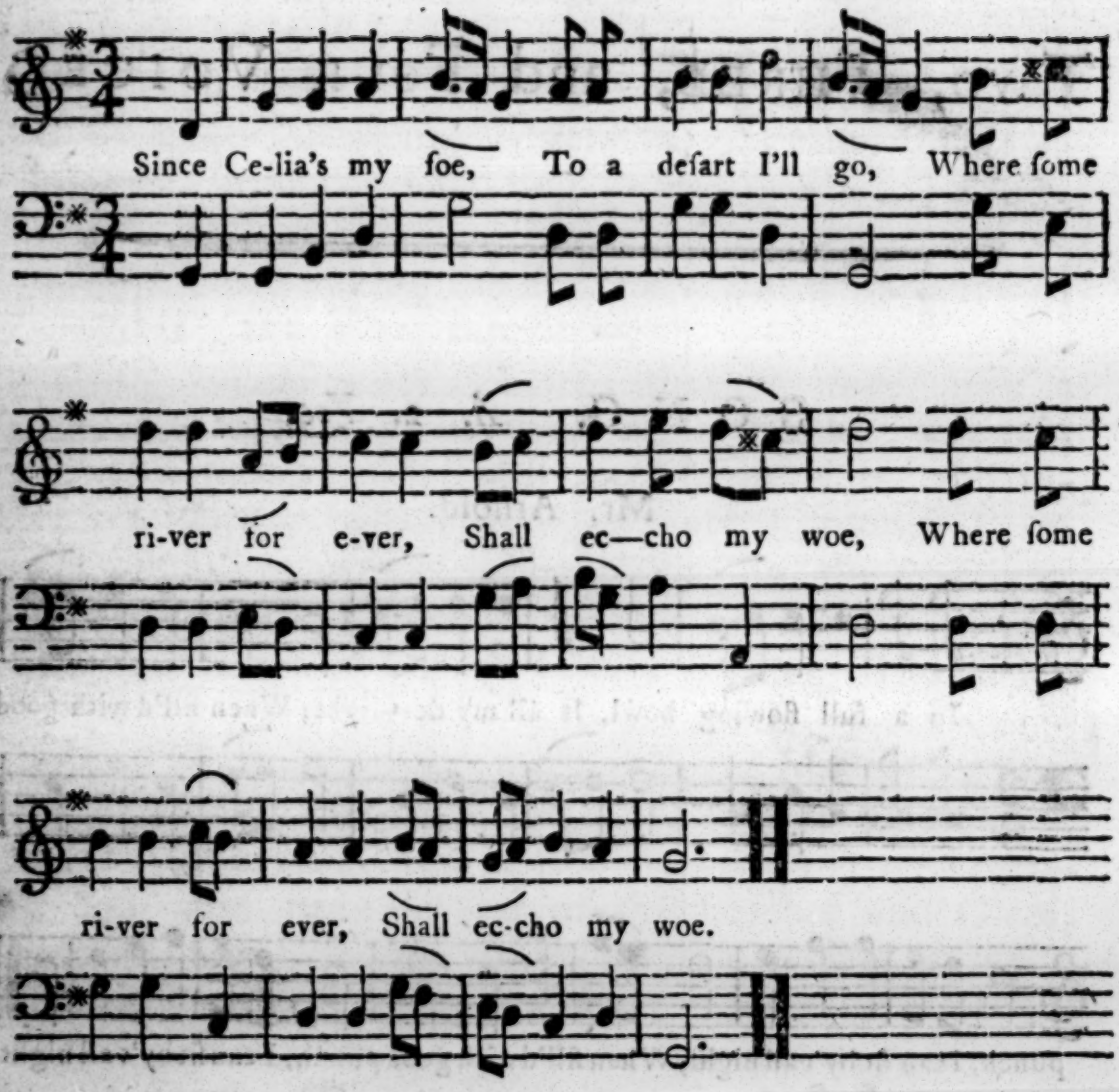
II.

In a bottle of wine,
Much pleaſure I take;
'Twill the ſenſes refine,
And my heart merry make.
'Twill the &c.

SONG.

SONG. *A.* 2. *Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.



II.

The trees will appear,
More relenting than her;
In the morning, adorning
Each leaf with a tear.

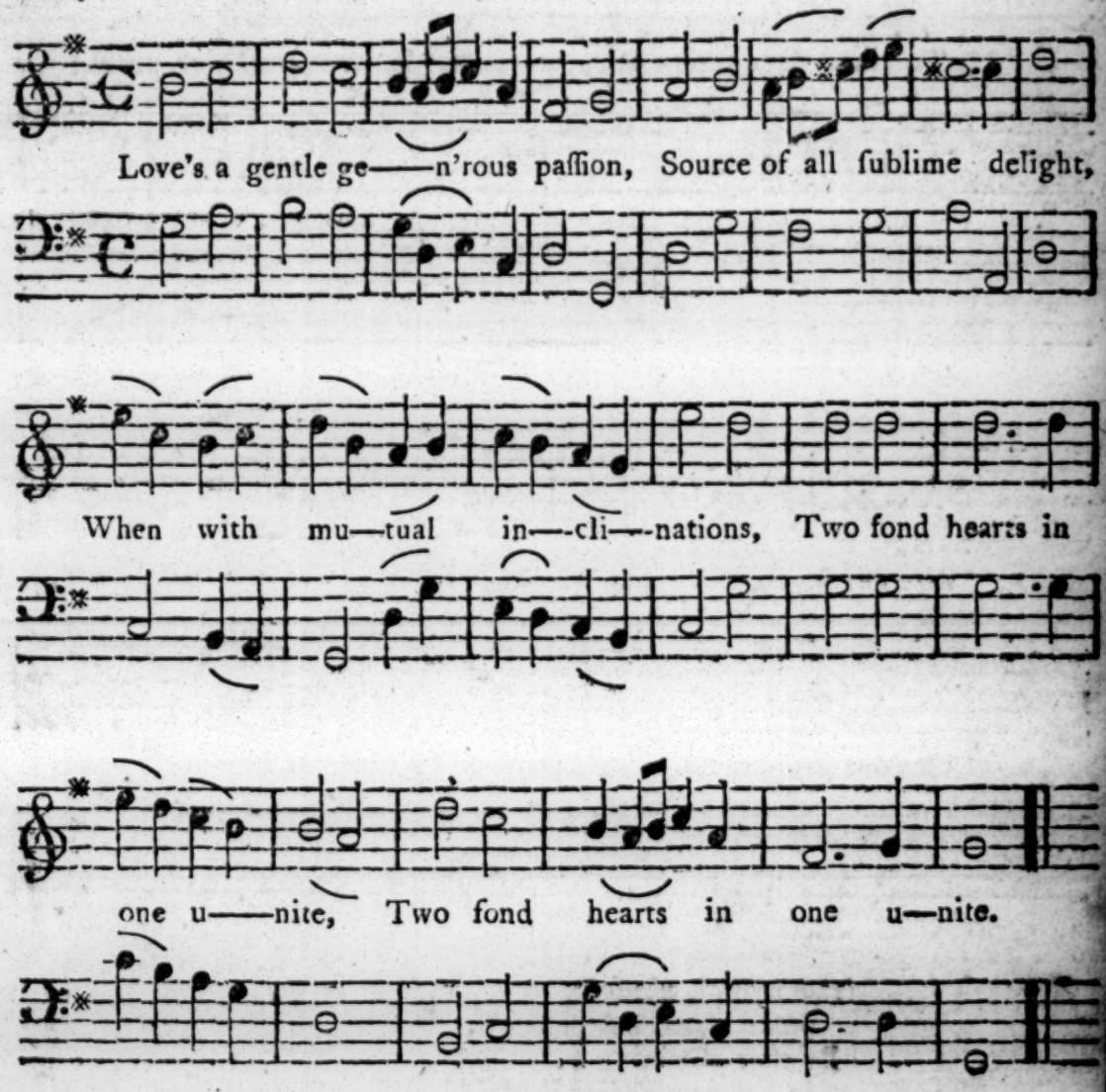
III.

When I make my sad moan,
To the rocks all alone;
From each hollow will follow,
A pitiful moan.

SONG.

SONG. *A. 2. Voc.*

Mr. Carey, *Baſs*, Mr. Arnold.



II.

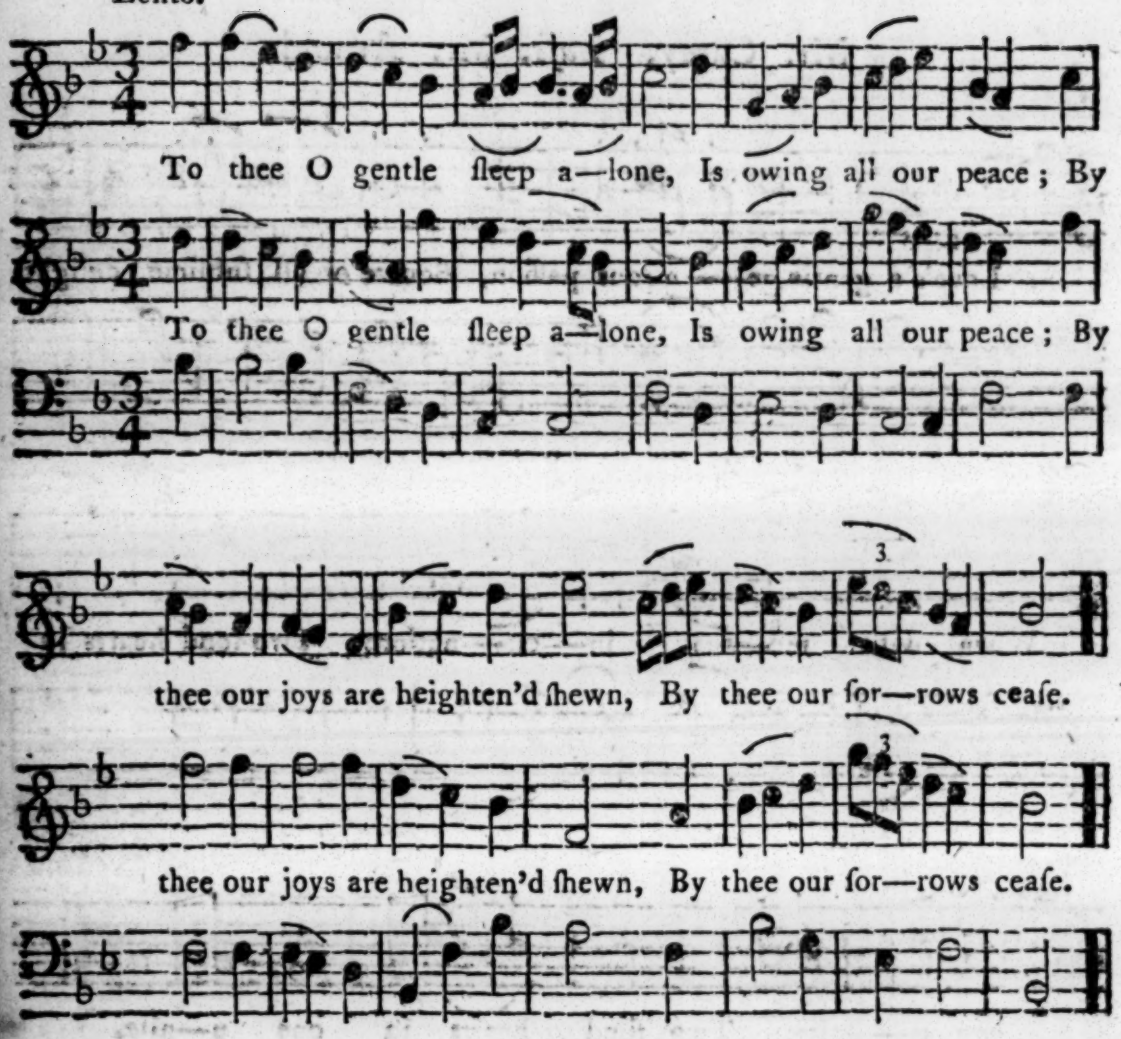
What are titles, pomp or riches,
If compar'd with true content;
That falſe joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent.

III.

Lawleſs paſſions bring vexation,
But a chaſte and conſtant love,
Is a glorious emulation,
Of the bliſsful ſtate above.

GLEE. *A. 3. Voc.*

Lento.



II.

The nymph whoſe hand by fraud or force,
Some tyrant has poſſeſs'd,
By thee obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is bleſs'd.

III.

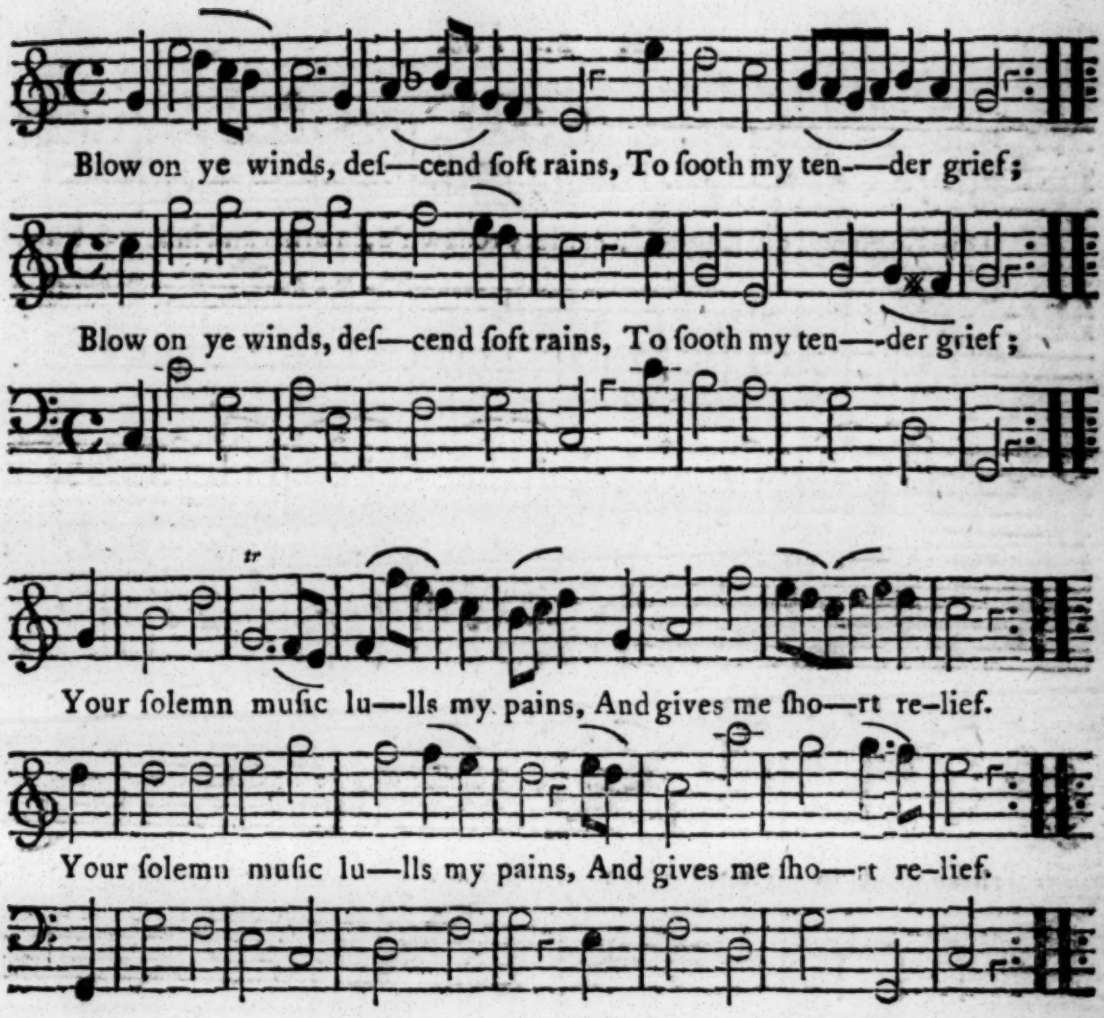
Oh! ſtay; Arpaſia bids thee ſtay,
The ſadly weeping fair
Conjures thee not to looſe in day,
The object of her care.

IV.

To graſp whoſe pleaſing form ſhe ſought,
That Molion chas'd her ſleep,
Thus by ourſelves are oft'neſt wrought,
The griefs for which we weep.

GLEE.

GLEE. *A.* 3. *Voc.*



II.

In ſome lone corner would I ſit,
  Retir'd from human kind;
Since mirth, nor ſhew, nor ſparkling wit,
  Can pleaſe my anxious mind.

III.

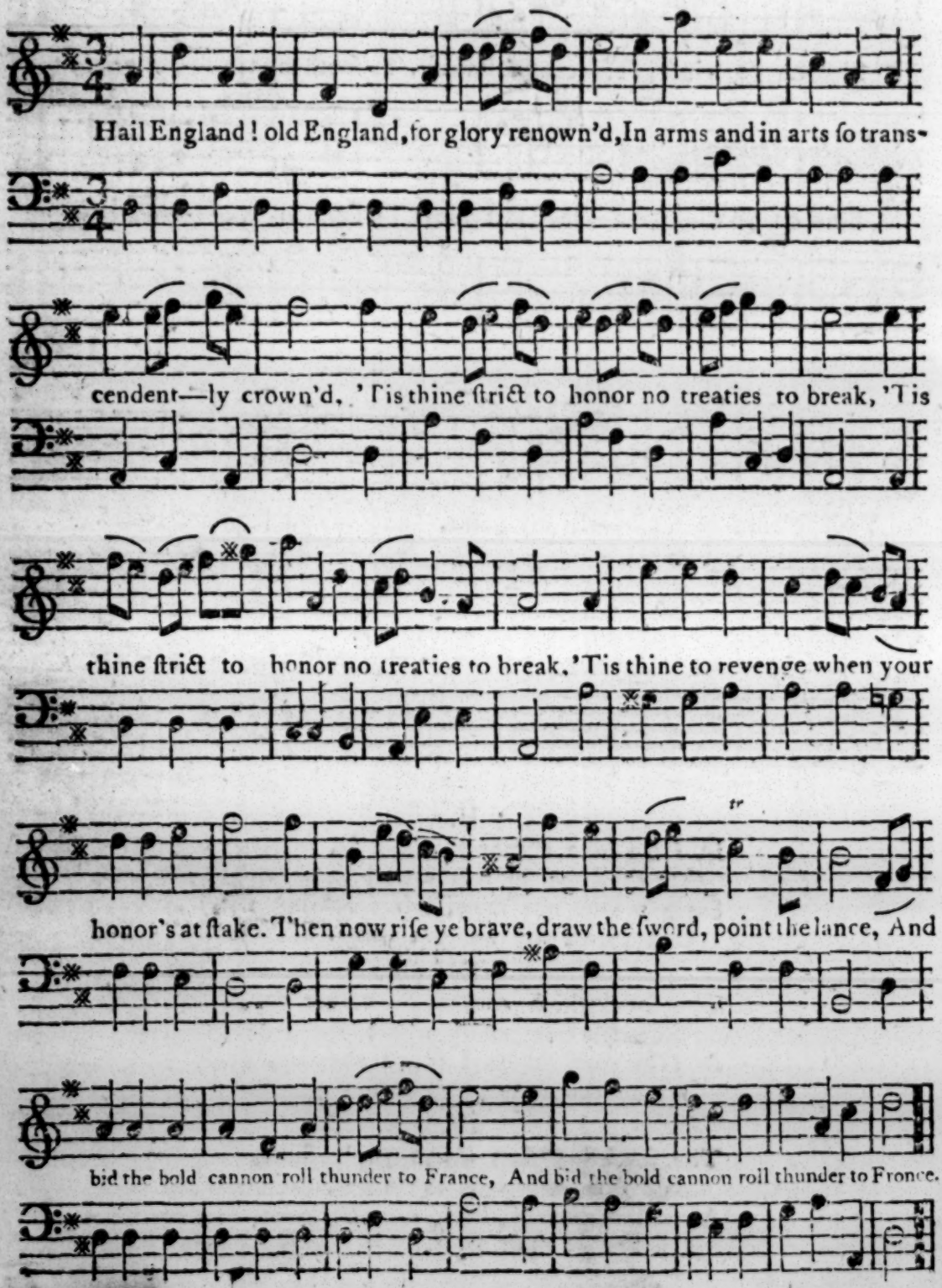
The Sun which makes all nature gay,
  Torments my weary eyes;
And in dark ſhades I ſpend the day,
  Where eccho ſleeping lies.

IV.

The ſparkling ſtars which gayly ſhine,
  And glitt'ring deck the night,
Are all ſuch cruel foes of mine,
  I ſicken at their ſight.

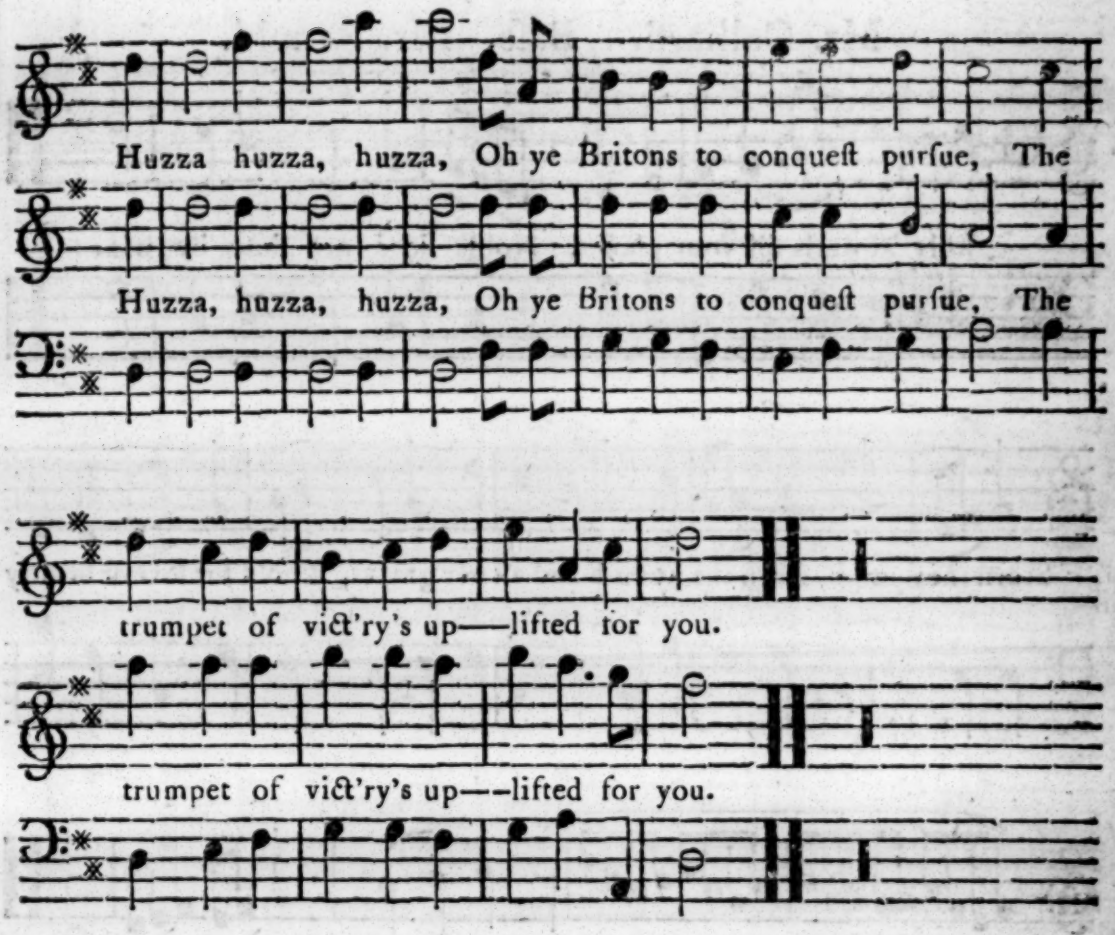
An occaſional ODE, on the Succeſs of our Arms.

A. 2. Voc.



CHORUS.

CHORUS. *A. 3. Voc.*



II.

Hark, truth ſpeaks already our heroes prevail,
The rouz'd Engliſh Lion makes Gallia turn pale;
Thy cunning, oh! France, it's own fate will decree,
Succeſs, lo, dawns on us, by land and by ſea;
And wide o'er the main ſhall the Britiſh flag fly,
To force that ſubmiſſion which pride would deny. Huzza, &c.

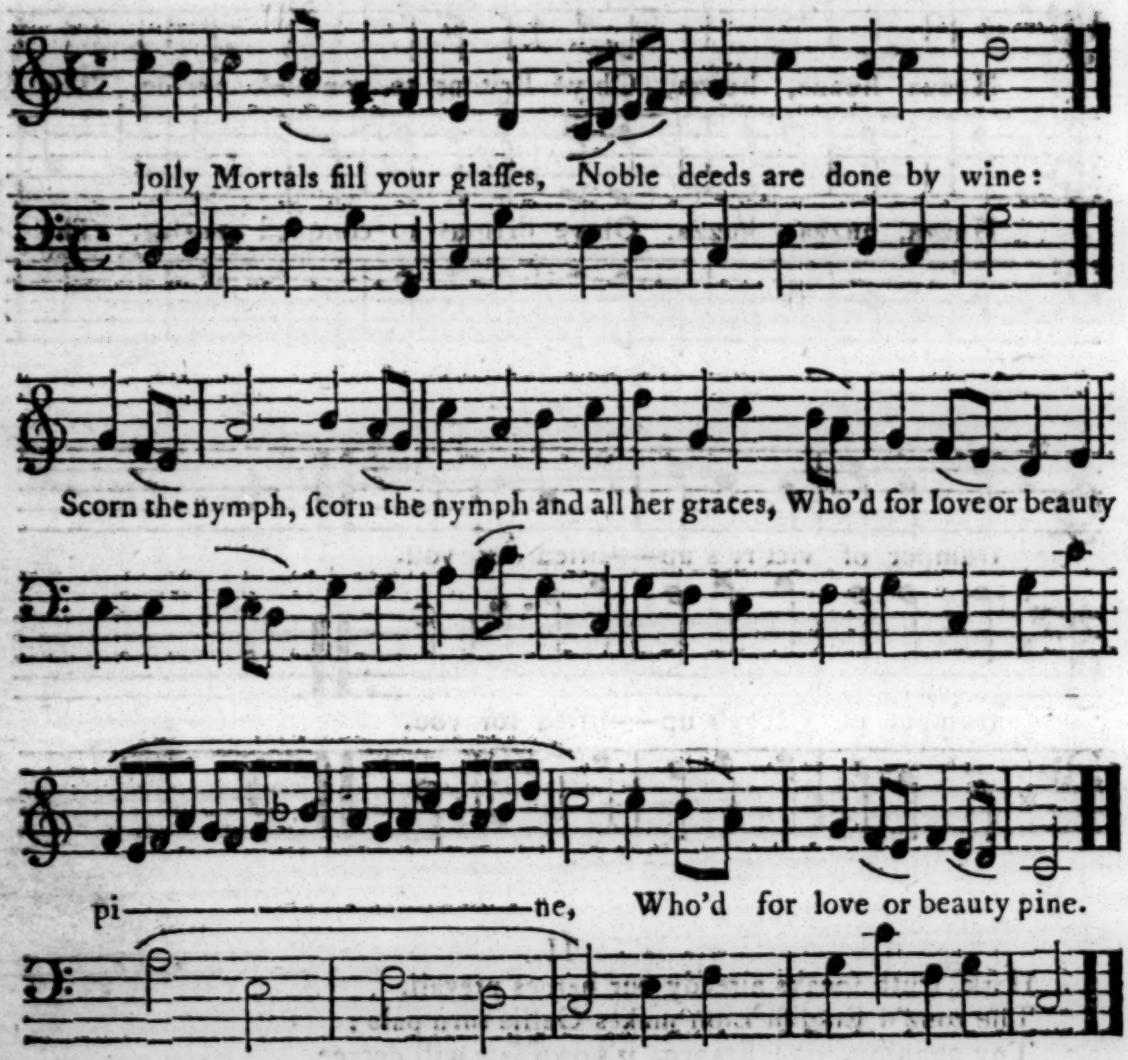
III.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to ſee:
My ſons, fight, ſhe cries, 'tis for freedom and me:
Though Gallic ambition alliance explore,
You'll conquer them now, whom you've conquer'd before,
And triumph theſe truths to all nations ſhall ſing,
The ocean is George's, and George is our King. Huzza, &c.

SONG.

SONG. *A. 2. Voc.*

Mr. Galliard. Baſs, Mr. Arnold.



II.

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand charms you'll find,
More than Phillis tho' juſt going,
In the moment to be kind,
In the &c.

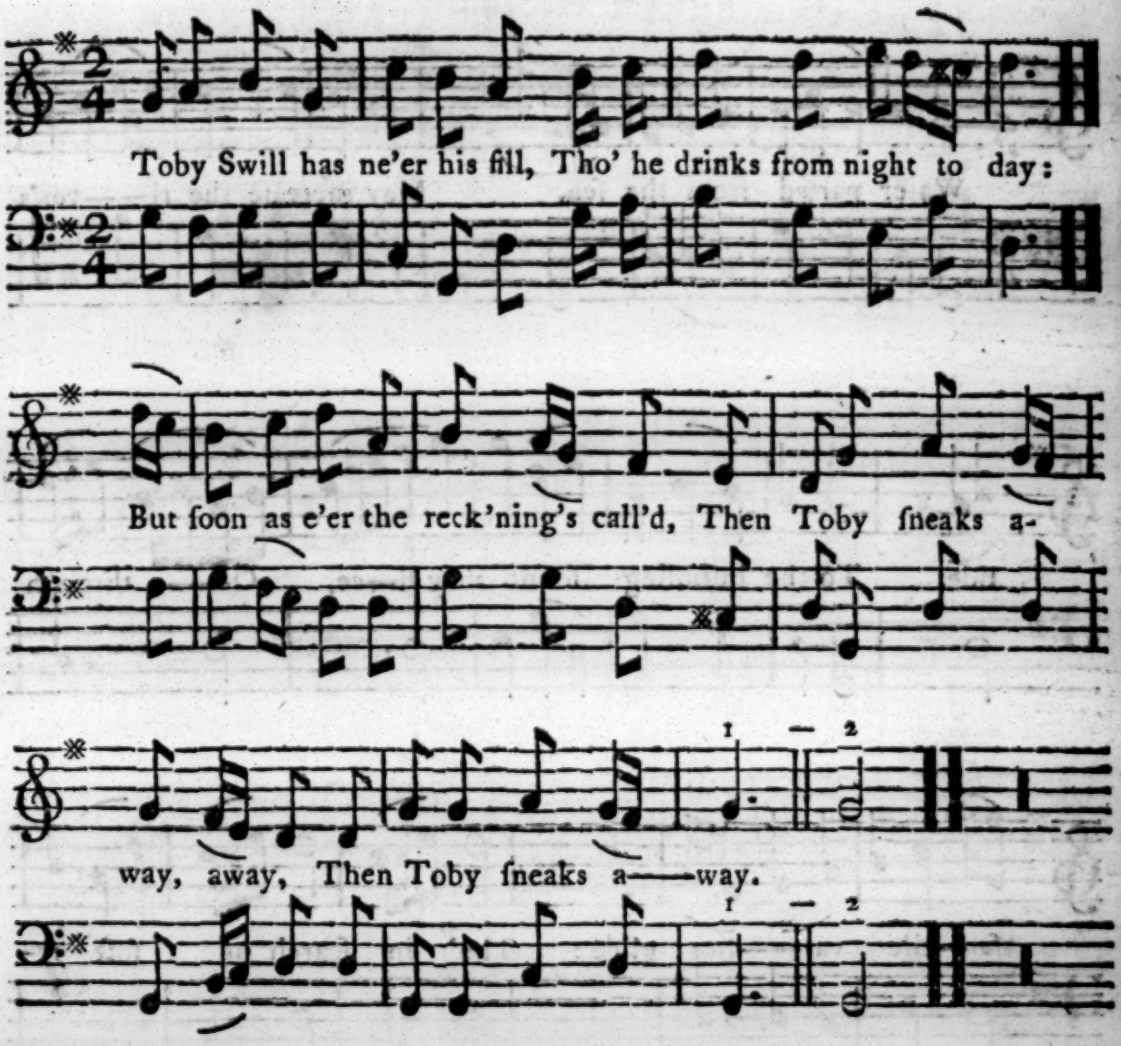
III.

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about a council board;
He ſubdu'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conqu'ring ſword.
More &c.

SONG.

SONG. *A. 2. Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.



II.

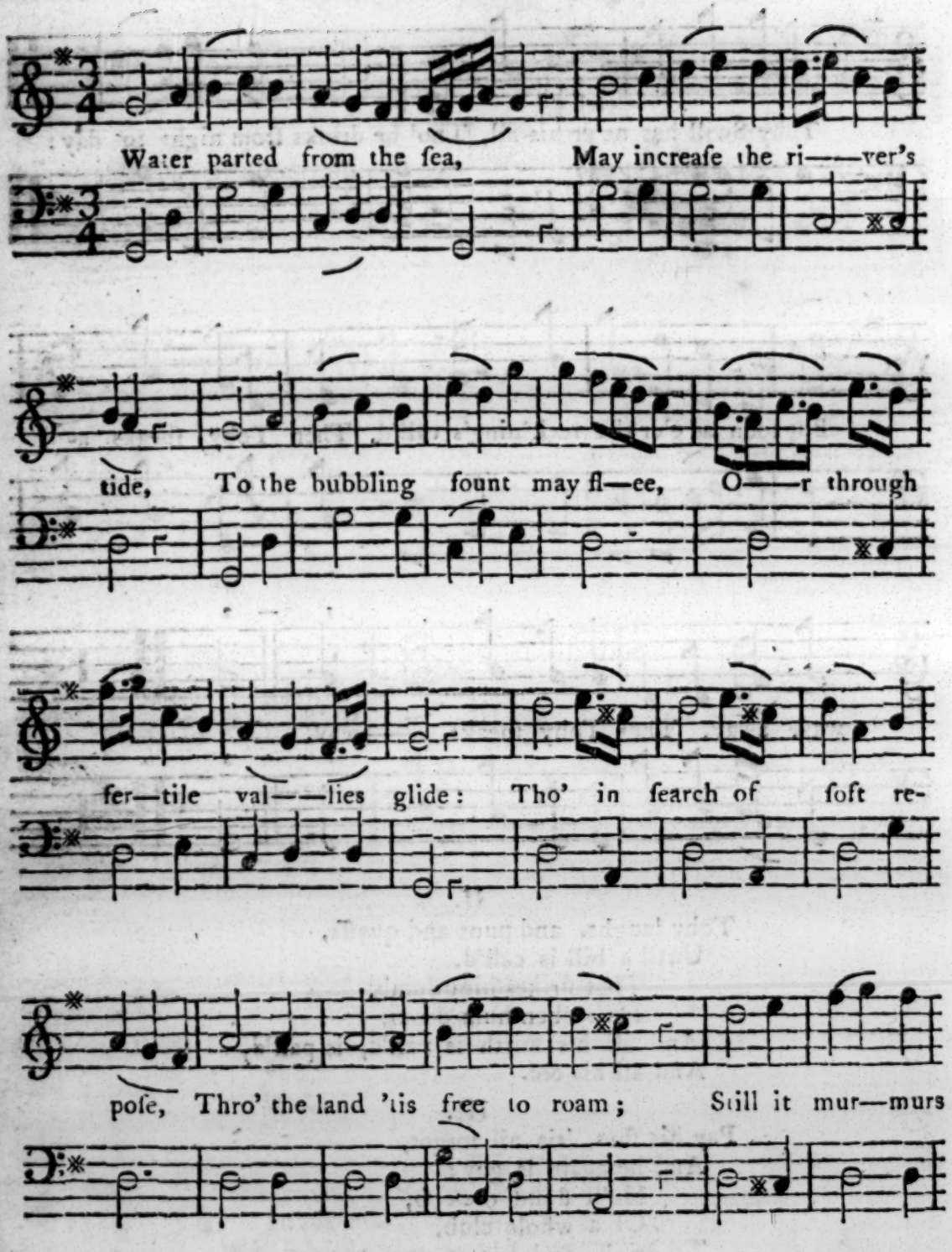
Toby laughs, and puns and quaffs,
Until a bill is call'd,
That ſtrikes him dumb,
He's then hum drum,
And all his mirth is pall'd, is pall'd,
And all his &c.

III.

Pay his ſhot, 'tis all forgot,
And he again is gay;
He'll ſtand the rub,
Of a whole club,
To drink, and not to pay, to pay,
To drink, &c.

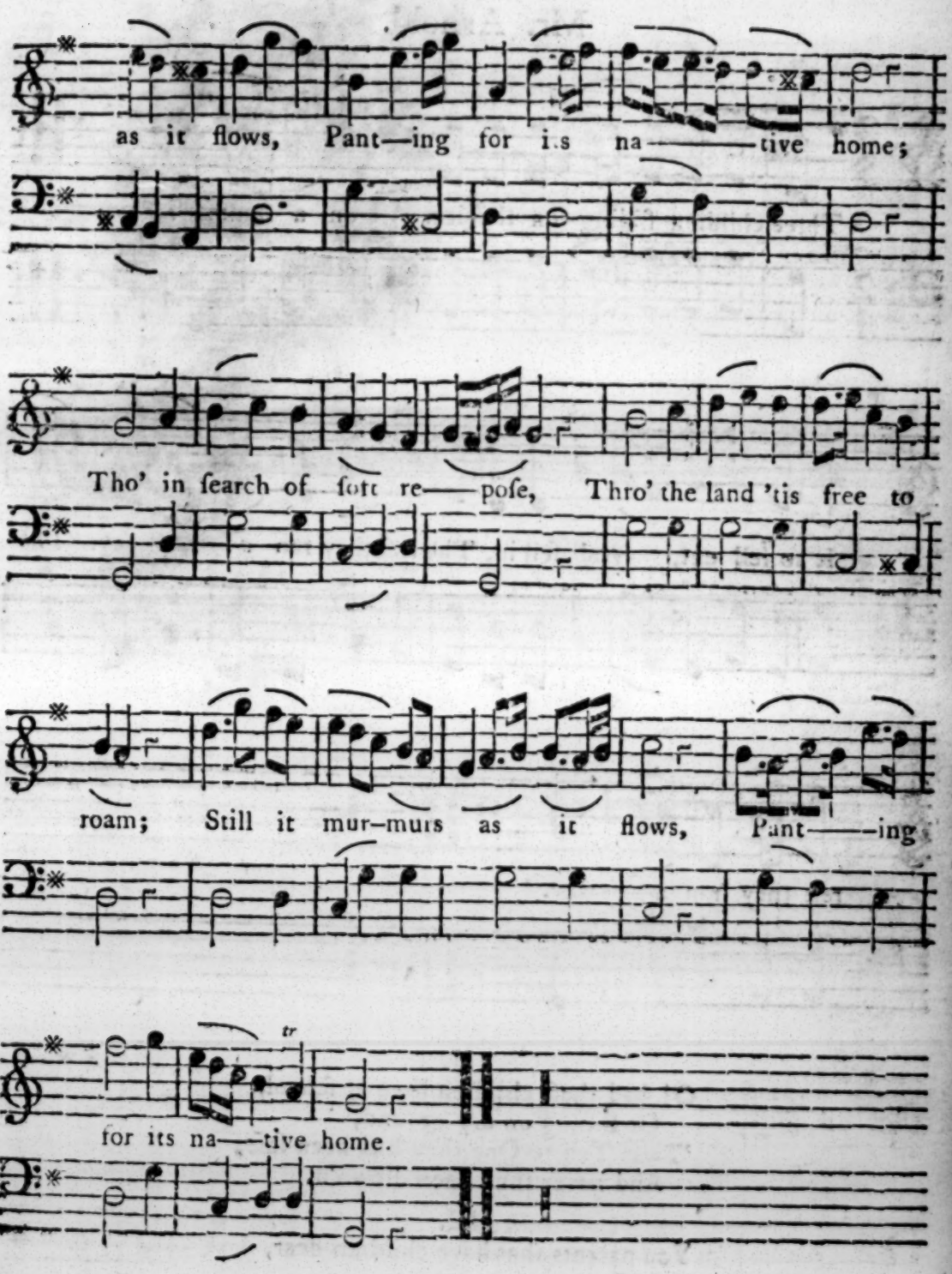
SONG. *A. 2. Voc.*

Dr. Arne.



Continued.

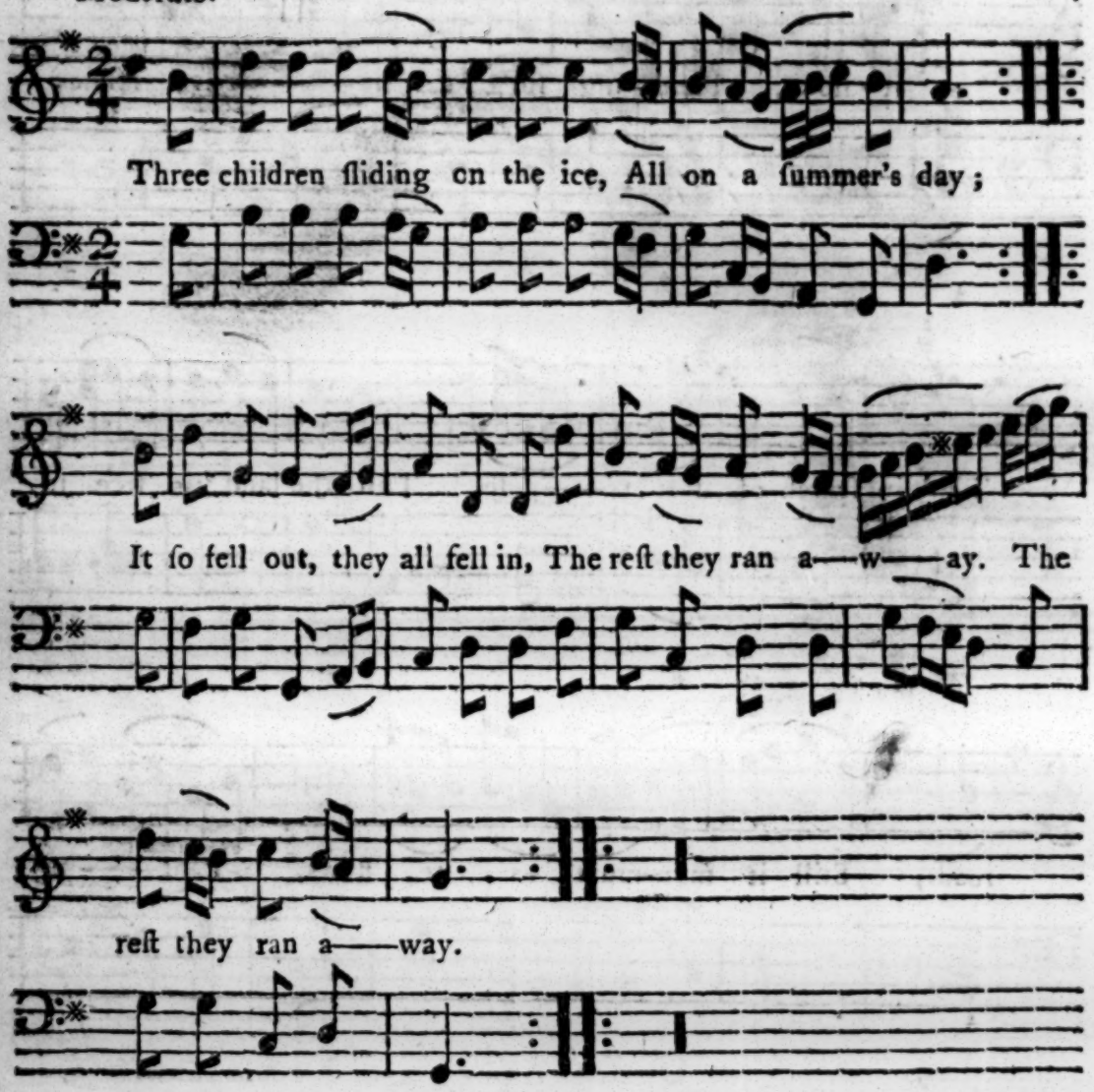
Continued.


as it flows, Pant—ing for its na———tive home;
Tho' in ſearch of ſoft re——poſe, Thro' the land 'tis free to
roam; Still it mur–murs as it flows, Pant——ing
tr
for its na——tive home.

SONG. *A.* 2. *Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.

Moderato.



II.

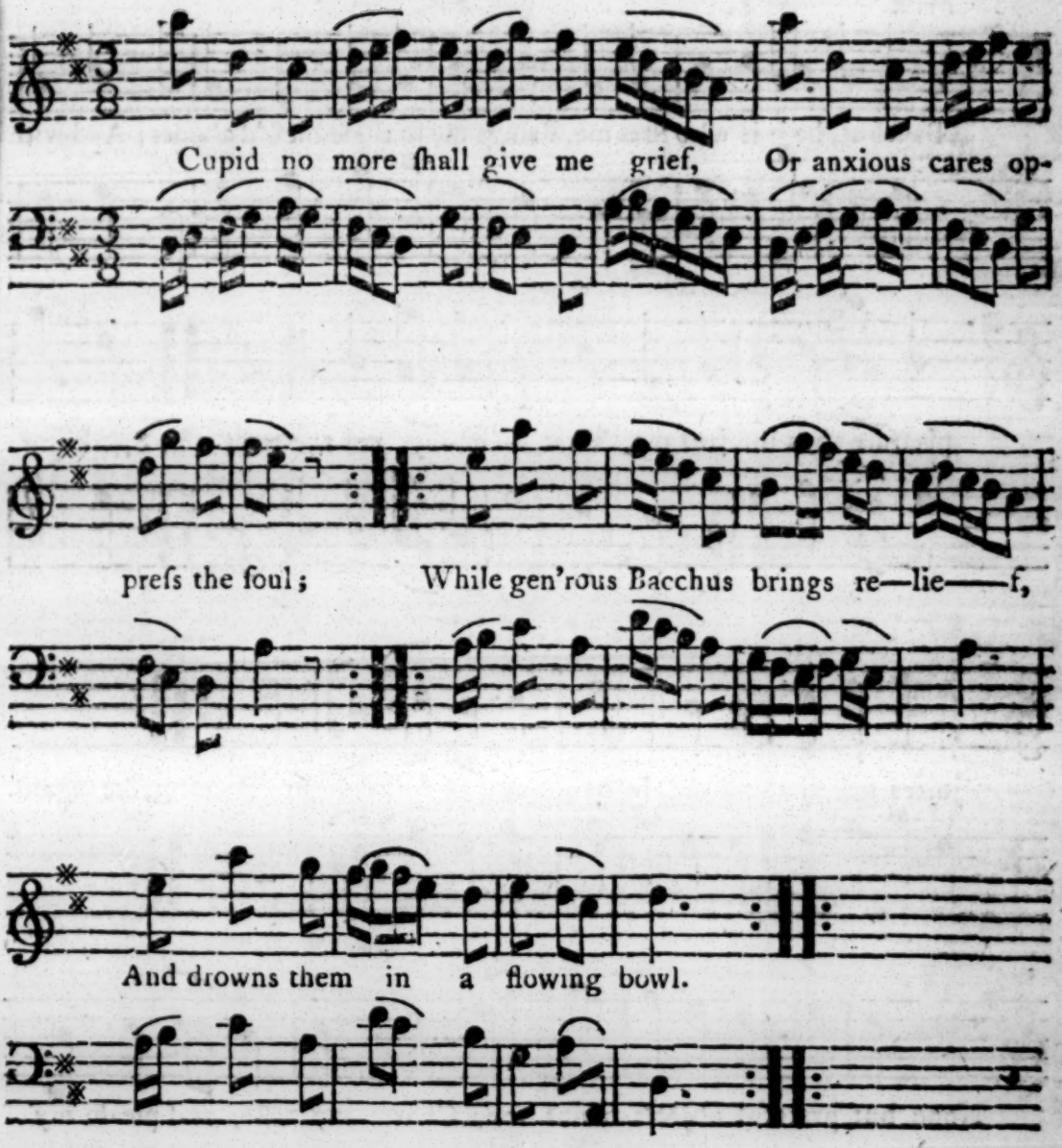
O! had theſe children been at ſchool,
Or ſliding on dry ground,
'Twas Ten to One they had been ſafe,
And never thus been drown'd.

III.

You parents that have children dear,
Alſo you that have none,
If you wou'd have them ſafe abroad,
Pray keep them ſafe at home.

SONG.

SONG. *A. 2. Voc.*

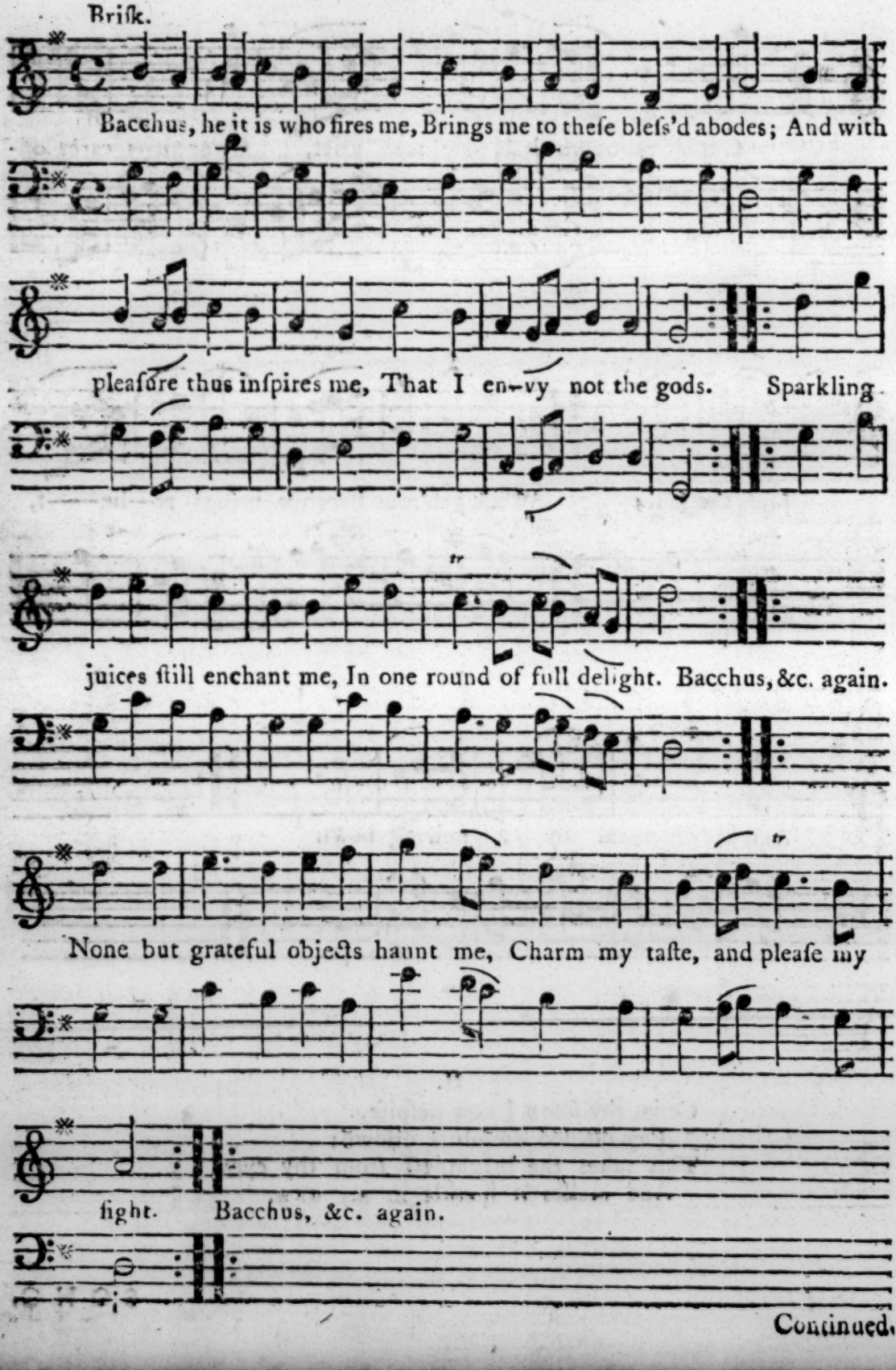


II.

Celia, thy ſcorn I now deſpiſe,
Thy boaſted empire I diſown;
This takes the brightneſs from thy eyes,
And makes it ſparkle in my own.

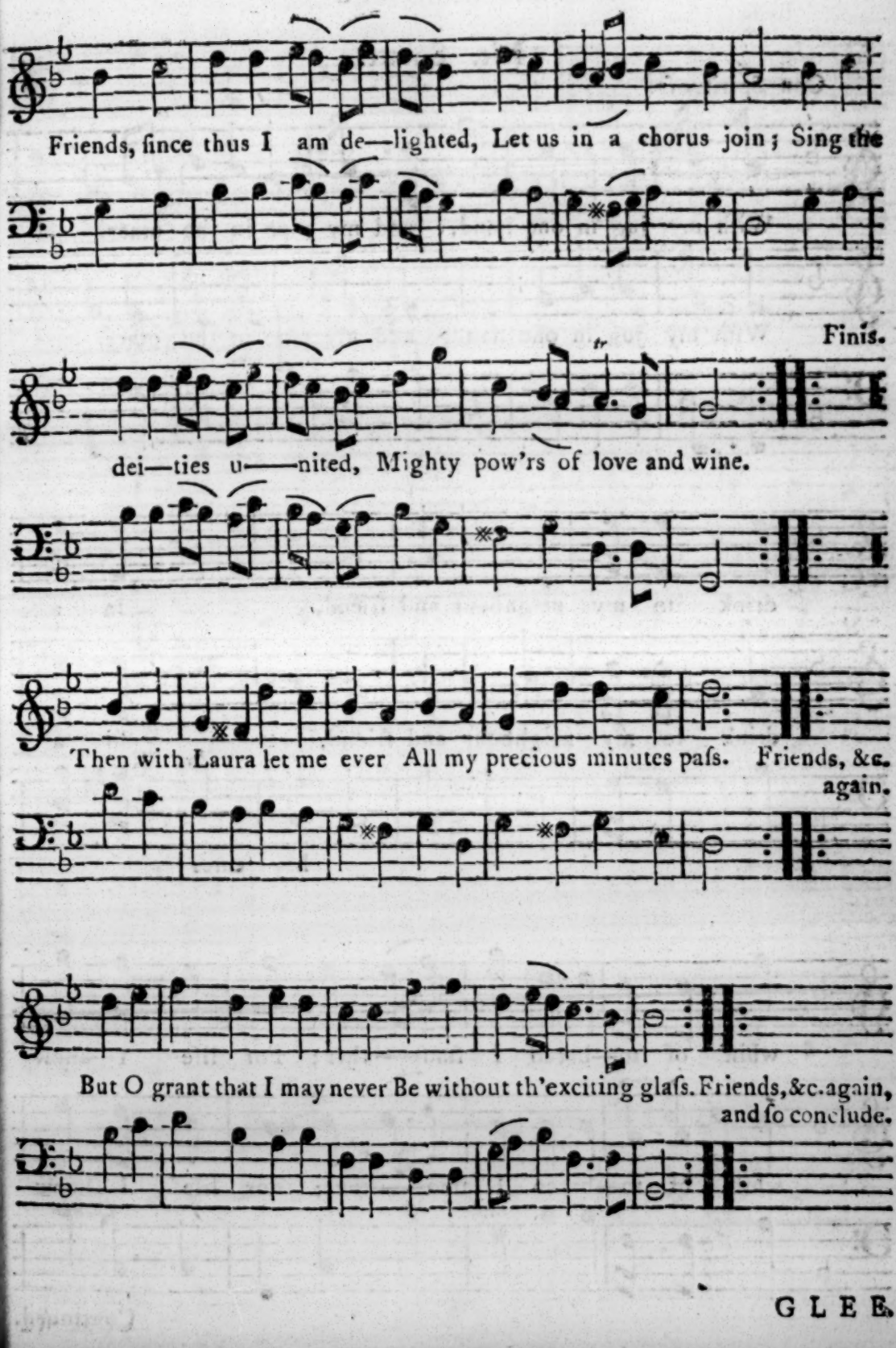
SONG.

SONG. *A. 2. Voc.*



Continued.

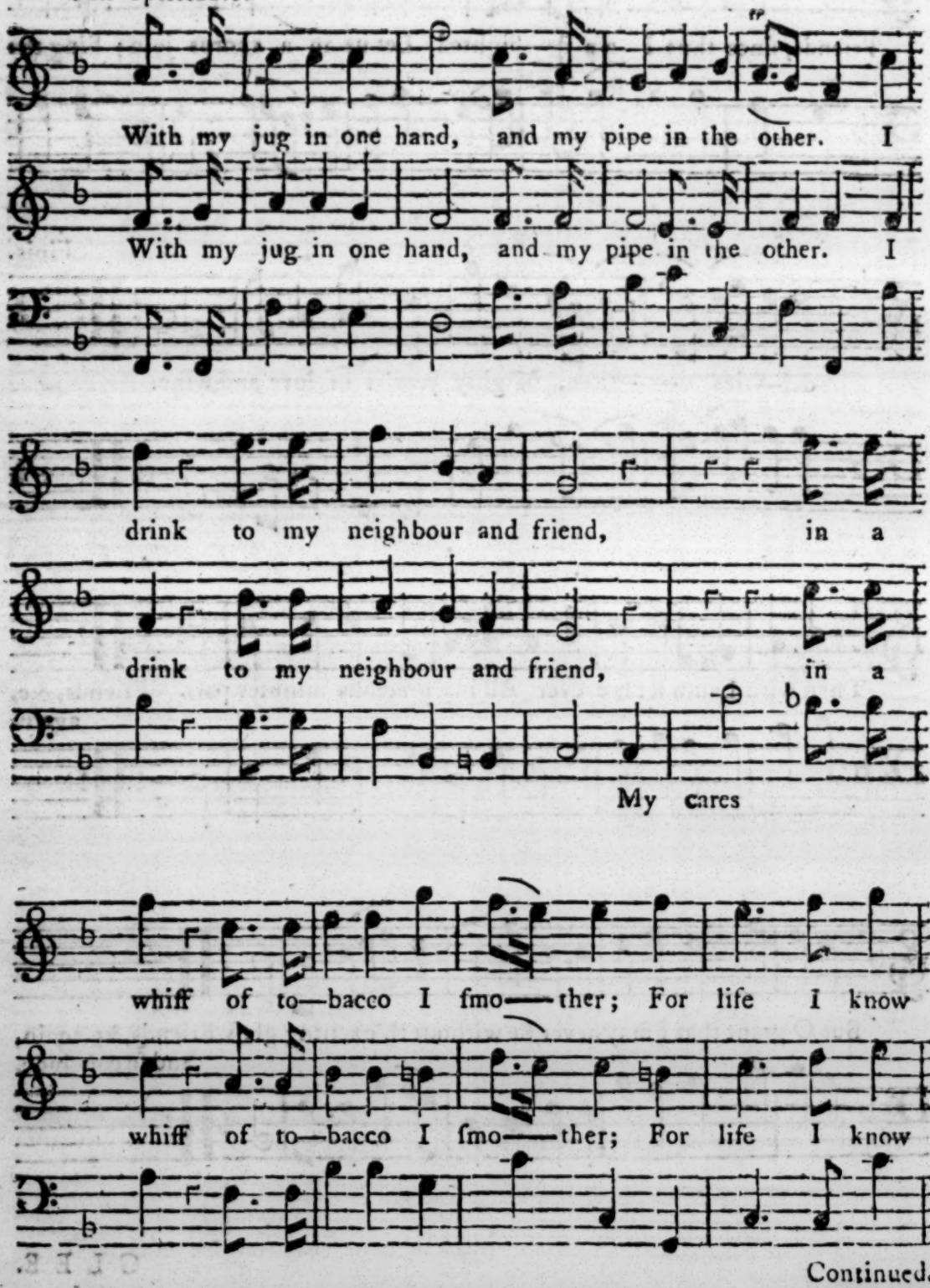
Continued.


Friends, ſince thus I am de—lighted, Let us in a chorus join; Sing the
Finis.
dei—ties u——nited, Mighty pow'rs of love and wine.
Then with Laura let me ever All my precious minutes paſs. Friends, &c.
again.
But O grant that I may never Be without th'exciting glaſs. Friends, &c. again,
and ſo conclude.

GLEE. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

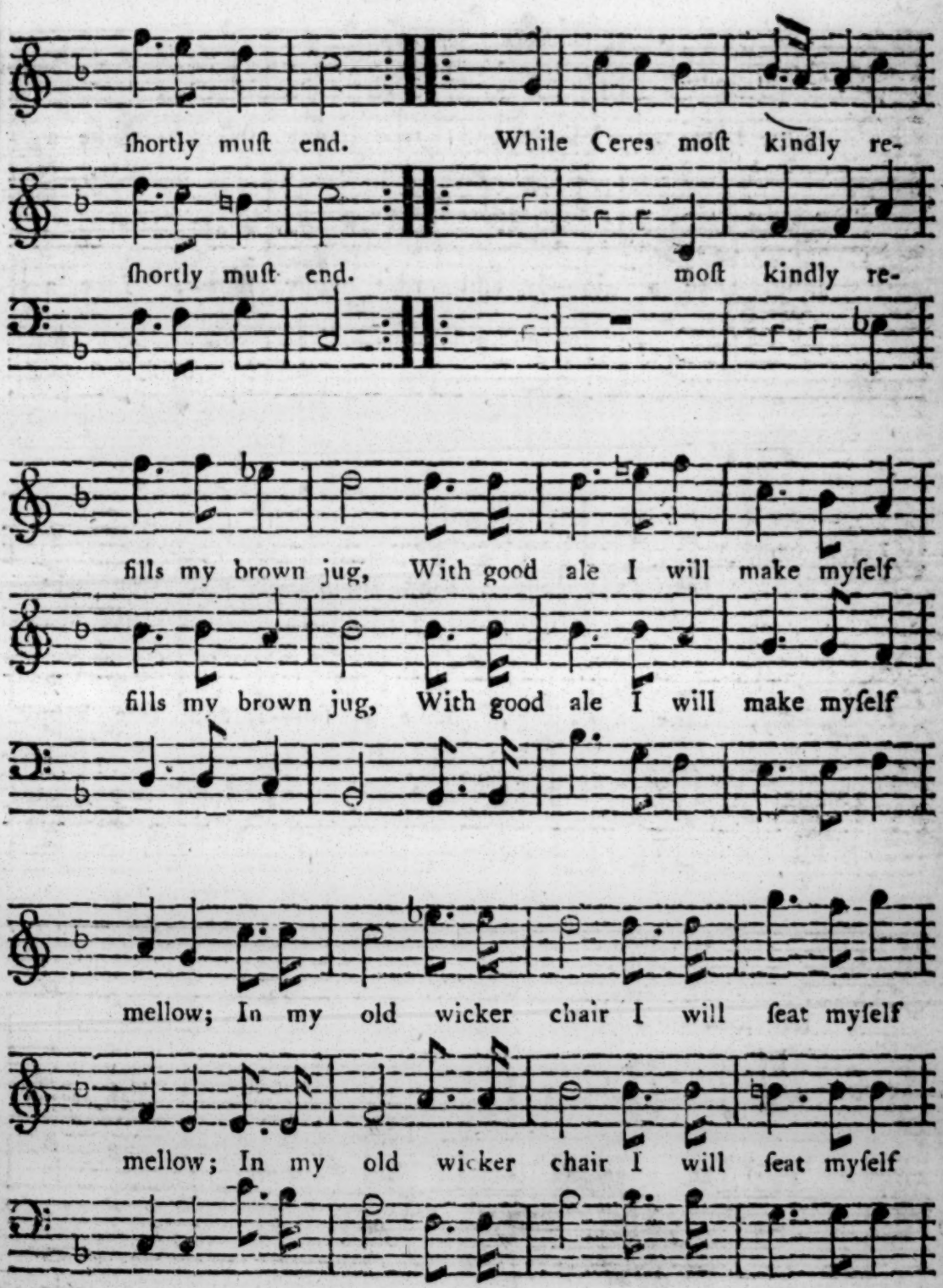
Mr. Smart.

Con Spirituoſo.



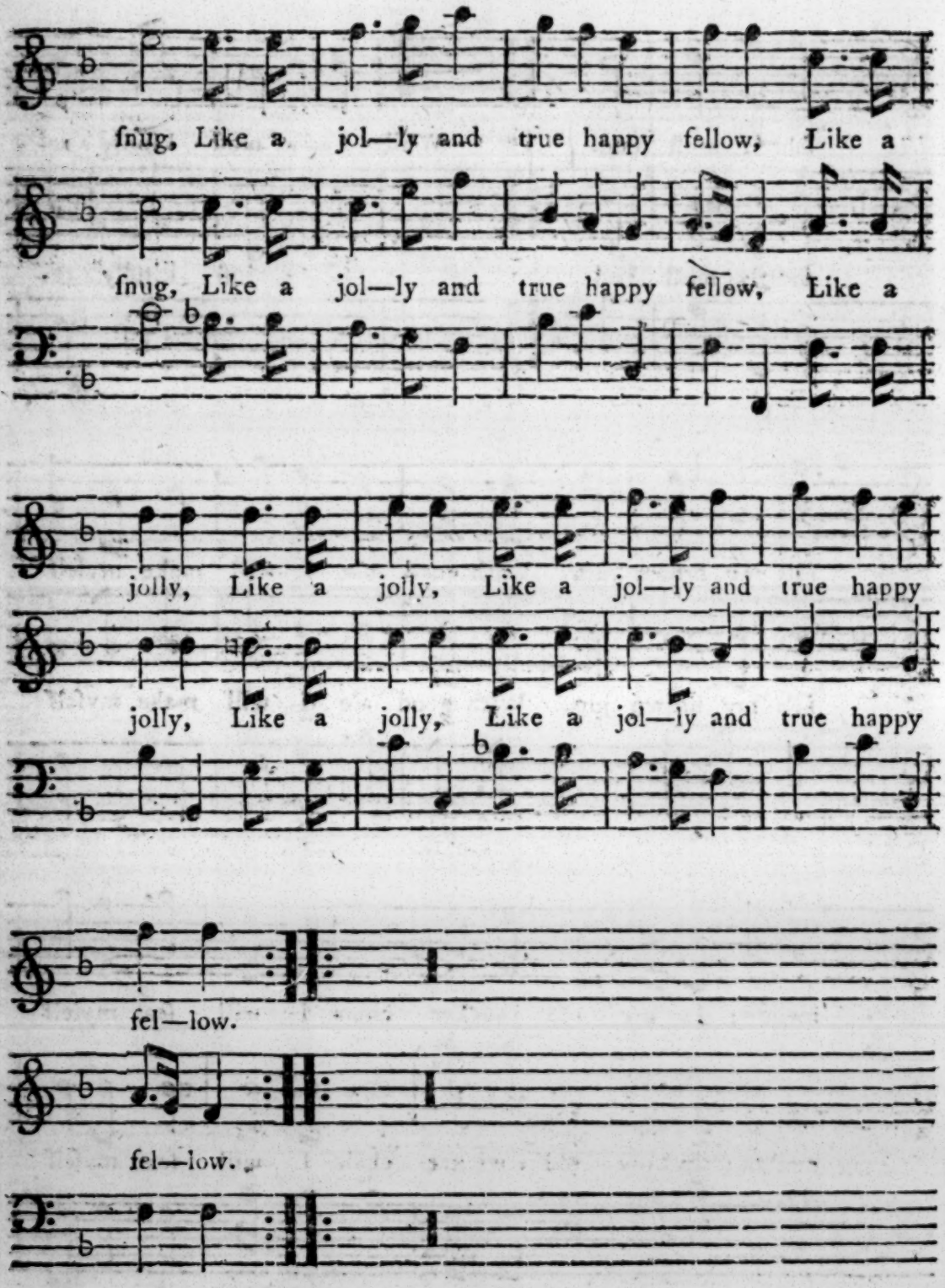
Continued.

Continued.



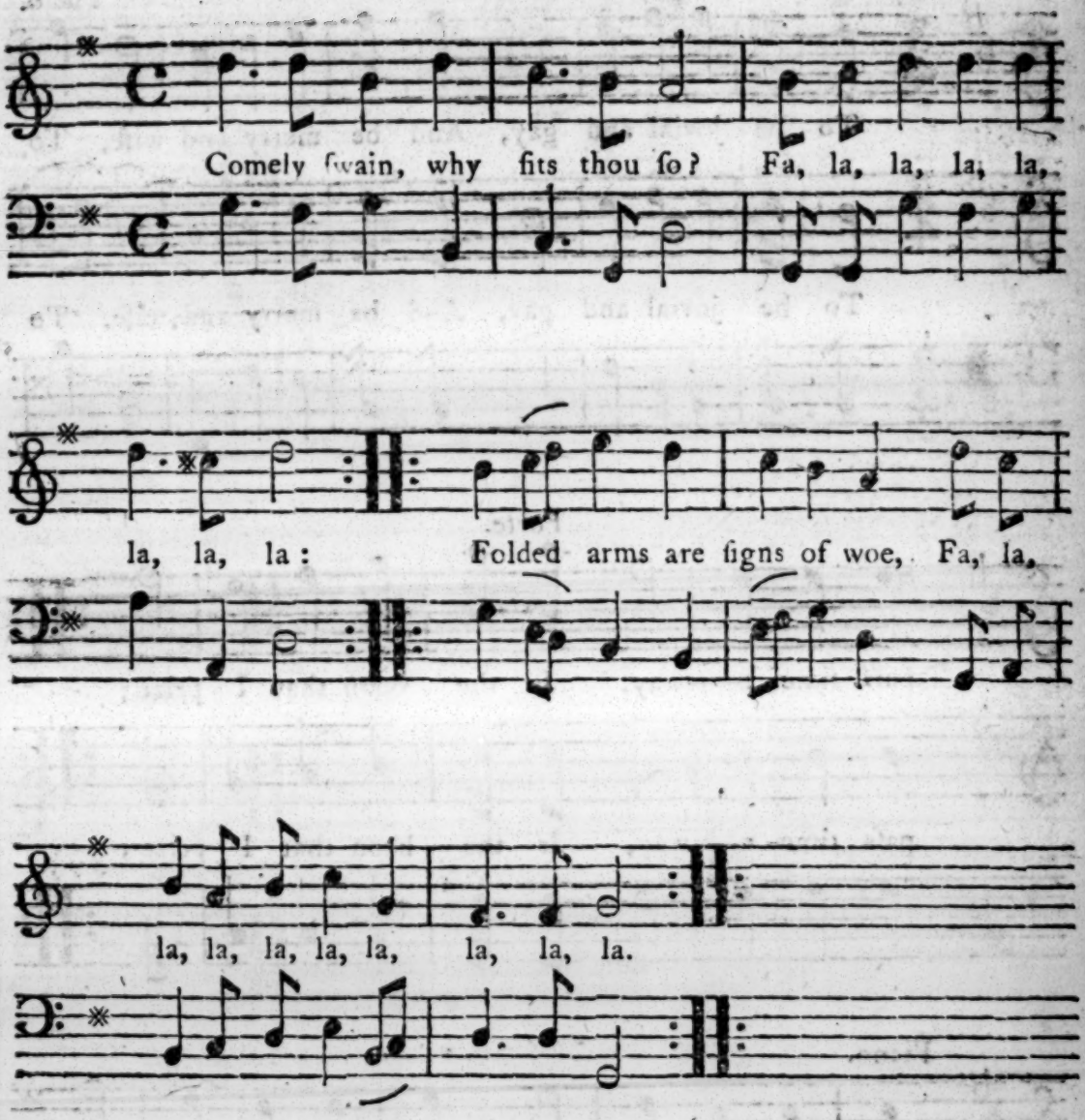
Continued.

Continued.


ſnug, Like a jol—ly and true happy fellow, Like a
ſnug, Like a jol—ly and true happy fellow, Like a
jolly, Like a jolly, Like a jol—ly and true happy
jolly, Like a jolly, Like a jol—ly and true happy
fel—low.
fel—low.

SONG. *A.* 2. *Voc.*

Mr. Playford.

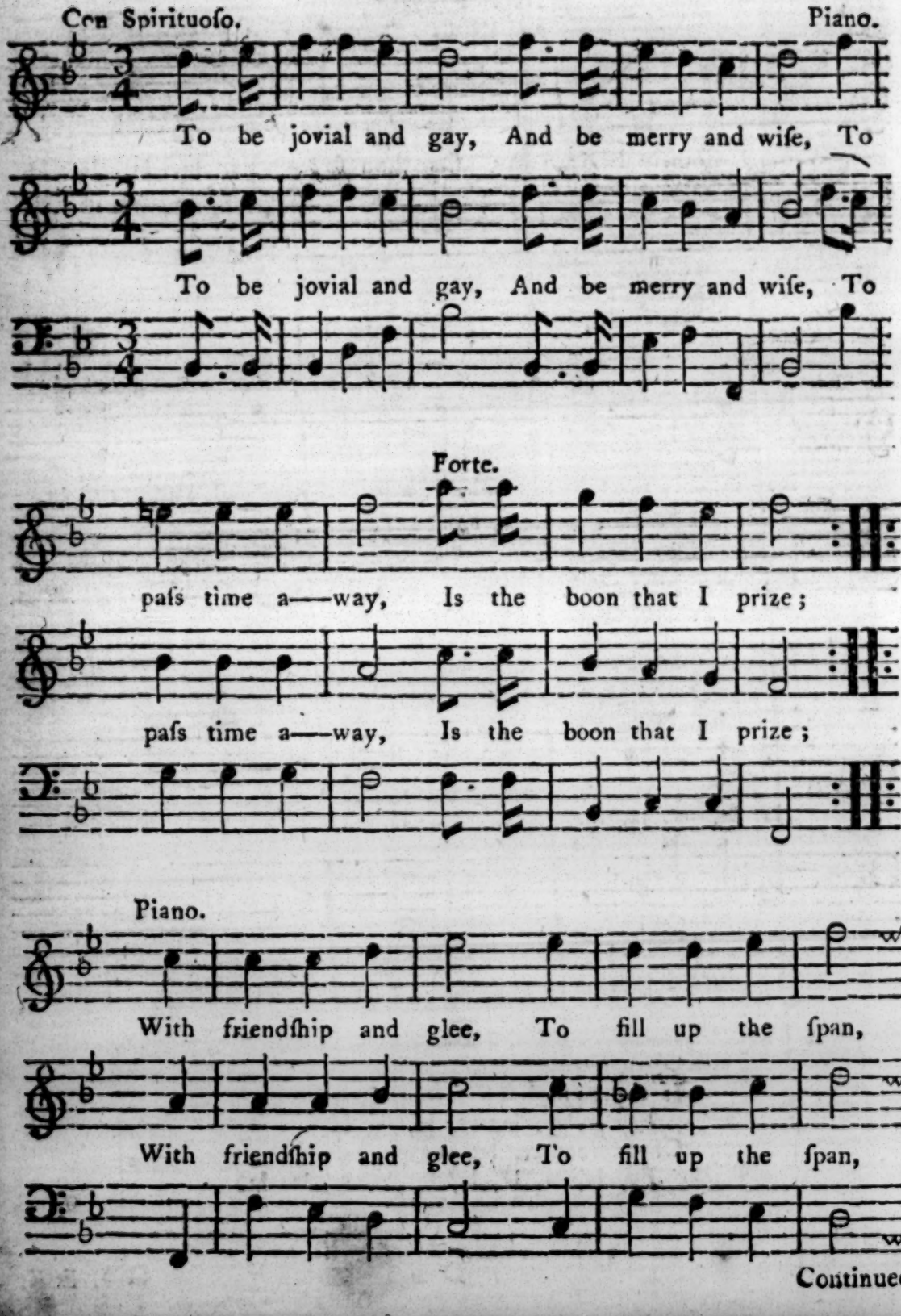


II.

If thy nymph no favour ſhew,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Chuſe another, let her go,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

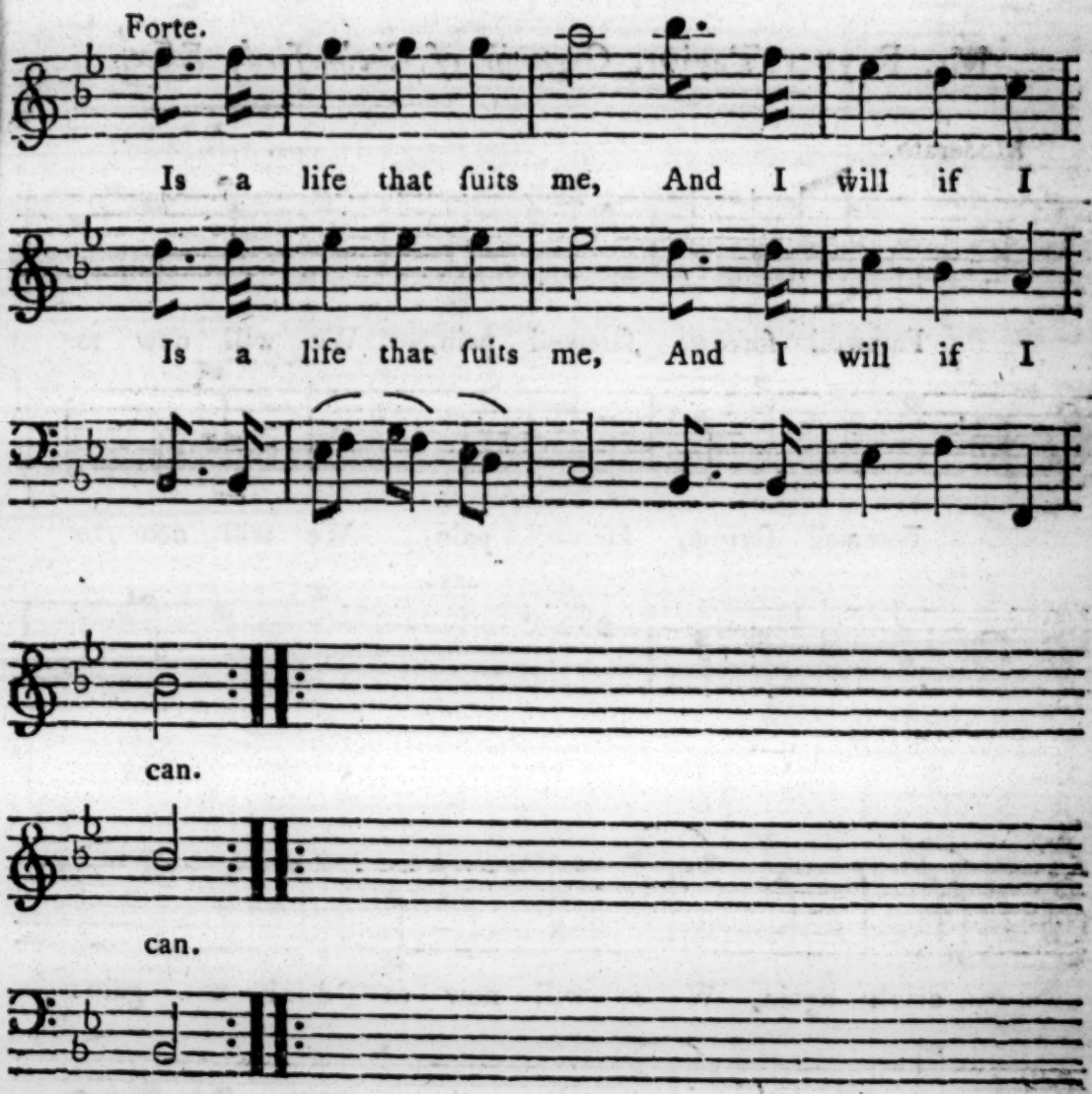
GLEE. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Mr. Smart.



Continued.

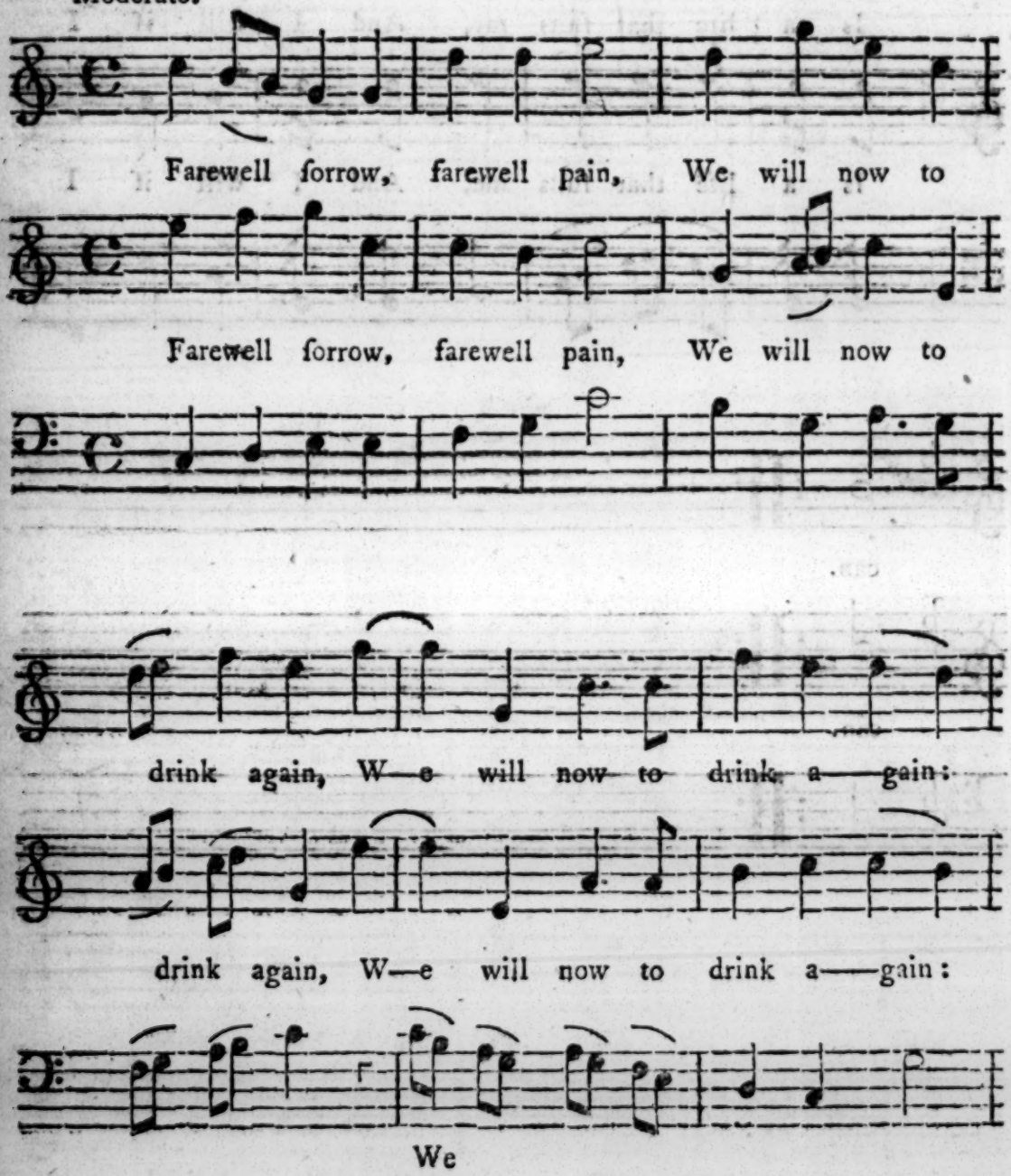
Continued.


Forte.
Is a life that ſuits me, And I will if I
Is a life that ſuits me, And I will if I
can.
can.

GLEE. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

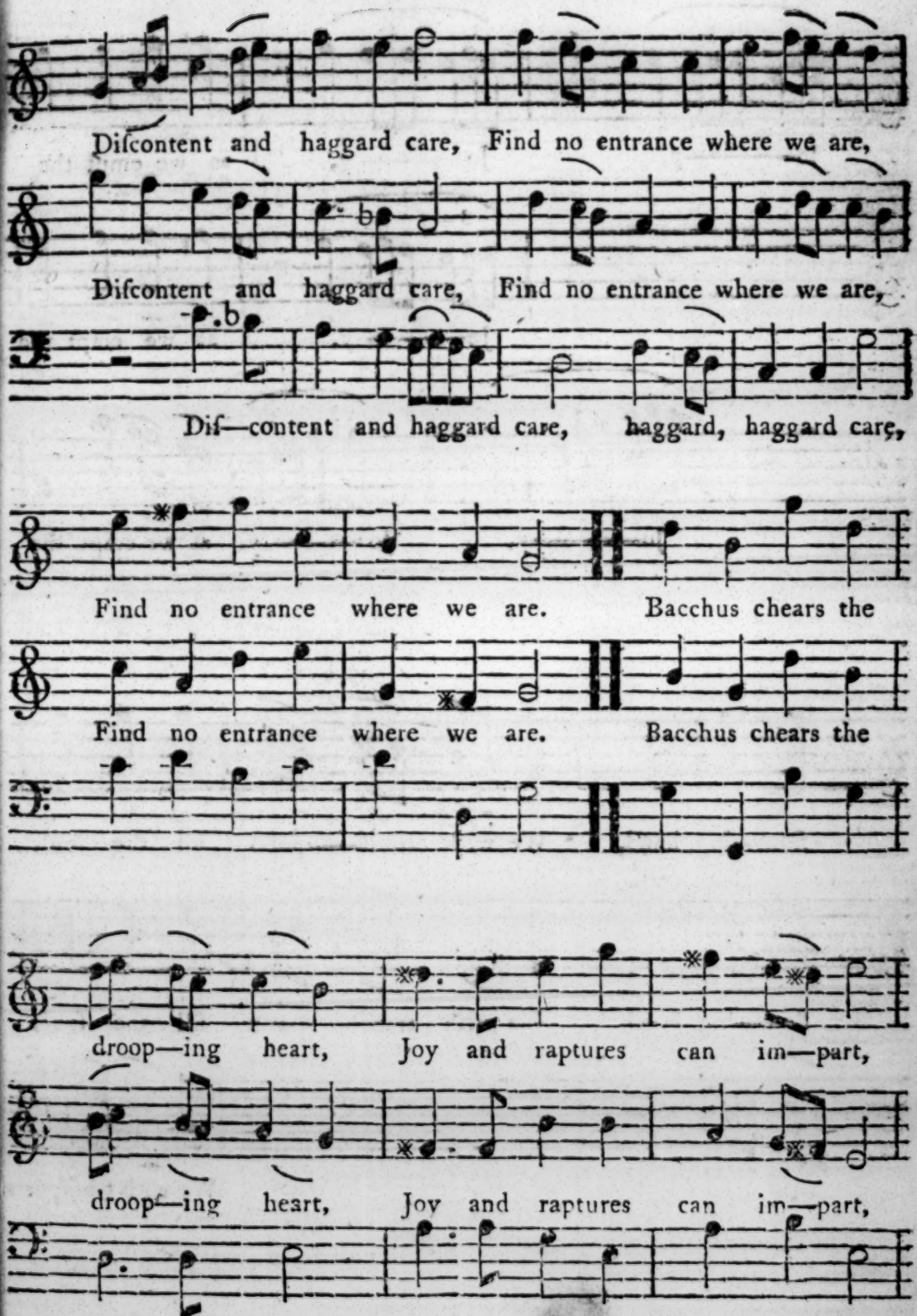
Mr. Rayner Taylor, *Organiſt of Chelmsford, Eſſex.*

Moderato.



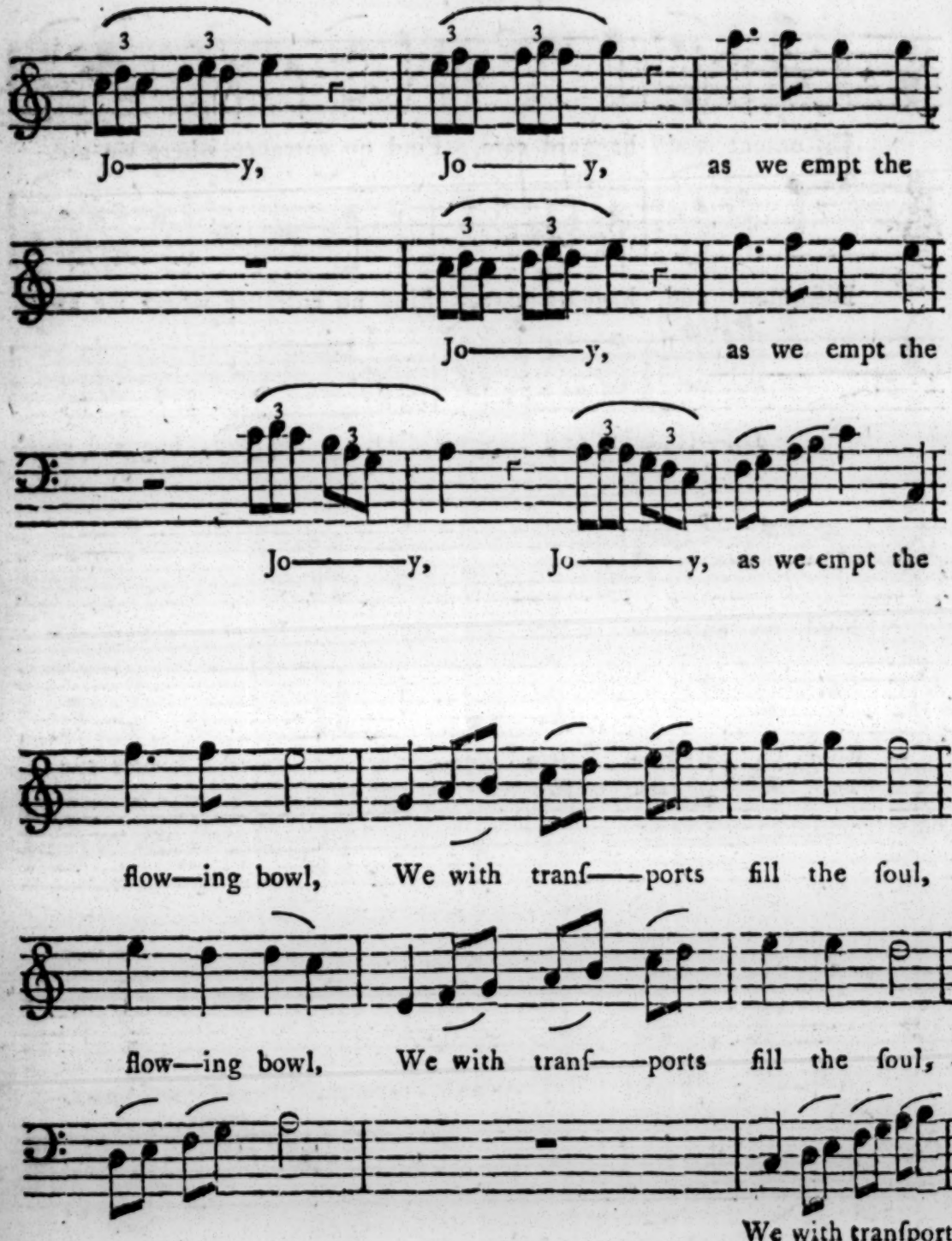
Continued.

Continued.



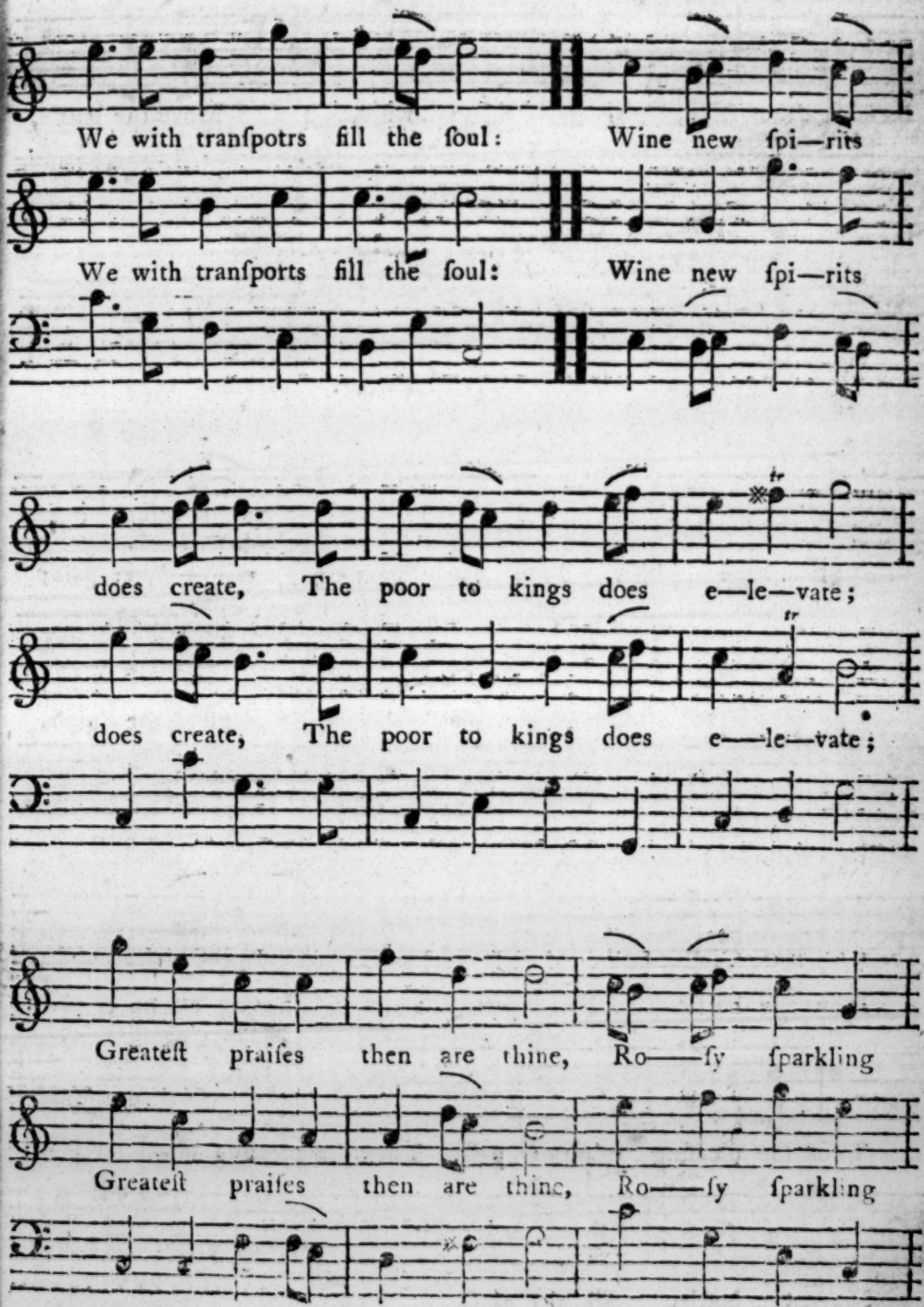
Continued.

Continued.

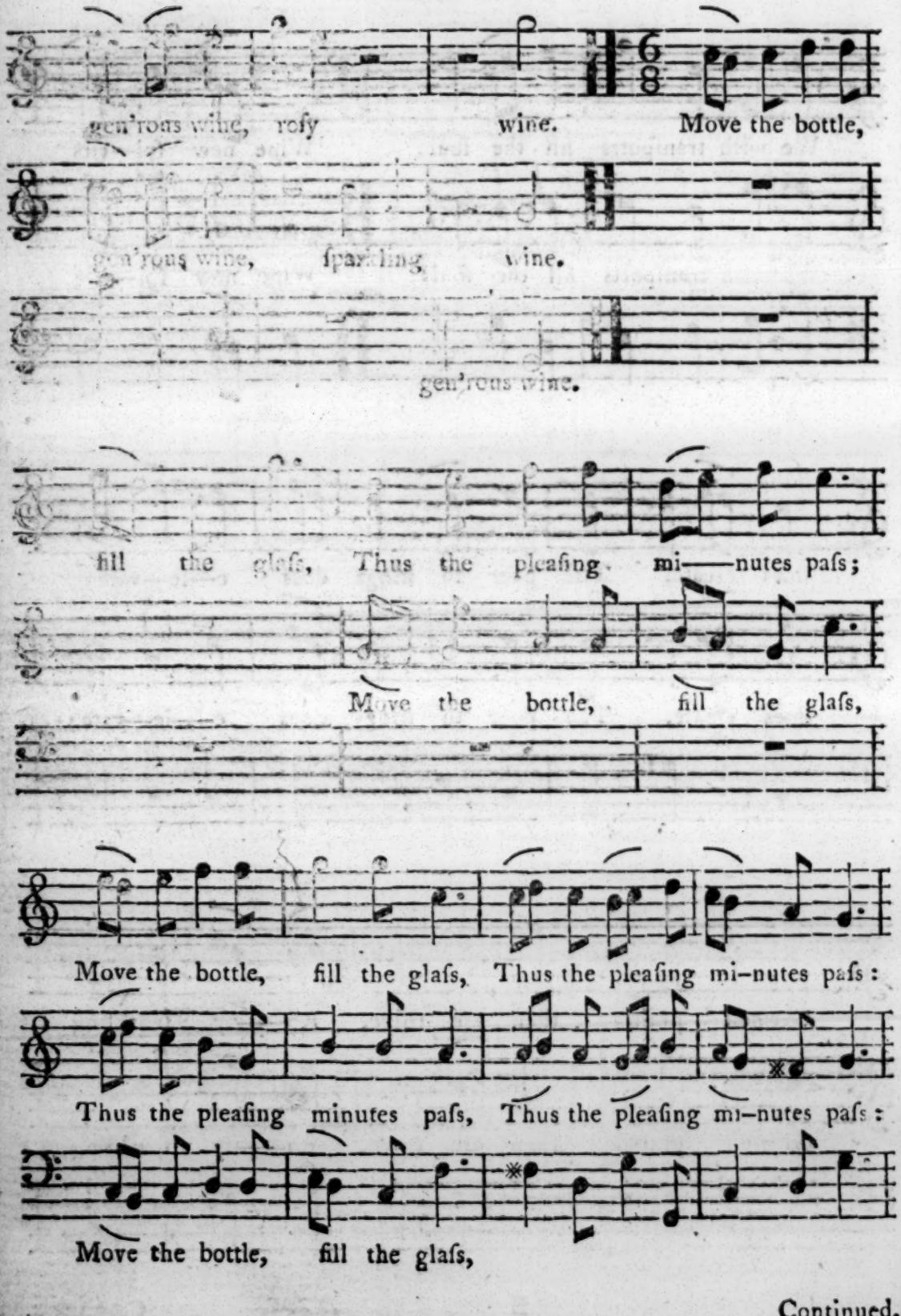


Continued.

Continued.

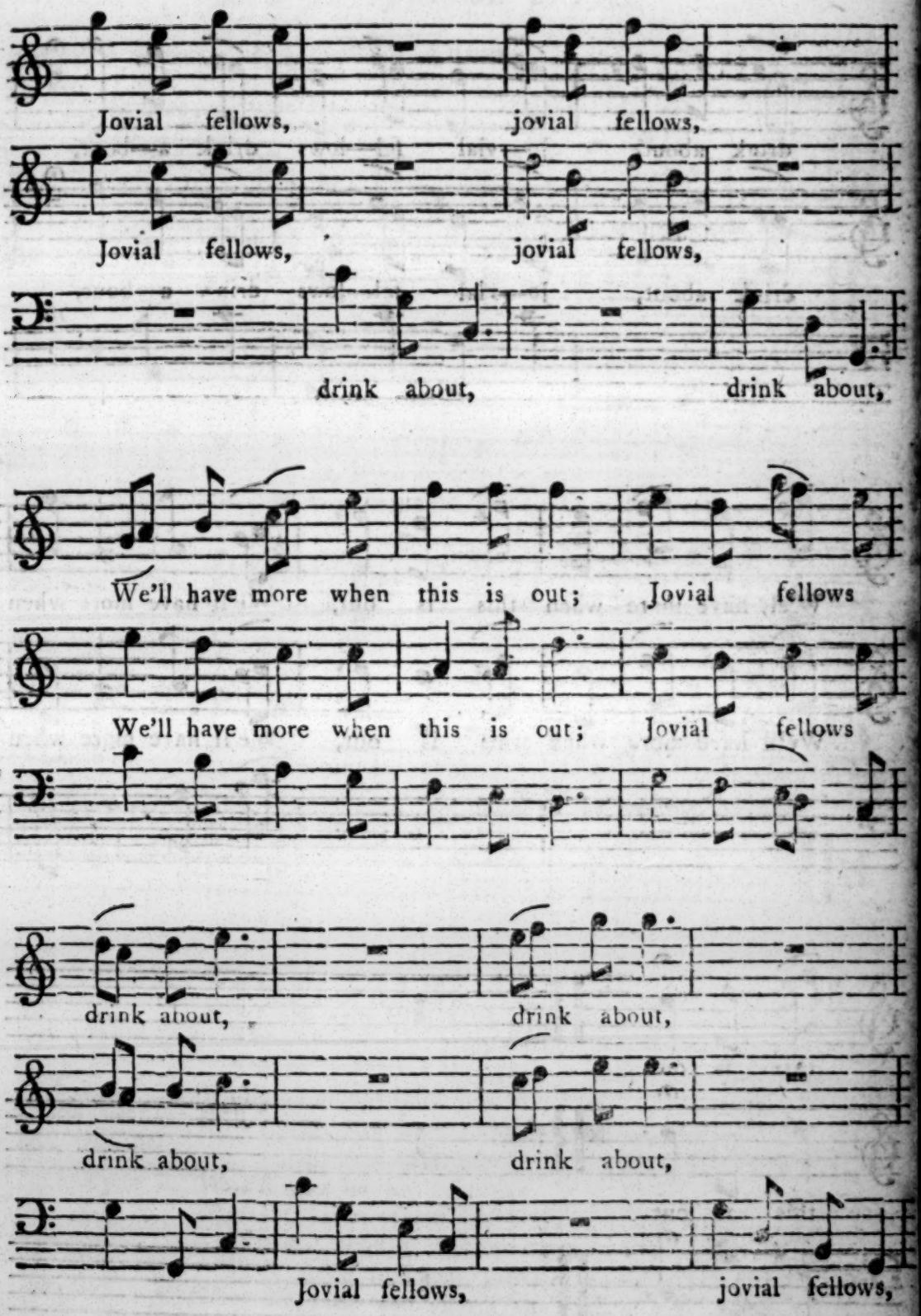

We with tranſpotrs fill the ſoul: Wine new ſpi—rits
We with tranſports fill the ſoul: Wine new ſpi—rits
does create, The poor to kings does e—le—vate;
does create, The poor to kings does e——le—vate;
Greateſt praiſes then are thine, Ro——ſy ſparkling
Greateſt praiſes then are thine, Ro——ſy ſparkling

Continued.

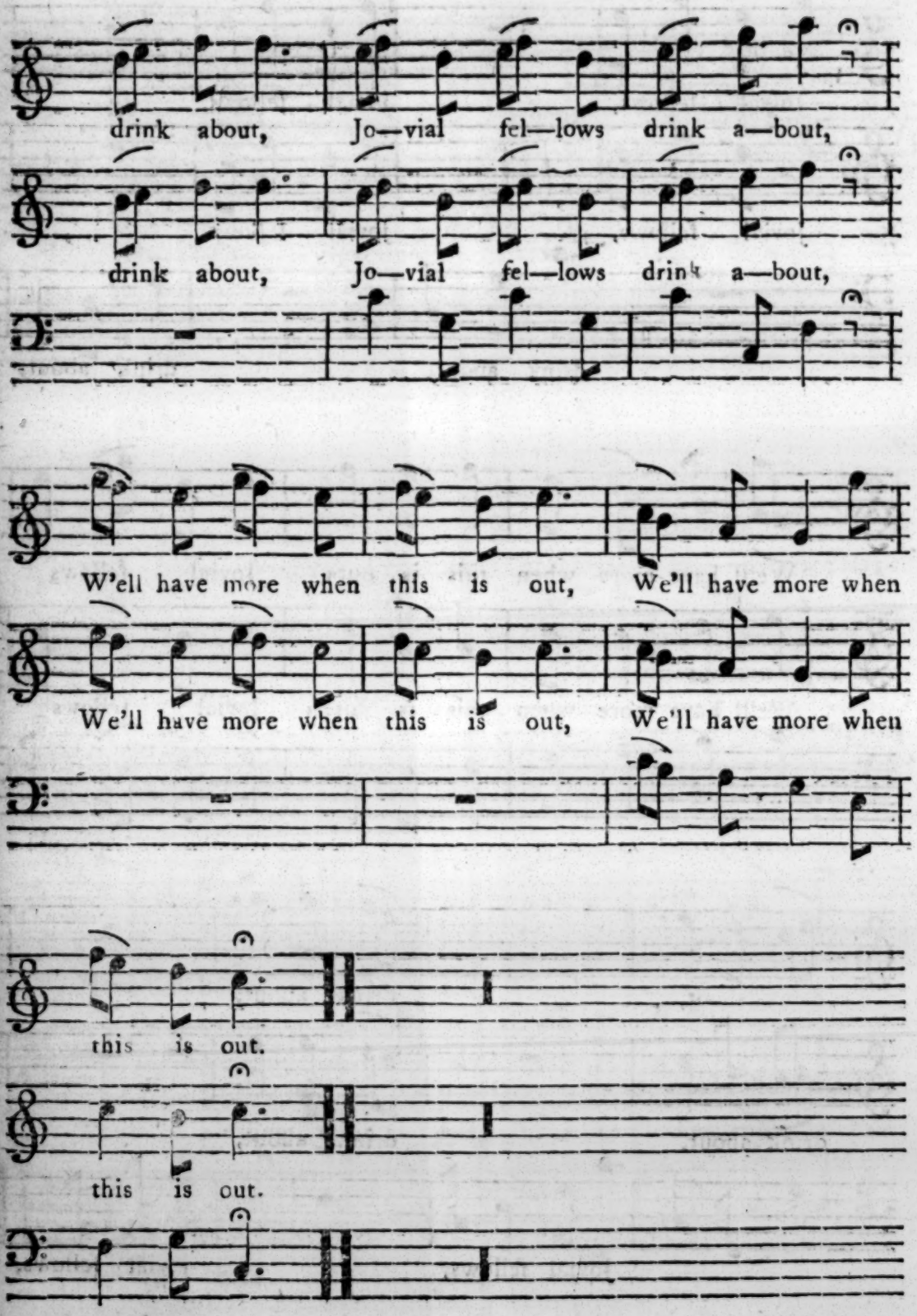


Continued.

Continued.

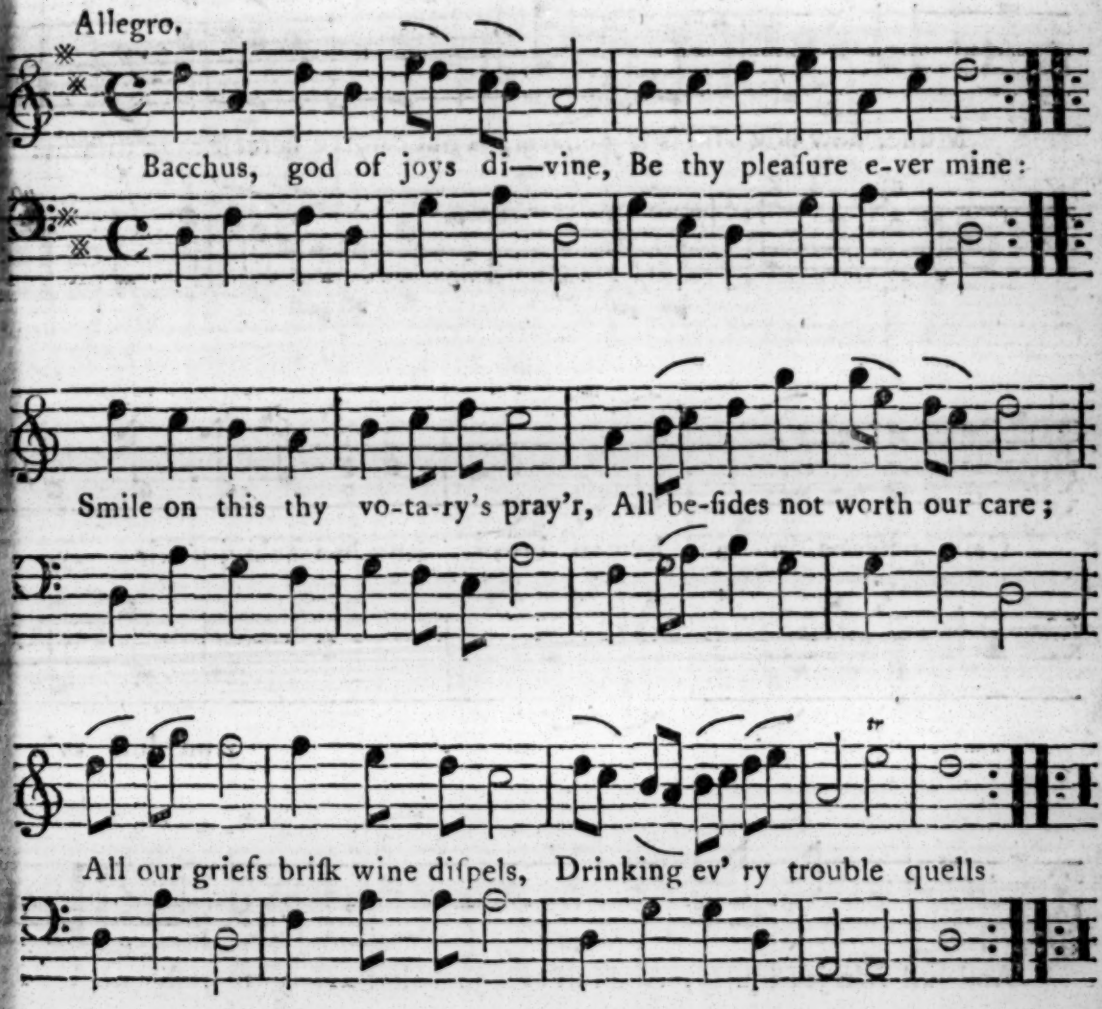

Jovial fellows, jovial fellows,
Jovial fellows, jovial fellows,
drink about, drink about,
We'll have more when this is out; Jovial fellows
We'll have more when this is out; Jovial fellows
drink about, drink about,
drink about, drink about,
Jovial fellows, jovial fellows,

Continued.


drink about, Jo—vial fel—lows drink a—bout,
drink about, Jo—vial fel—lows drink a—bout,
W'ell have more when this is out, We'll have more when
We'll have more when this is out, We'll have more when
this is out.
this is out.

SONG. *A. 2. Voc.*

Mr. Olive.



II.

When the goblet full is fill'd,
From the cluſt'ring vine diſtill'd;
Then indeed I'm truly bleſt,
And ev'ry anxious thought's at reſt;
While its potent juice I quaff,
Still I ſing, and dance, and laugh.

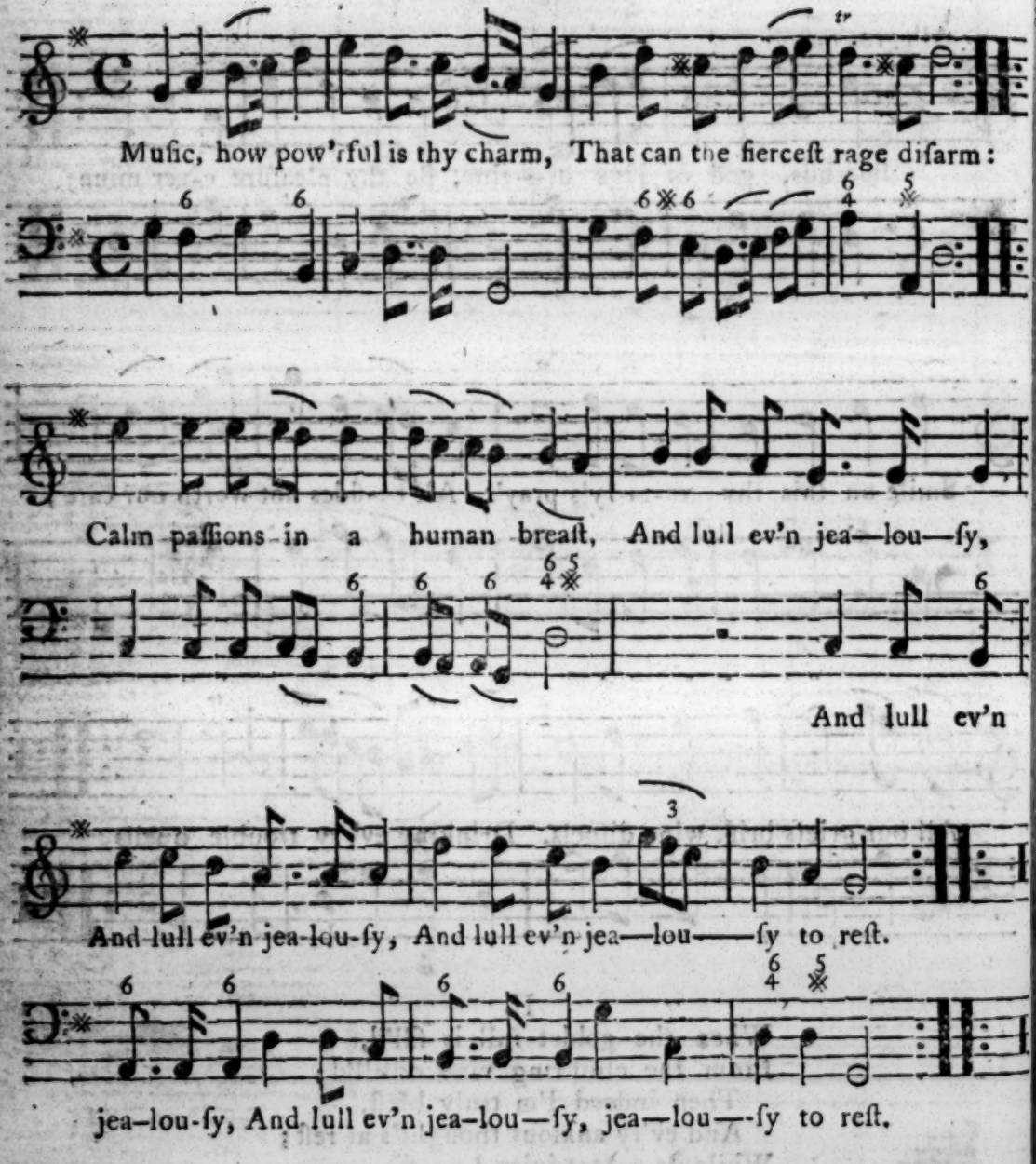
III.

Wou'd you be for ever gay,
Mortals, learn of me the way;
'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love,
Will alone ſufficient prove;
If you'd raiſe and charm the ſoul,
Deeply drain the ſpicy bowl.

SONG.

GLEE. *A. 2. Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.



II. For muſic is the voice of love, And doth awake the ſpheres above;
With am'rous thoughts the ſoul inſpire, And kindle up a warlike fire.

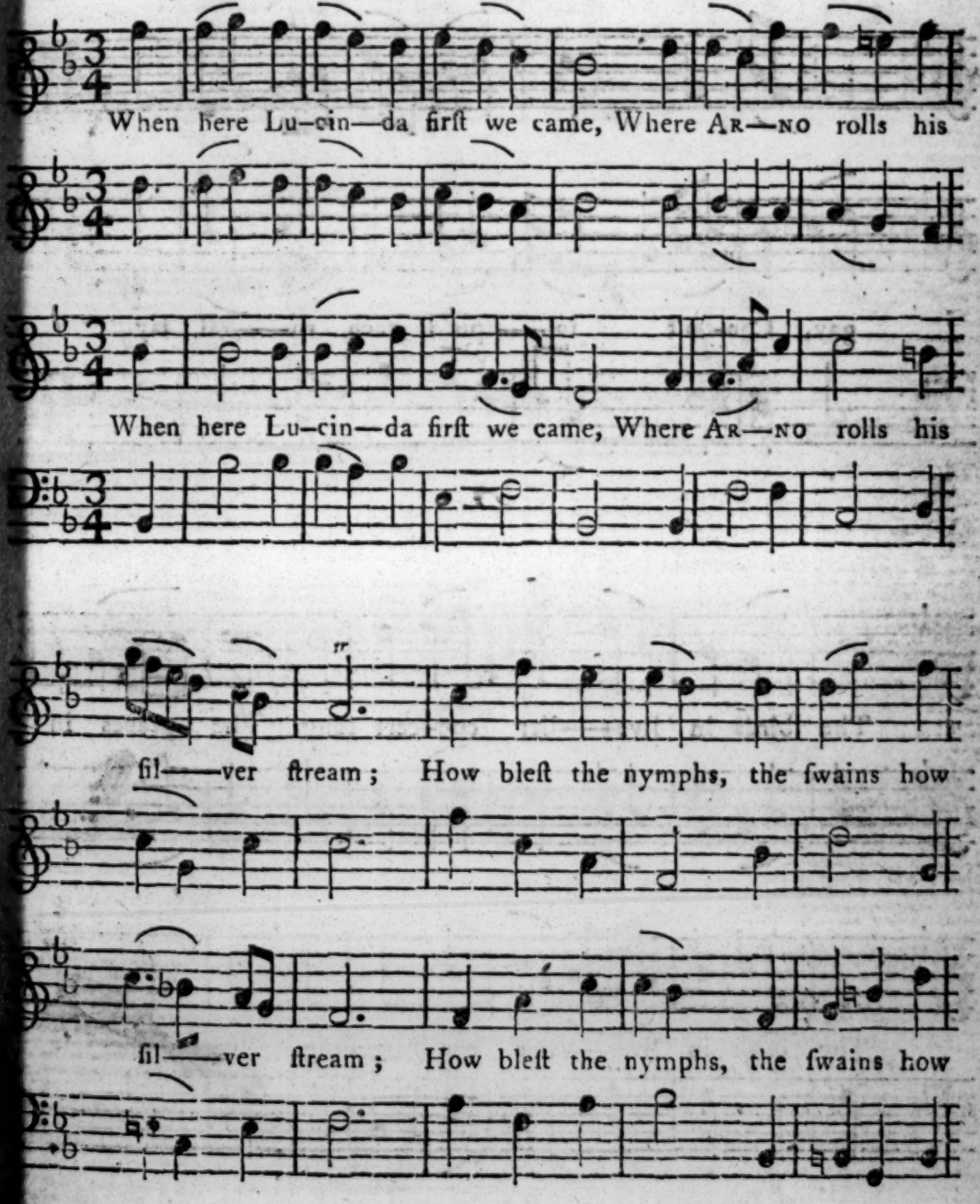
III. Sad Orpheus, thro' a dreary coaſt, Was ſeeking for his conſort loſt;
His muſic drew the ghoſts along, And furies liſten to his ſong.

IV. His ſong could Charon's rage diſarm, And Pluto and his conſort charm;
And likewiſe, with his tuneful lyre, Cou'd rocks remove, and ſtones inſpire.

ARNO'S VALE. A GLEE.

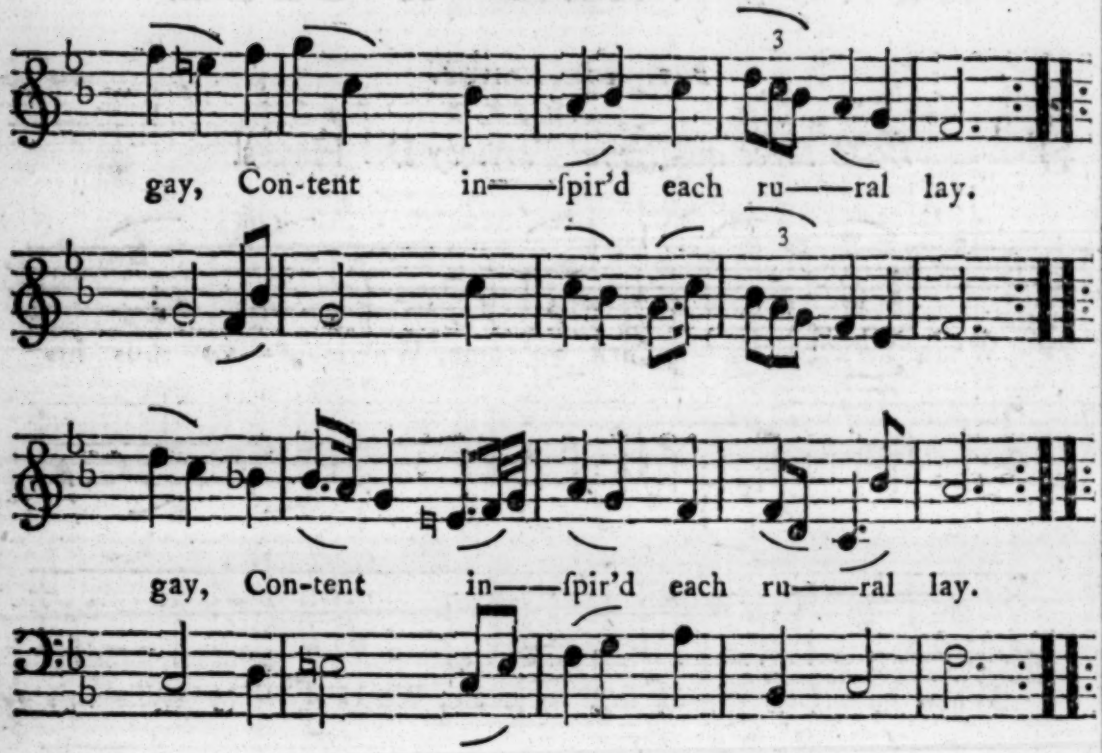
Mr. Holcombe.

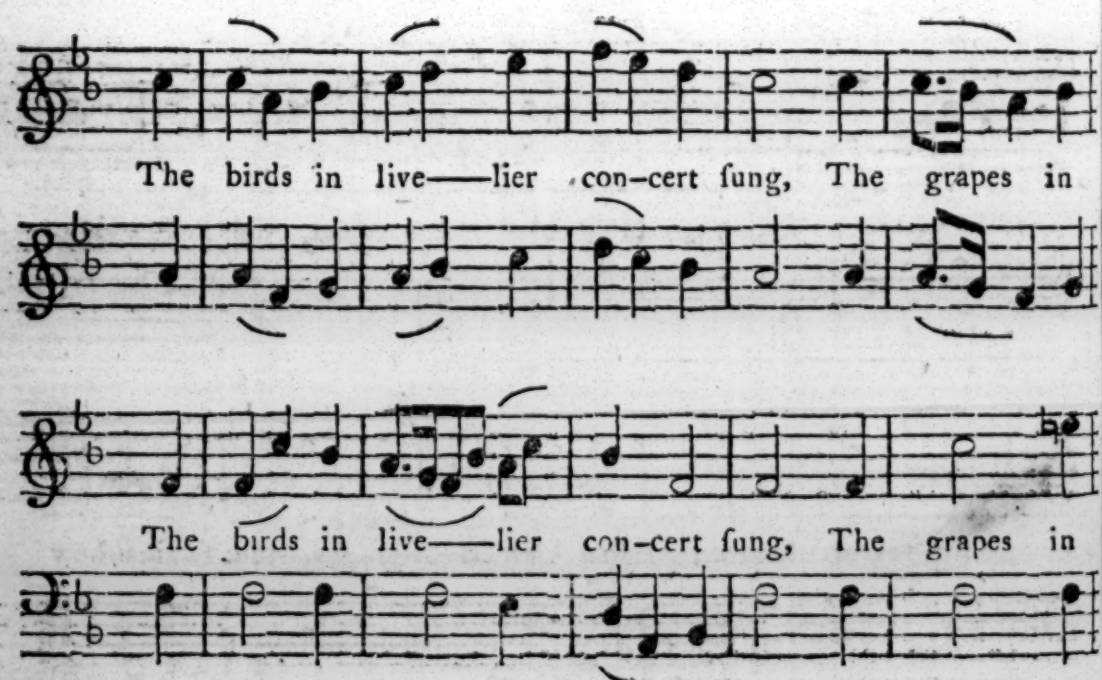
With three additional Parts by Dr. Hayes.



Continued.

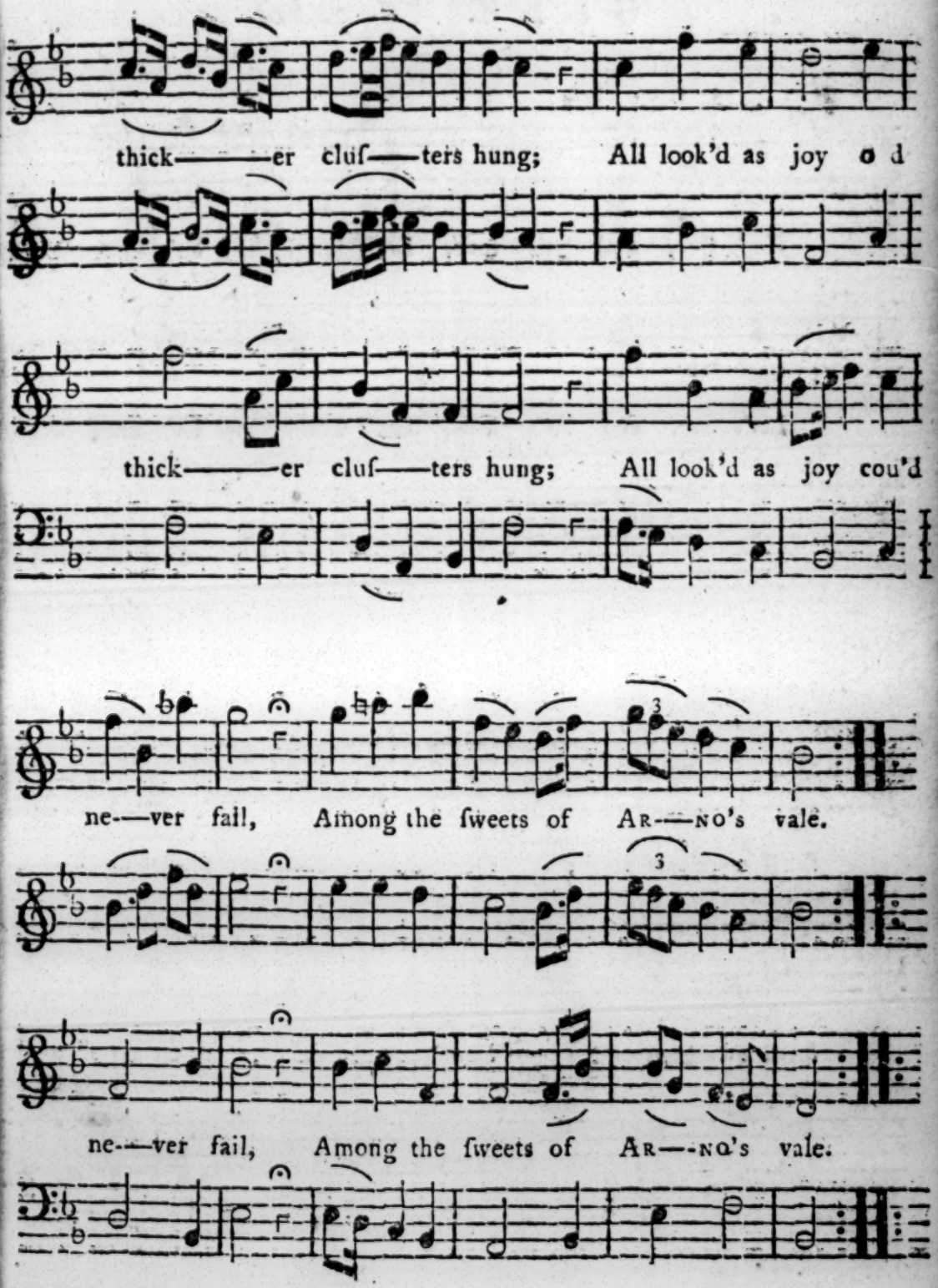
Continued.





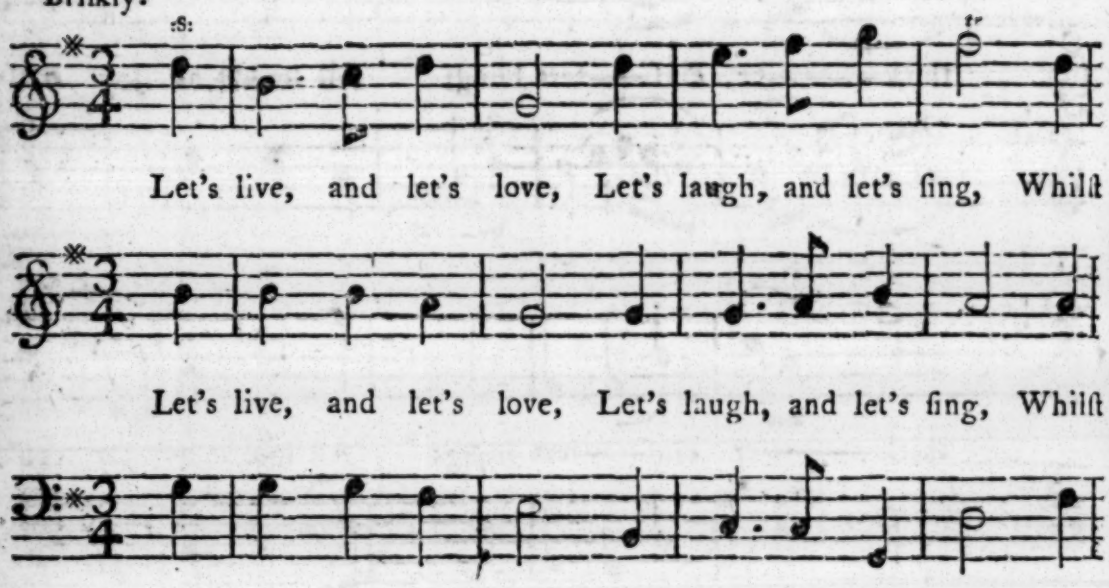
Continued.

Continued.


thick——er cluſ——ters hung; All look'd as joy o d
thick——er cluſ——ters hung; All look'd as joy cou'd
ne-—ver fail, Among the ſweets of AR—NO's vale.
ne-—ver fail, Among the ſweets of AR—NO's vale.

GLEE. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

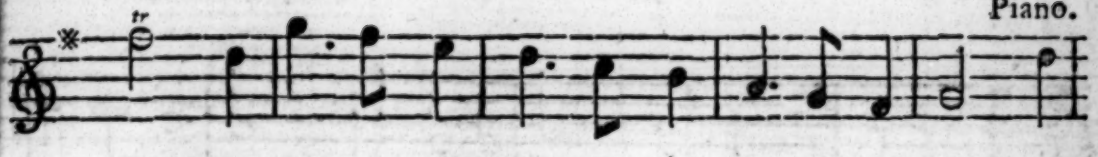
Briſkly.



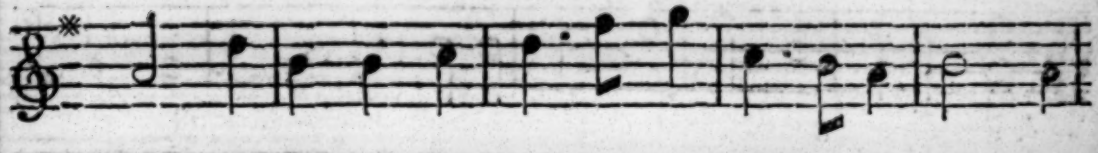
Continued.

Continued.

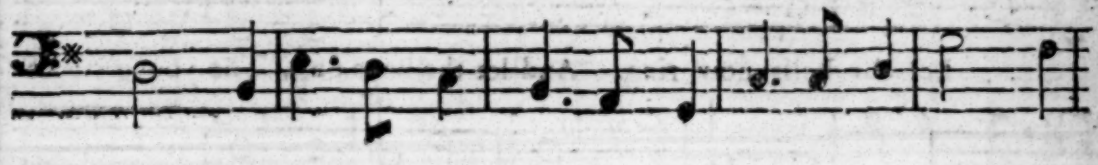
Piano.



free, And none are more hap—py, more hap–py than we; And



free, And none are more hap—py, more hap–py than we; And

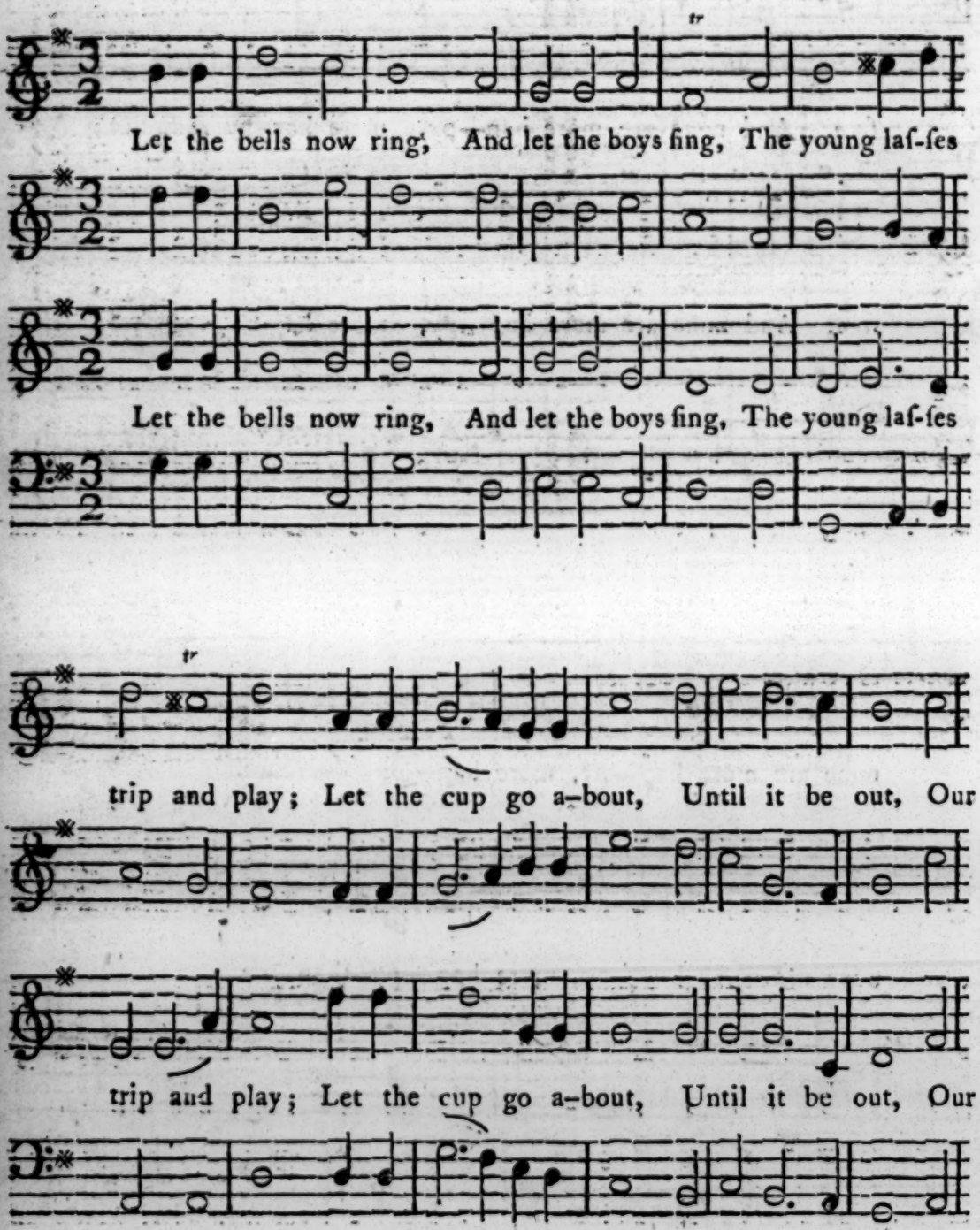


none are more hap—py, more hap—py than we.

none are more hap—py, more hap—py than we.

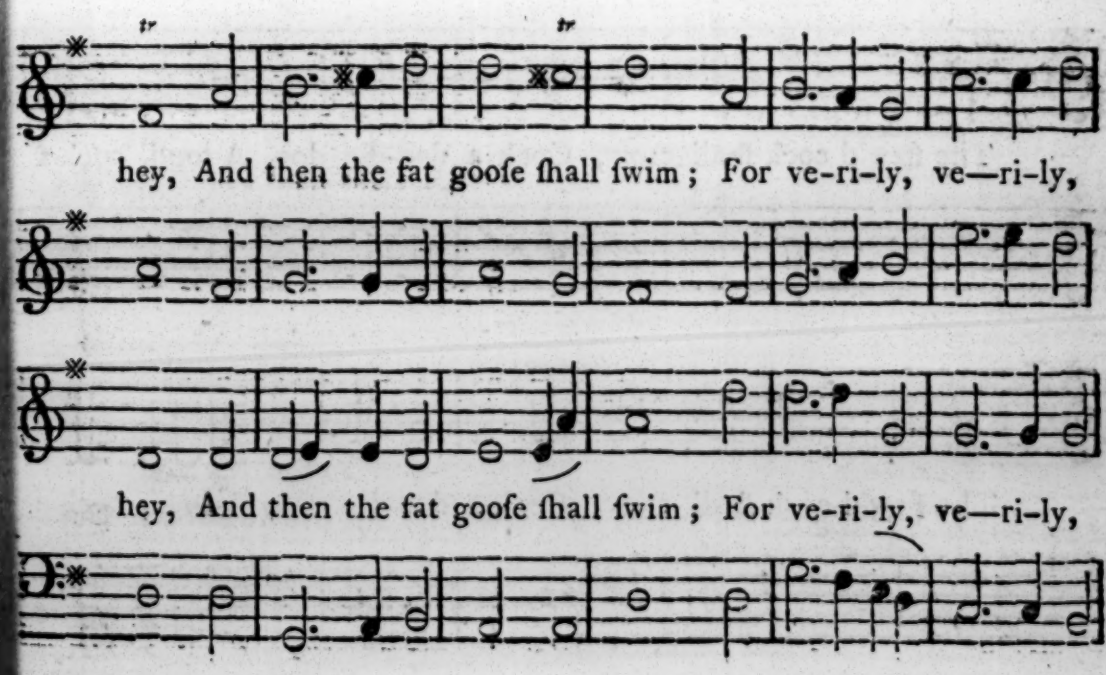
The Jolly Vicar. *A* GLEE. *A. 4. Voc.*

By Dr. Rogers.



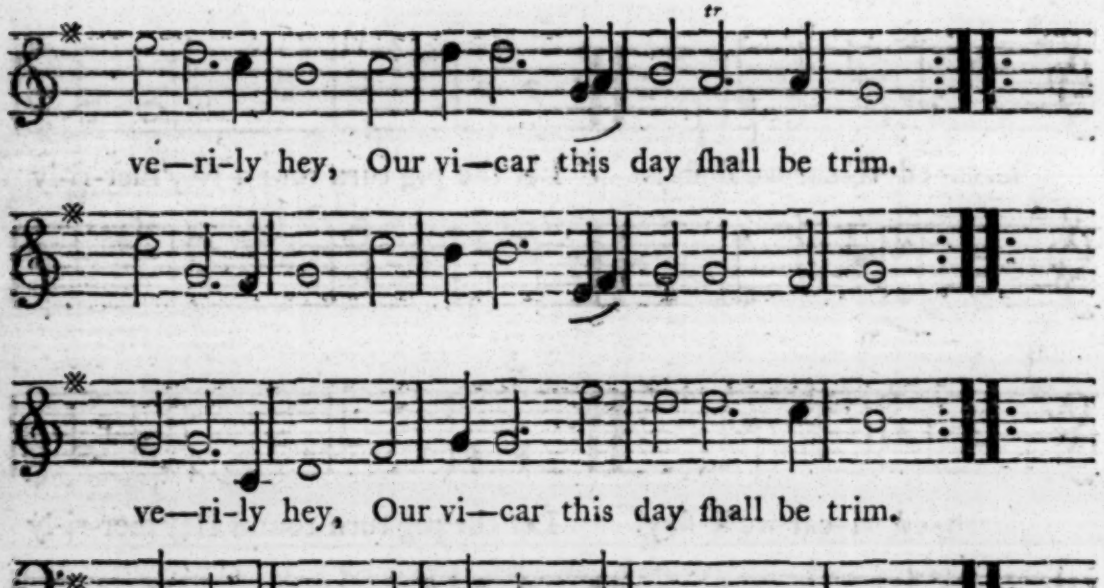
Continued.

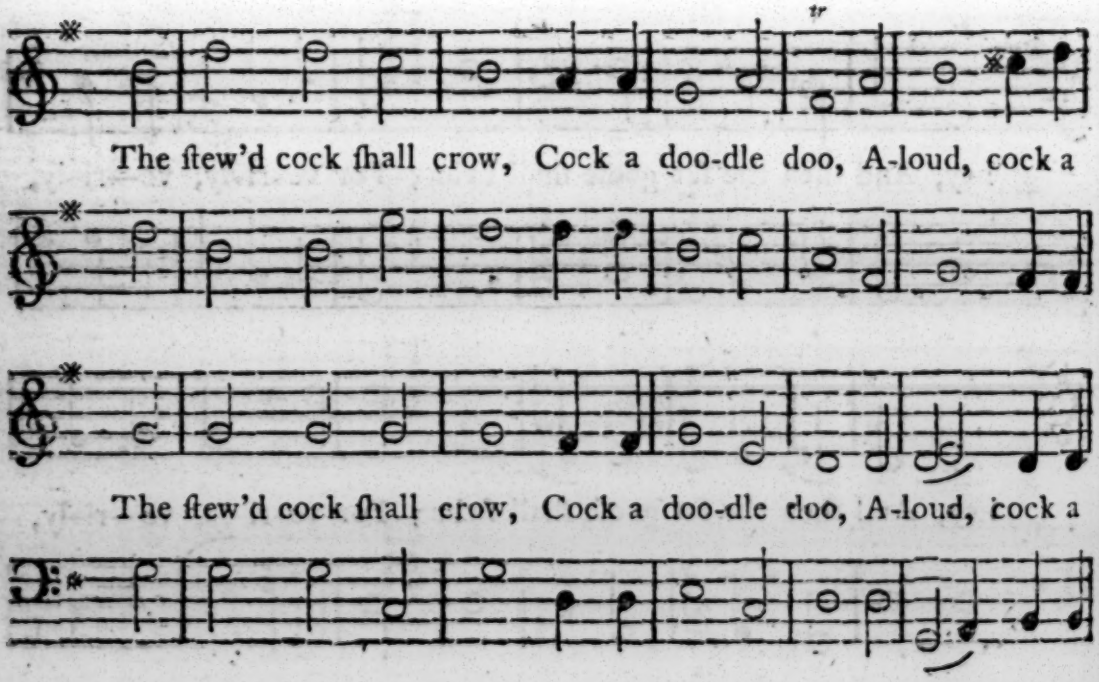
Continued.



Continued.

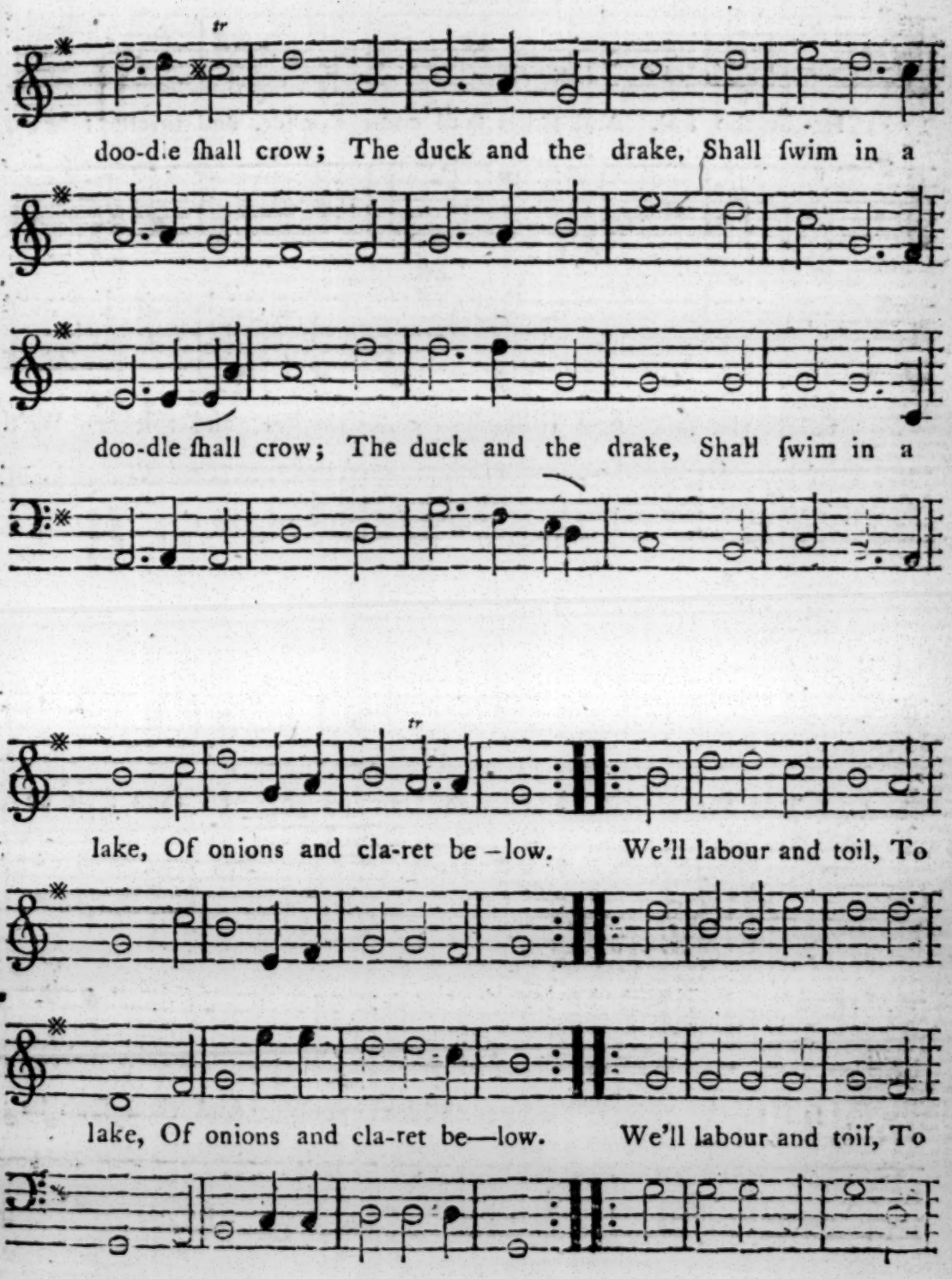
Continued.





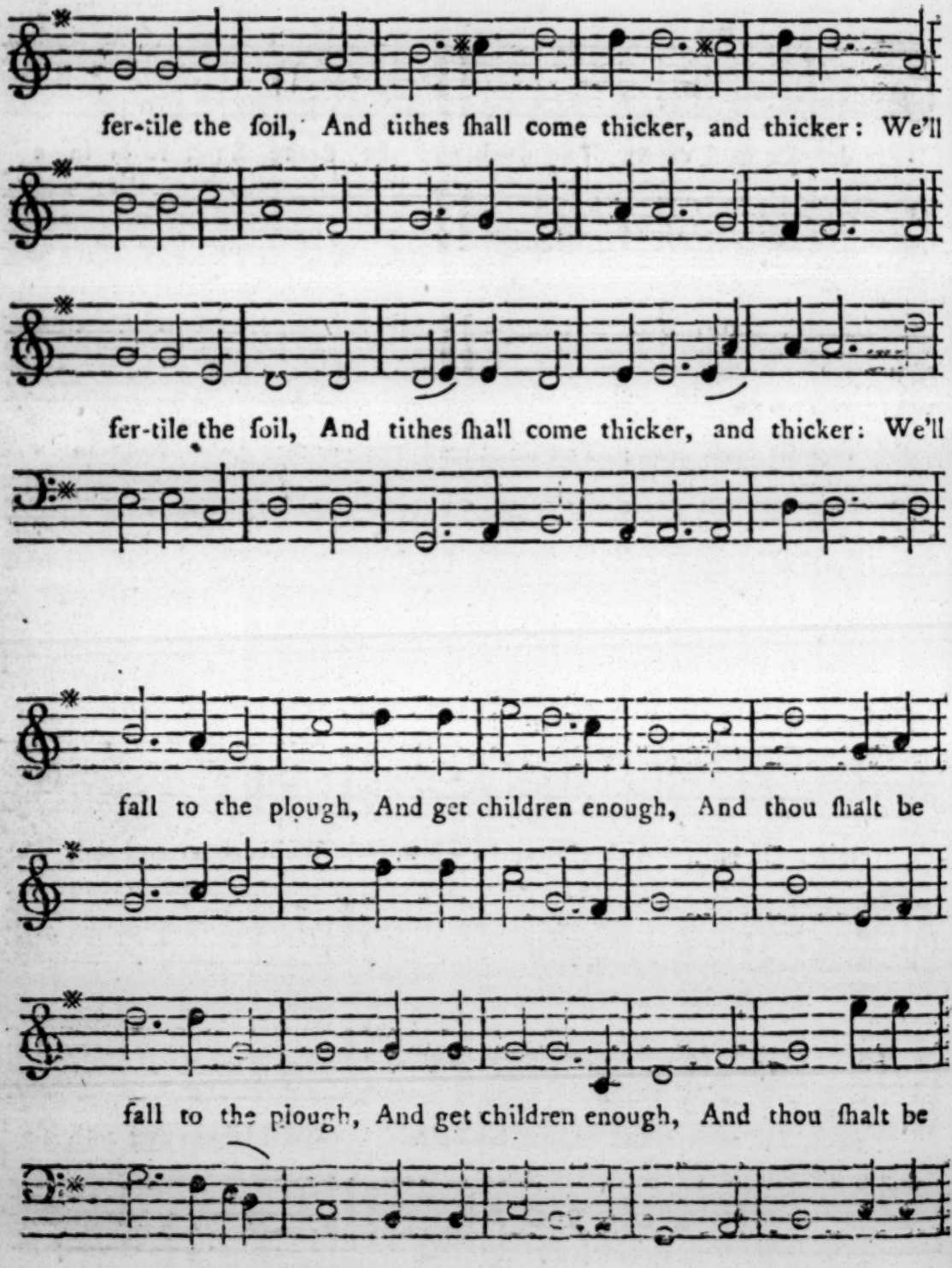
Continued.

Continued.



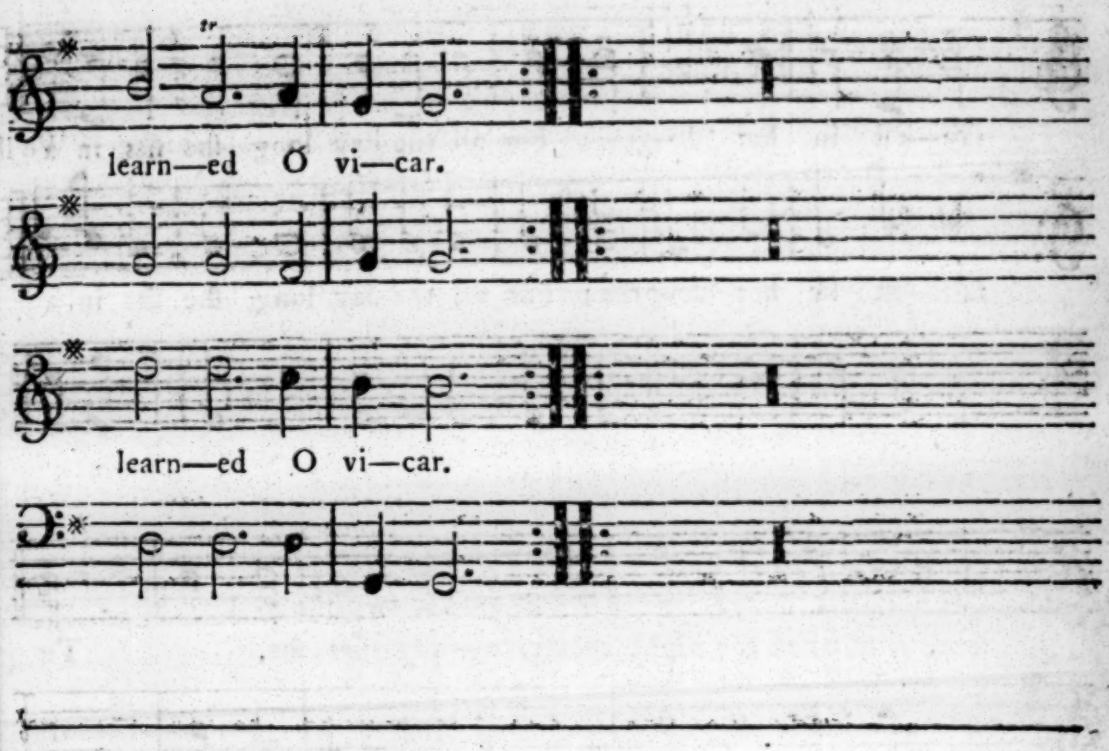
Continued.

Continued.



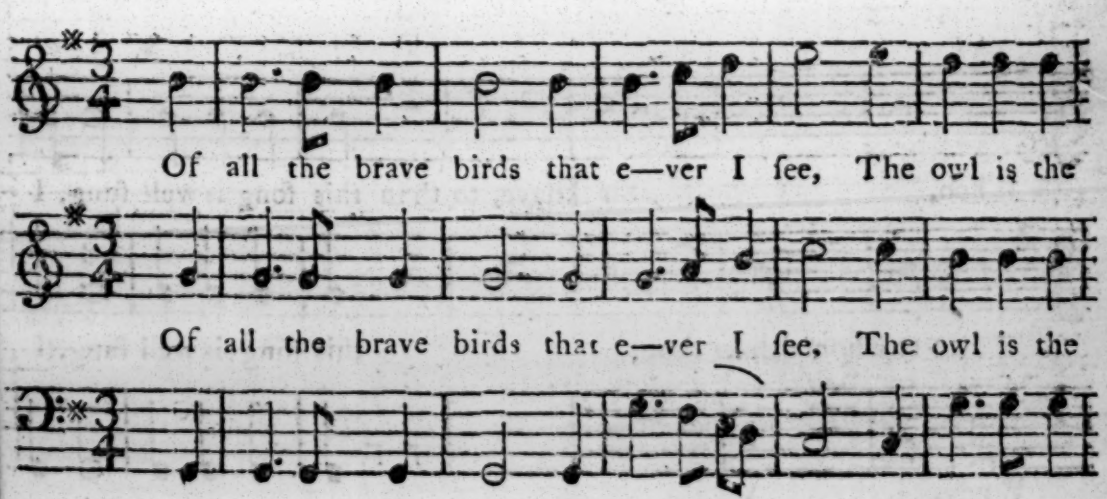
Continued.

Continued.



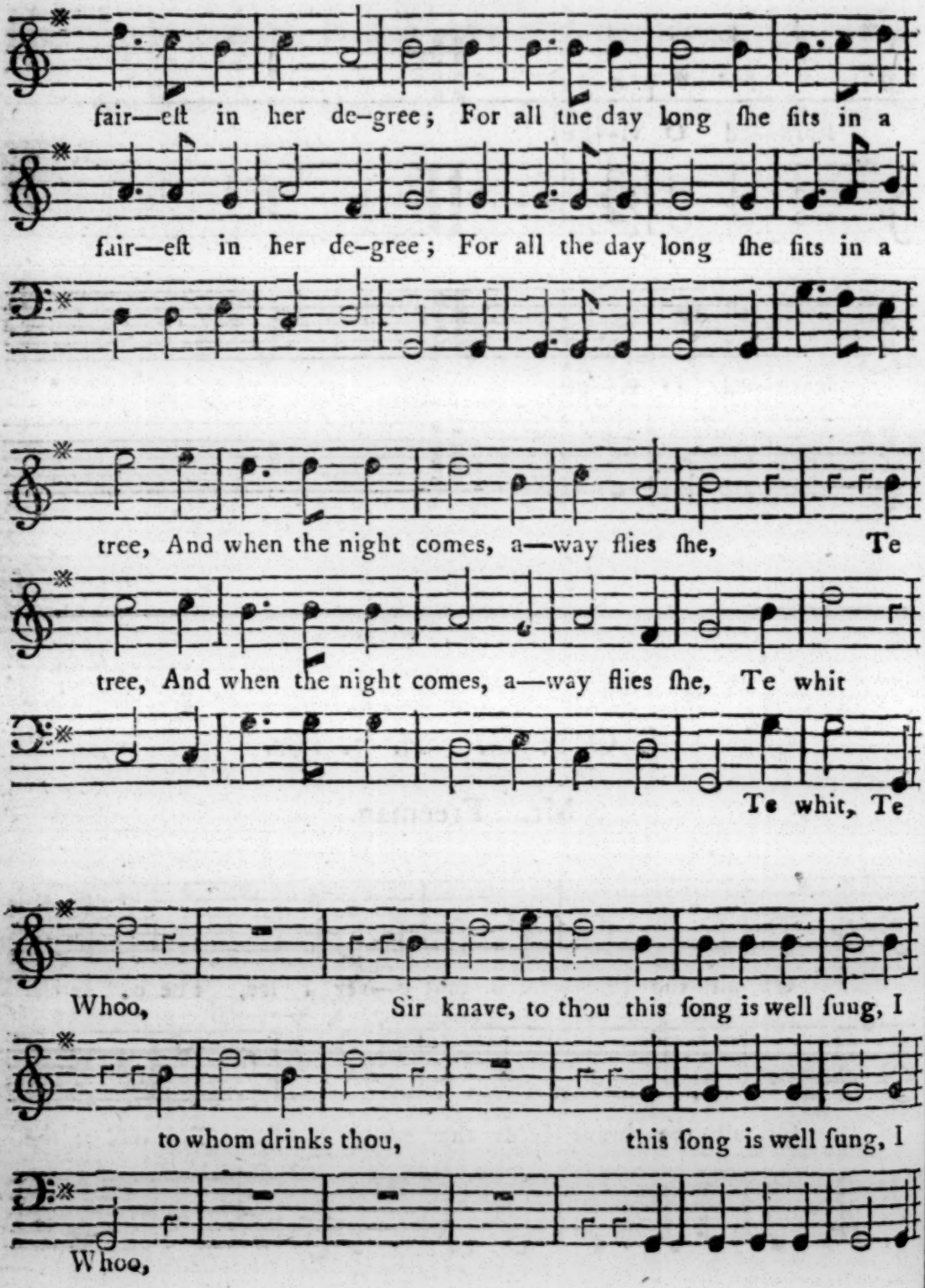
SONG. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Mr. Freeman.



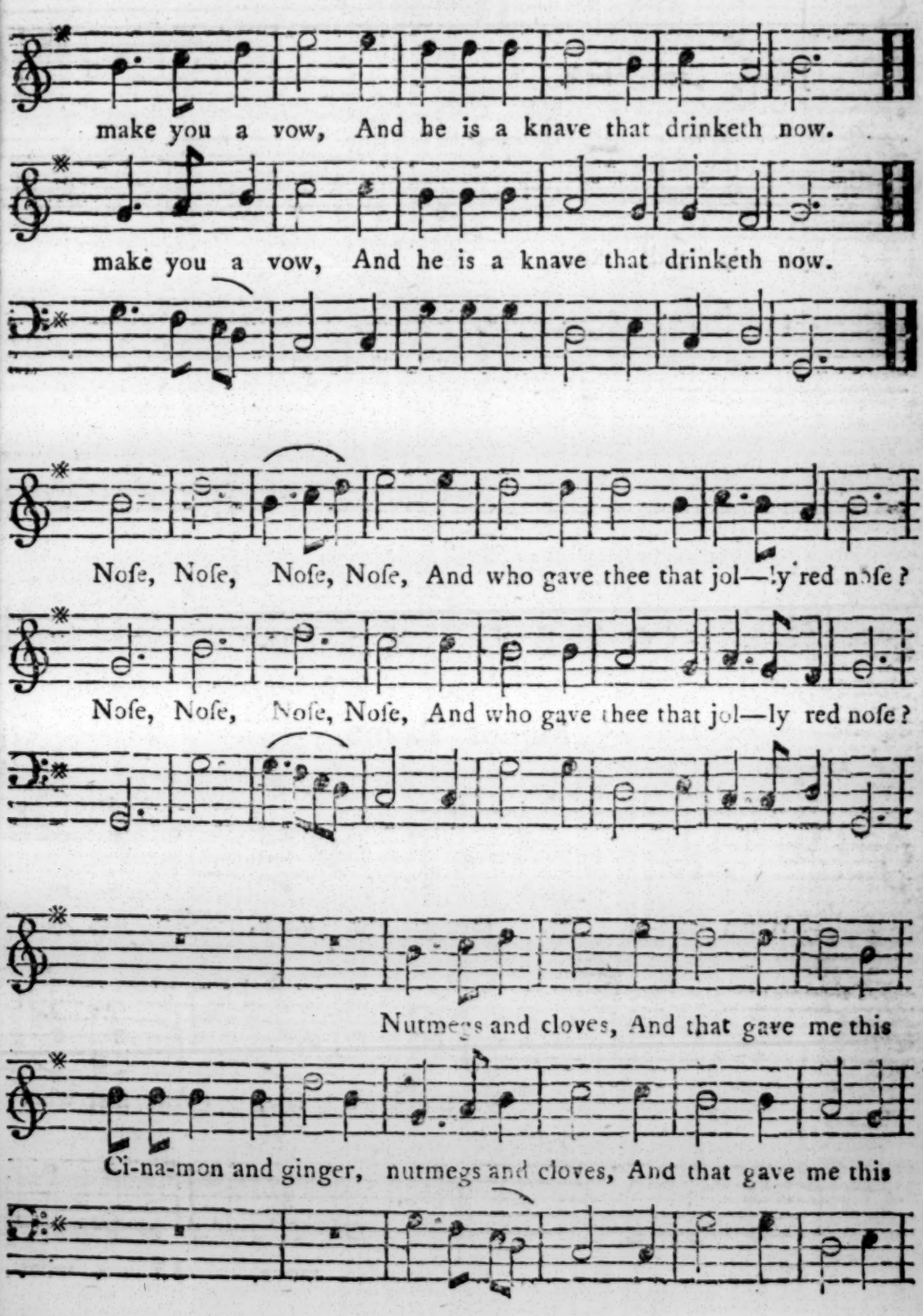
Continued.

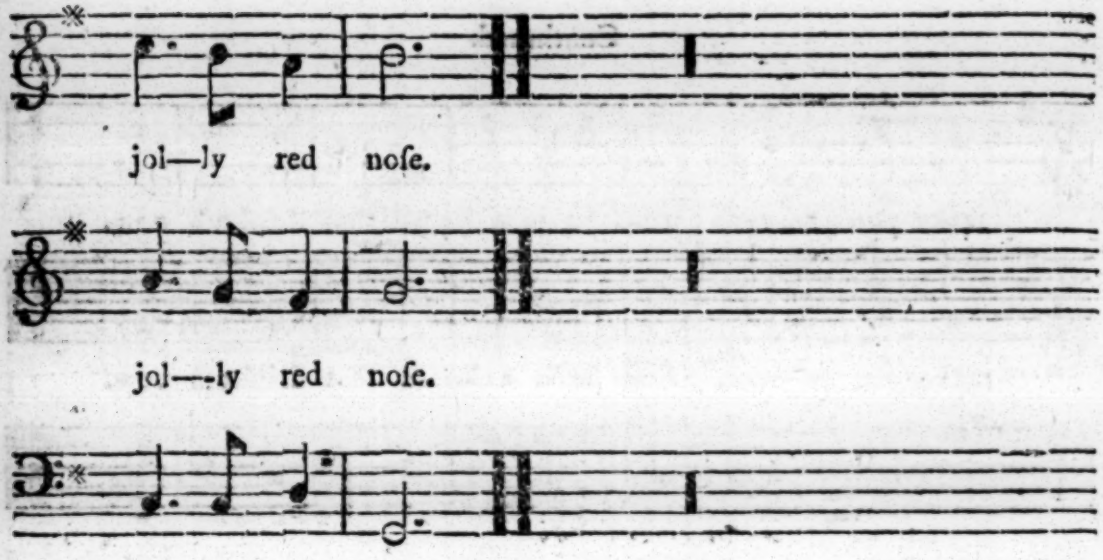
Continued.



Continued.

Continued.

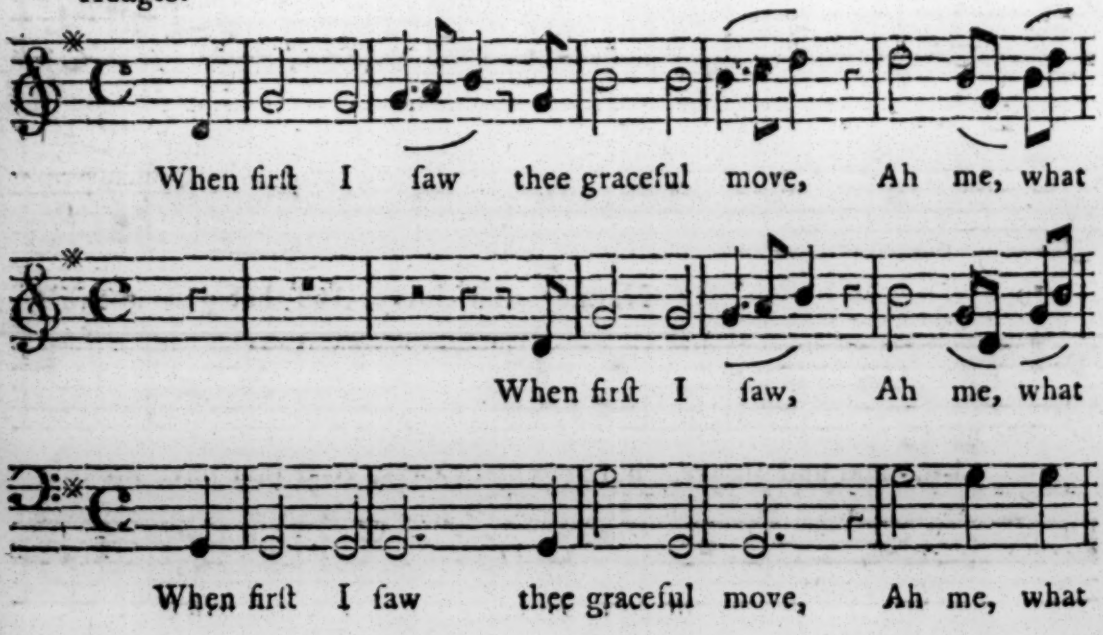

make you a vow, And he is a knave that drinketh now.
make you a vow, And he is a knave that drinketh now.
Noſe, Noſe, Noſe, Noſe, And who gave thee that jol—ly red noſe?
Noſe, Noſe, Noſe, Noſe, And who gave thee that jol—ly red noſe?
Nutmegs and cloves, And that gave me this
Ci-na-mon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves, And that gave me this



GLEE. *A. 3. Voc.*

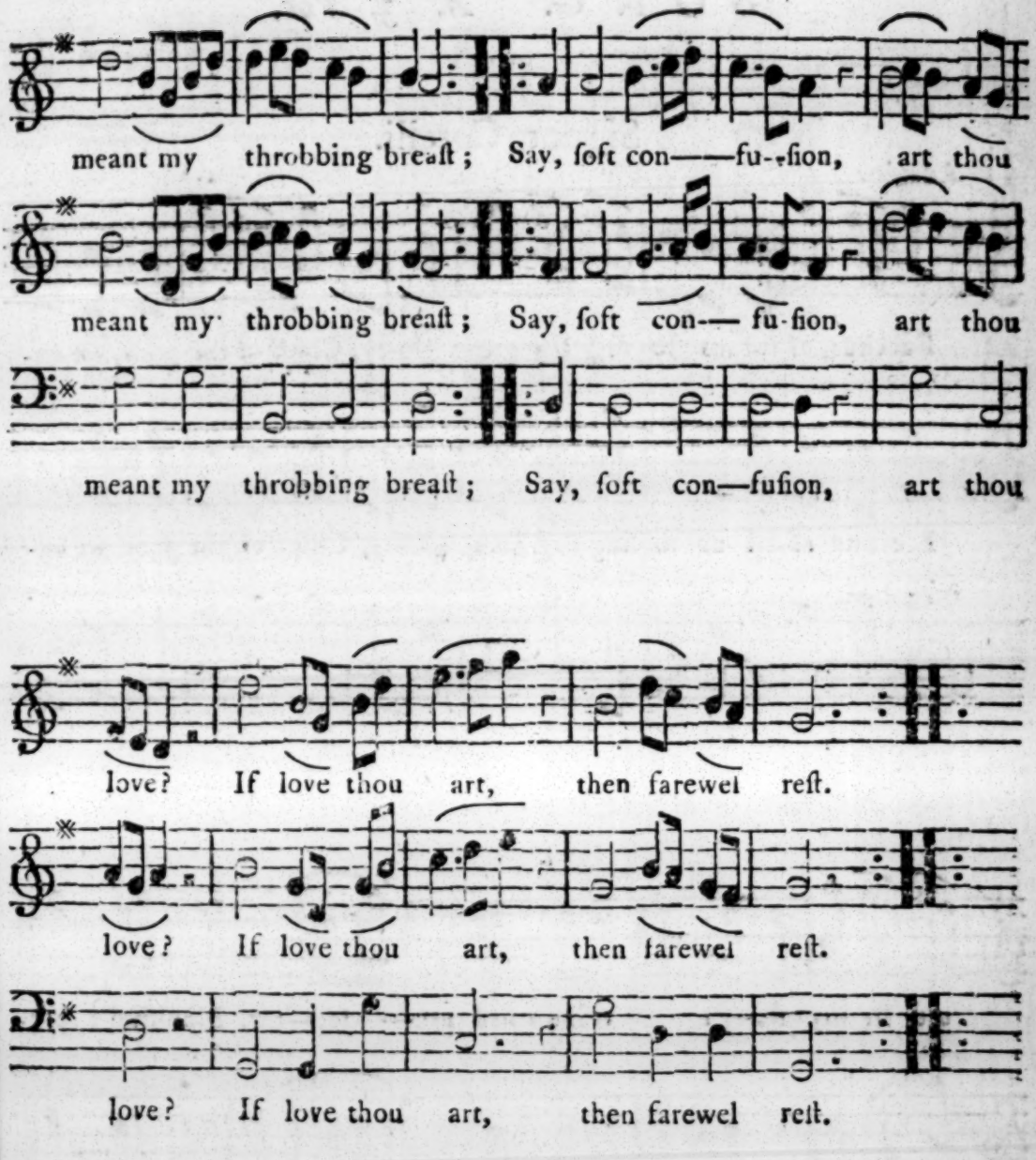
Signor Palma.

Adagio.



Continued.

Continued.



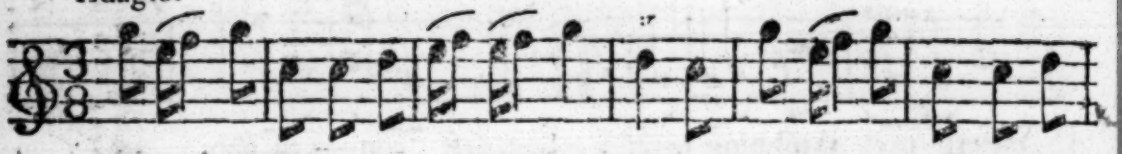
II.

With gentle ſmiles aſſwage the pain,
Thoſe gentle ſmiles did firſt create:
And tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

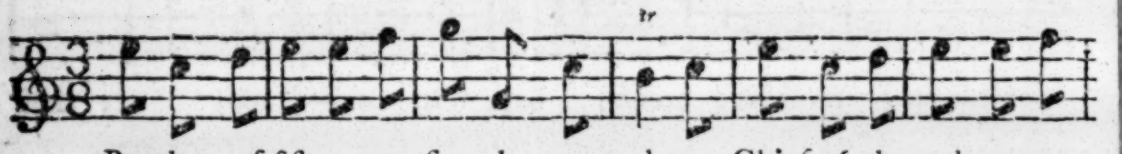
SONG. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Signor Corelli.

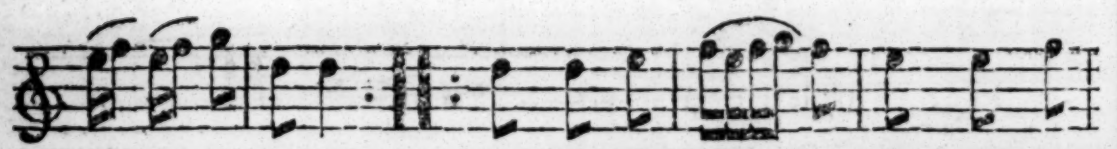
Adagio.



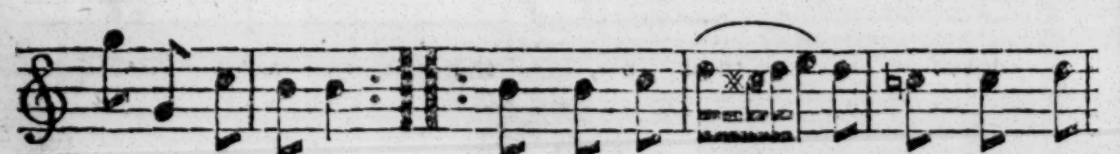
Bacchus, aſ-ſiſt us to ſing thy great glo-ry, Chief of the gods, we ex-



Bacchus aſ-ſiſt us to ſing thy great glo-ry, Chief of the gods, we ex-



ult in thy ſto-ry: Wine's firſt pro——jec—tor, Mankind's pro-



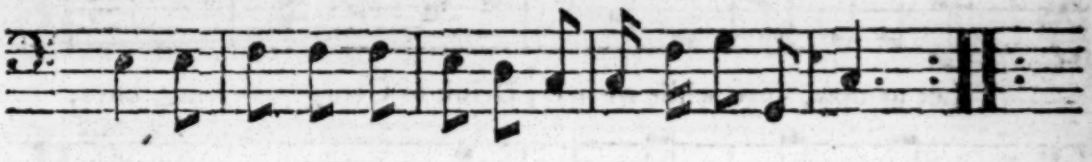
ult in thy ſto-ry: Wine's firſt pro——jec—tor, Mankind's pro-

Continued.

Continued.

tec—tor, Pa--tron to to-pers, how we do a-dore thee.

tec—tor, Pa-tron to to-pers, how we do a-dore thee.



II.

Friend to the muſes, a whetſtone to Venus,
Herald to pleaſures, when wine wou'd convene us,
Sorrow's phyſician,
When our condition,
In wordly cares wants a cordial to ſkreen us.

III.

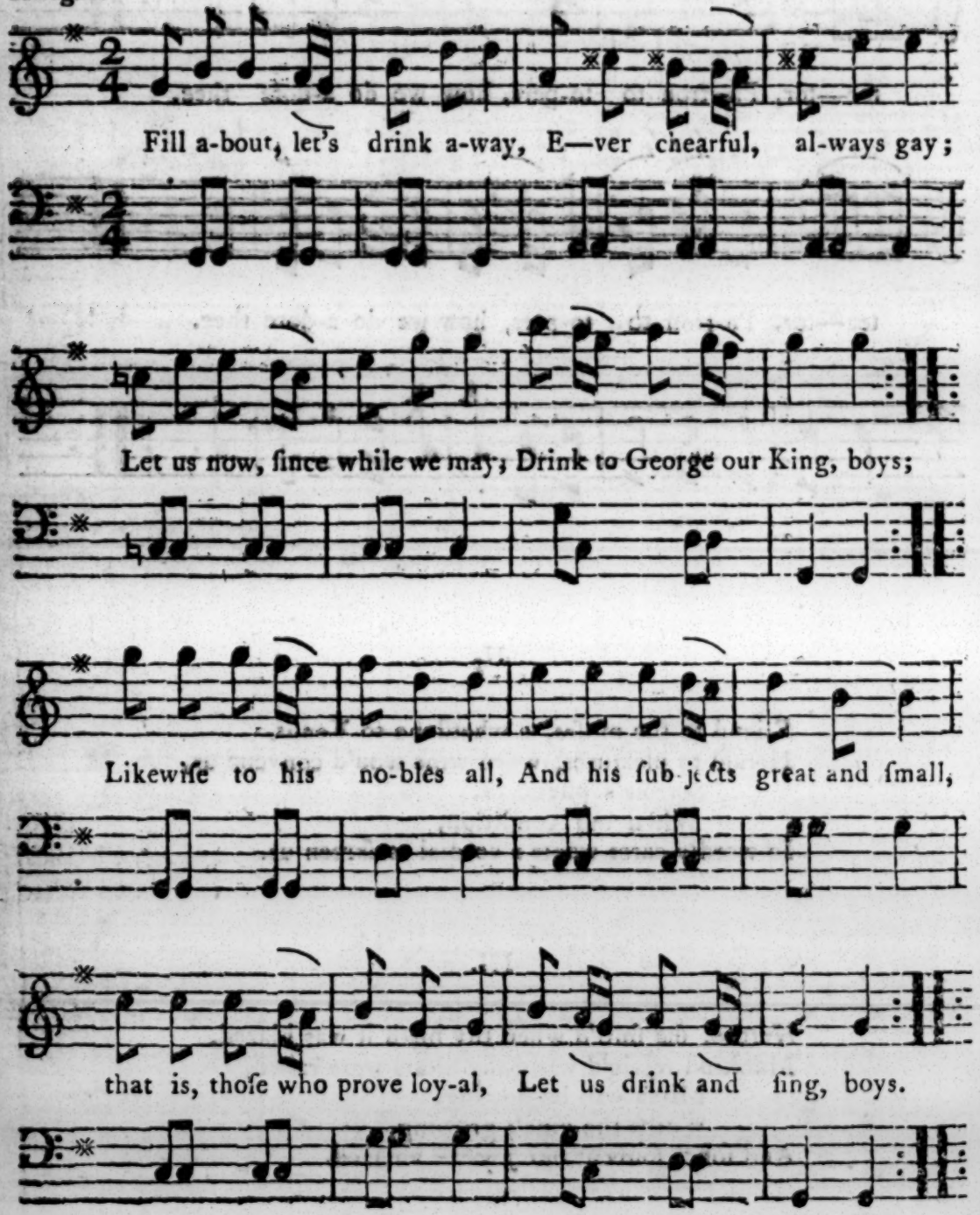
Nature, ſhe ſmil'd when thy birth it was blazed,
Mankind rejoic'd when thy altars were raiſed,
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilſt the vine's growing,
And ſober ſouls at our joys be amazed.

CATCH.

SONG. *A. 2. Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.

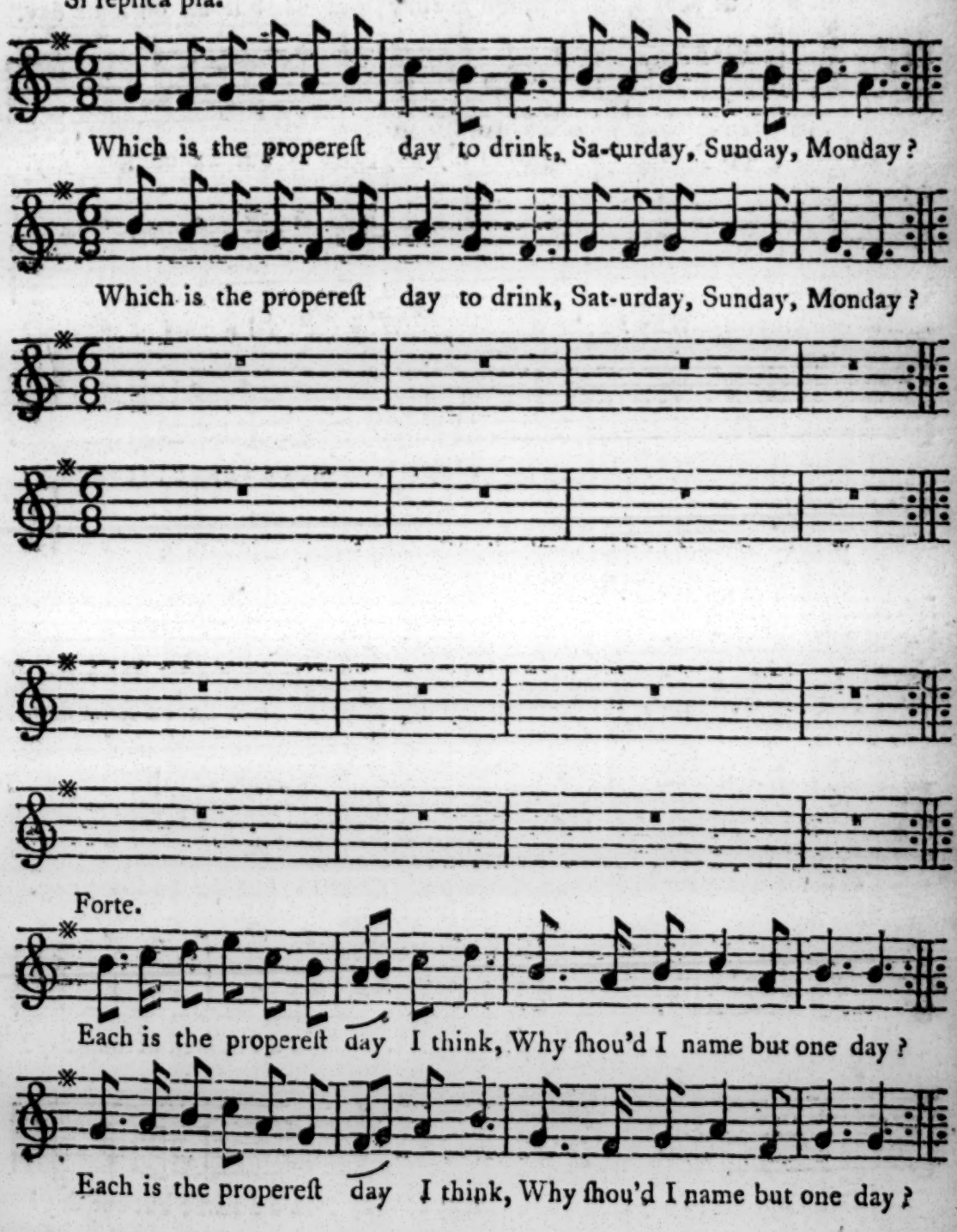
Allegro.



GLEE. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Dr. Arne.

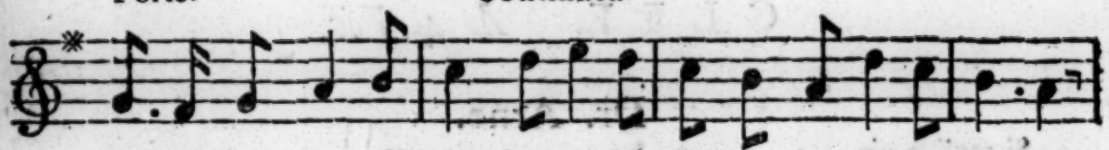
Si replica pia.



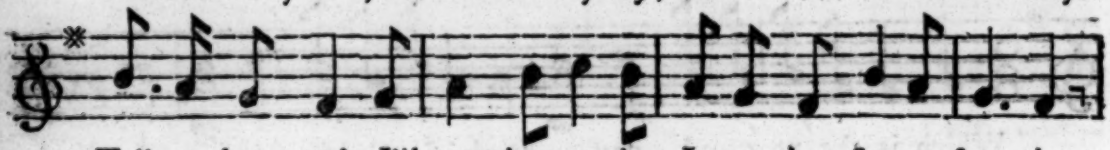
N. B. The Performers are deſired to obſerve, that this Tune is all in one Cliff.

Continued.

Forte. Continued.



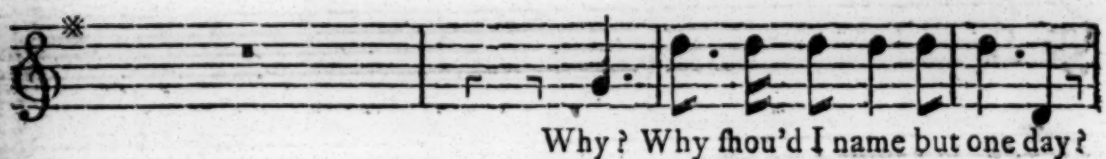
Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day; Let us but fix on ſome day.



Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day; Let us but fix on ſome day.

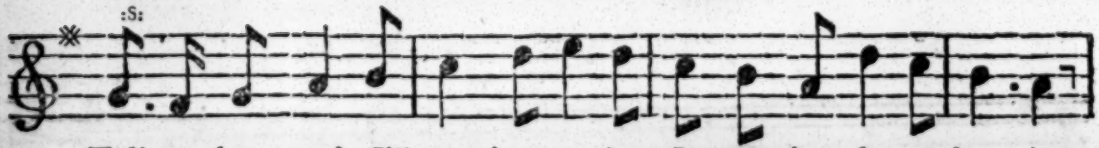
Forte.

Why? Why ſhou'd I name but one day?



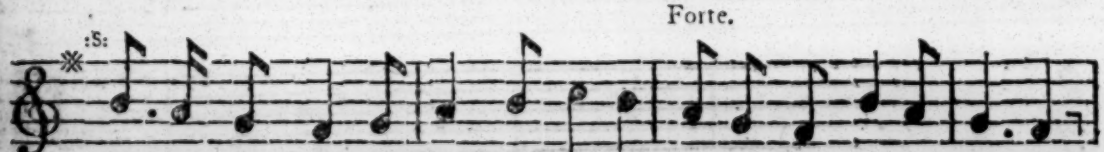
Why? Why ſhou'd I name but one day?

Piano. Forte.



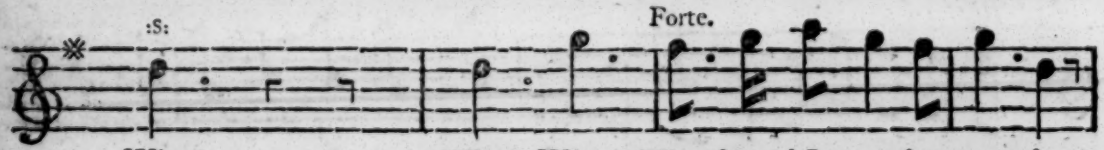
Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day; Let us but fix on ſome day.

Forte.



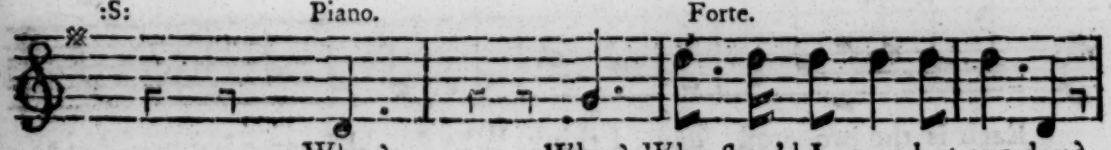
Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day; Let us but fix on ſome day.

Forte.



Why? Why? Why? Why ſhou'd I name but one day?

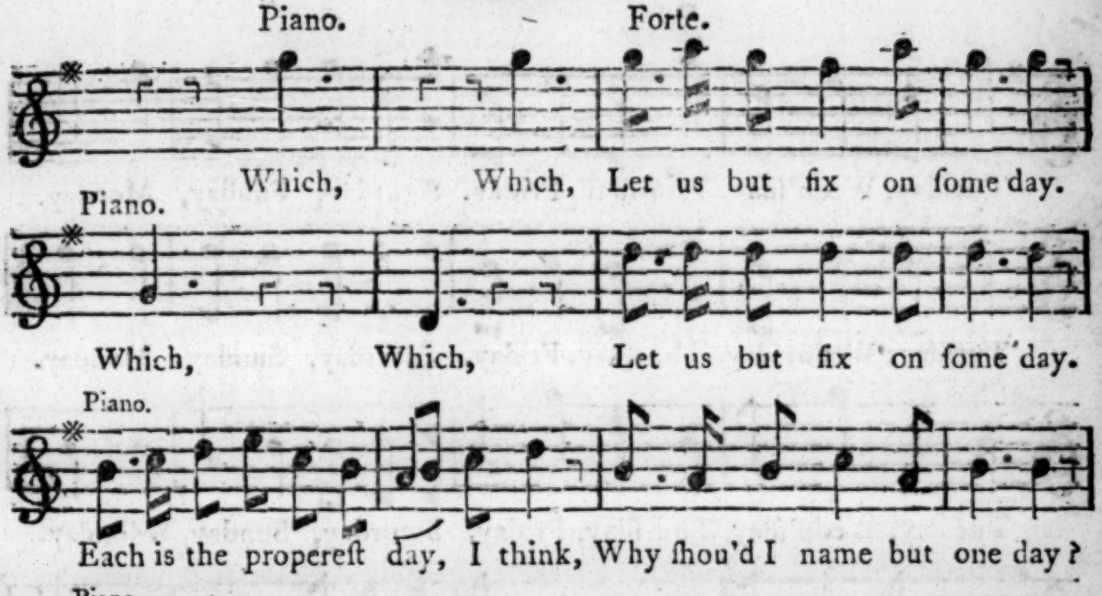
Piano. Forte.

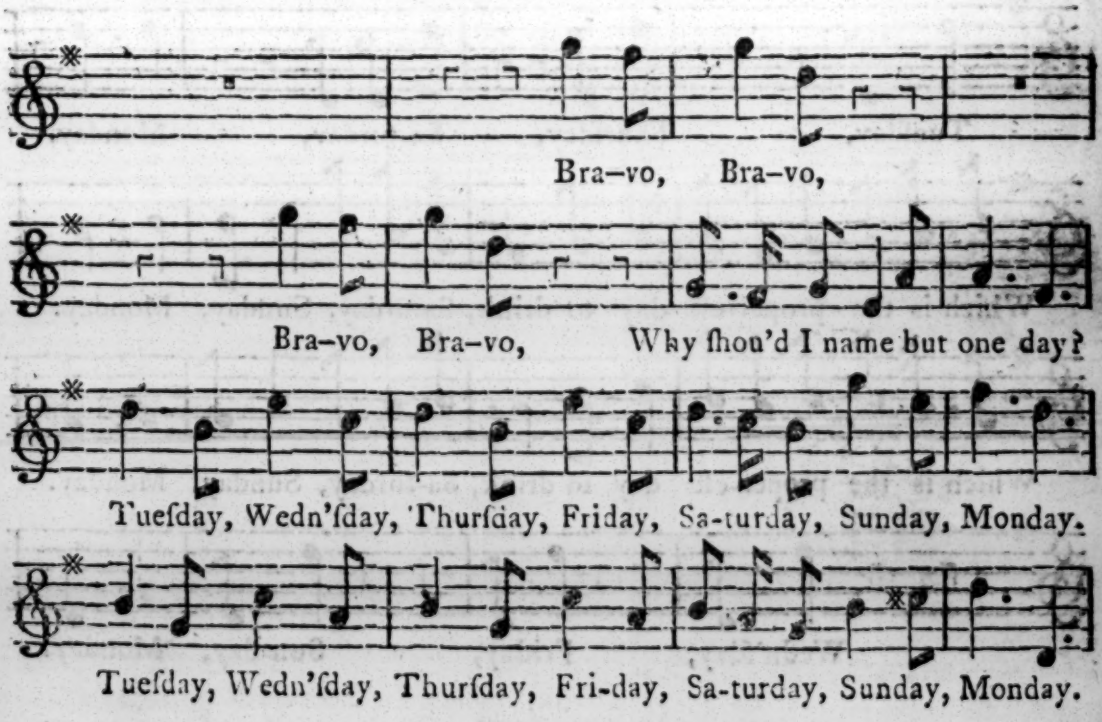


Why? Why? Why ſhou'd I name but one day?

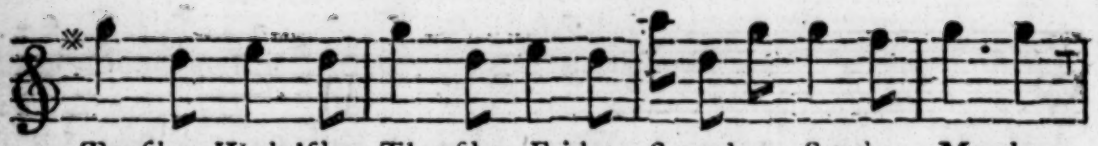
Continued.

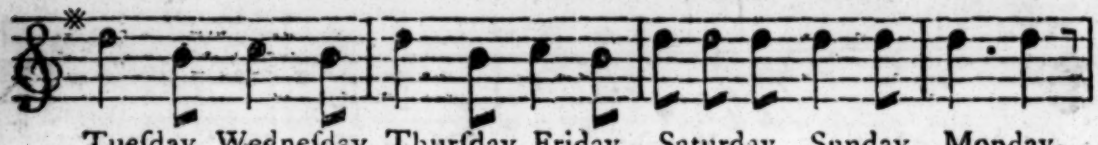
Continued.

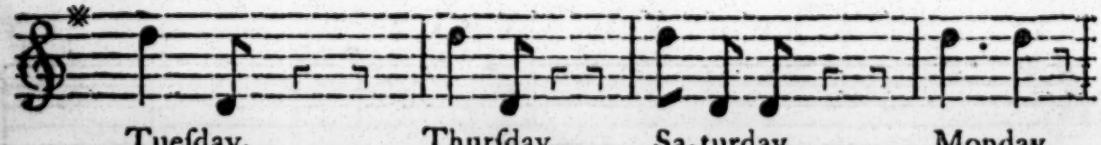

Piano.
Forte.
Which, Which, Let us but fix on ſome day.
Piano.
Which, Which, Let us but fix on ſome day.
Piano.
Each is the propereſt day, I think, Why ſhou'd I name but one day?
Piano.
Each is the propereſt day I think, Why ſhou'd I name but one day?

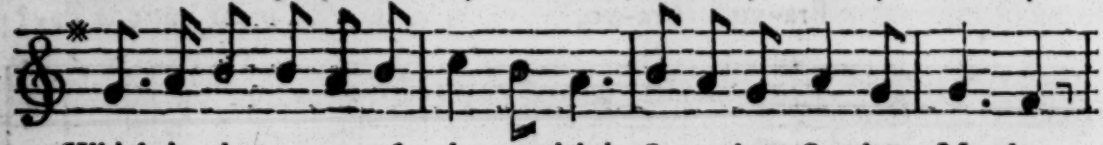

Bra-vo, Bra-vo,
Bra-vo, Bra-vo, Why ſhou'd I name but one day?
Tueſday, Wedn'ſday, Thurſday, Friday, Sa-turday, Sunday, Monday.
Tueſday, Wedn'ſday, Thurſday, Fri-day, Sa-turday, Sunday, Monday.

CHORUS.



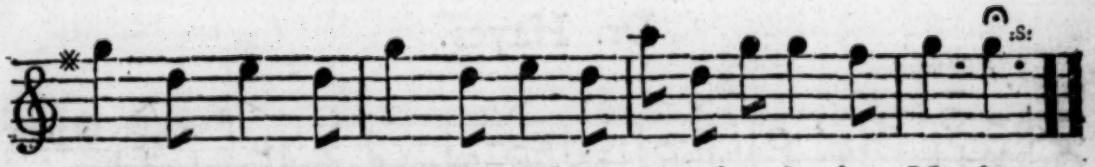






Continued.

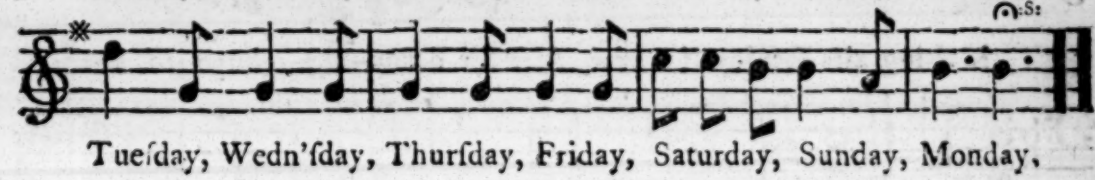
Continued.



Tueſday, Wedn'ſday, Thurſday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Tueſday, Wedn'ſday, Thurſday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Tueſday, Wedn'ſday, Thurſday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



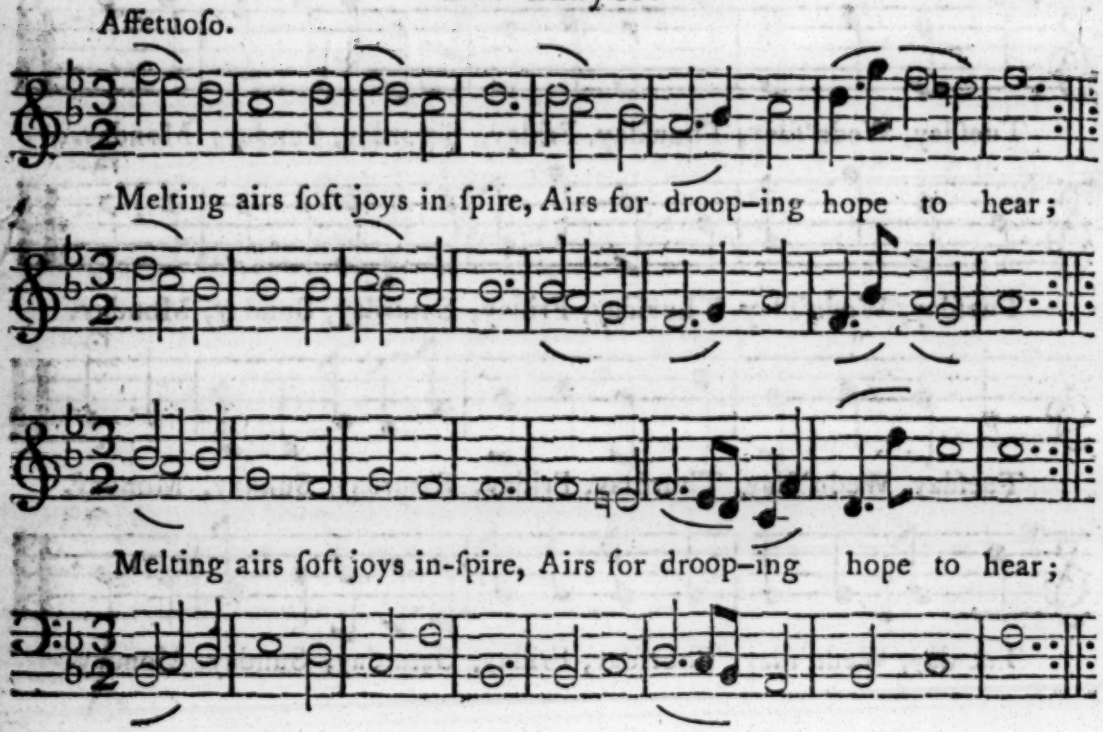
Tueſday, Wedn'ſday, Thurſday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

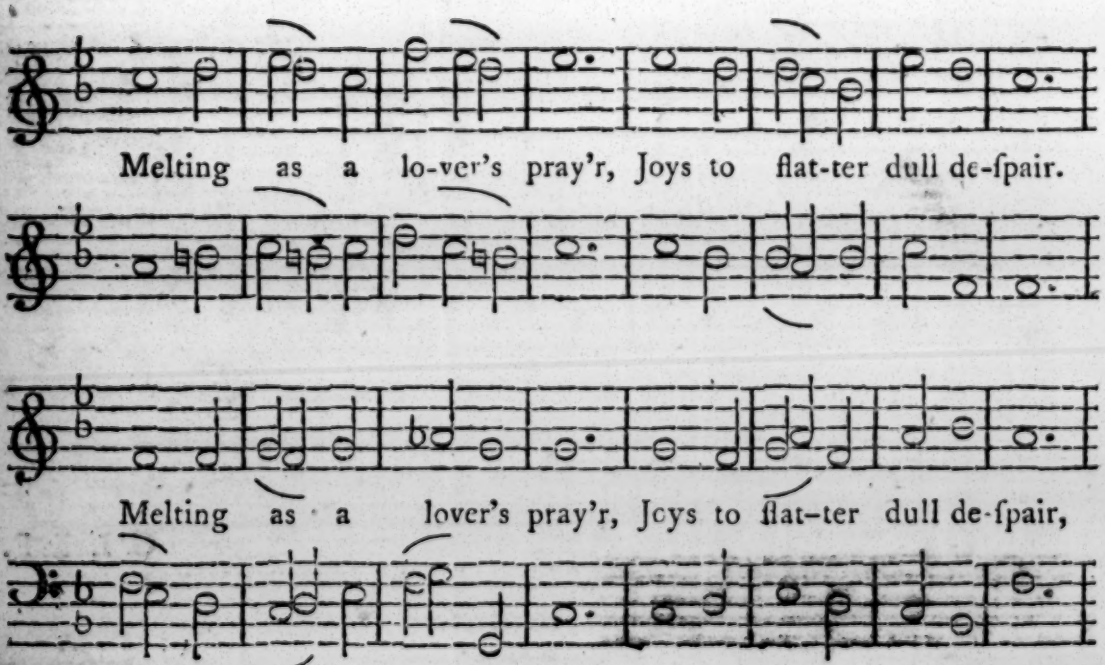
This Glee gain'd a Prize Medal, 1763.

GLEE. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Dr. Hayes.

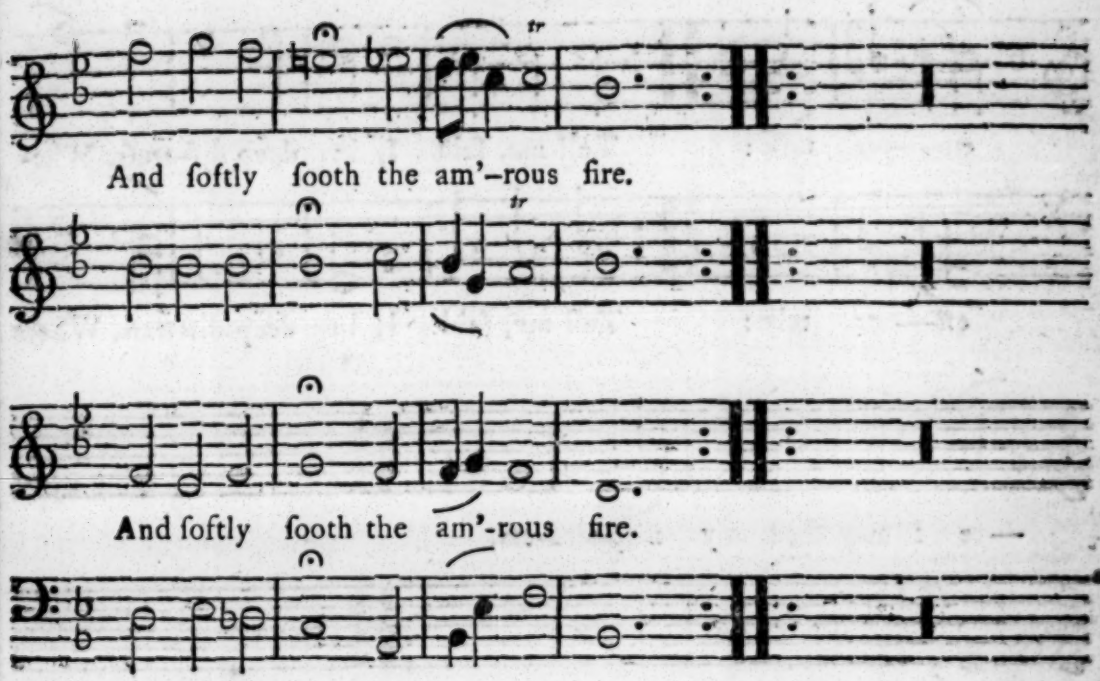
Affetuoſo.





Continued.

Continued.

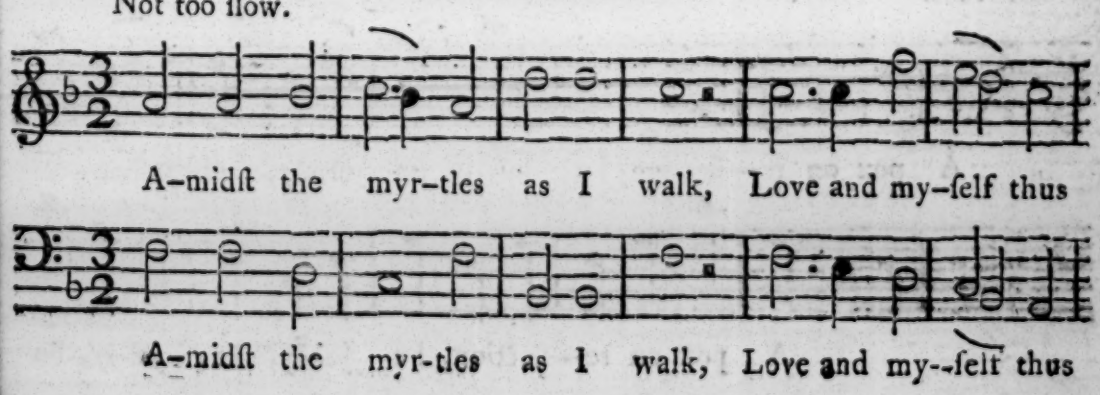


This Glee gain'd the ſecond Prize Medal, 1763.

GLEE. *A. 2. Voc.*

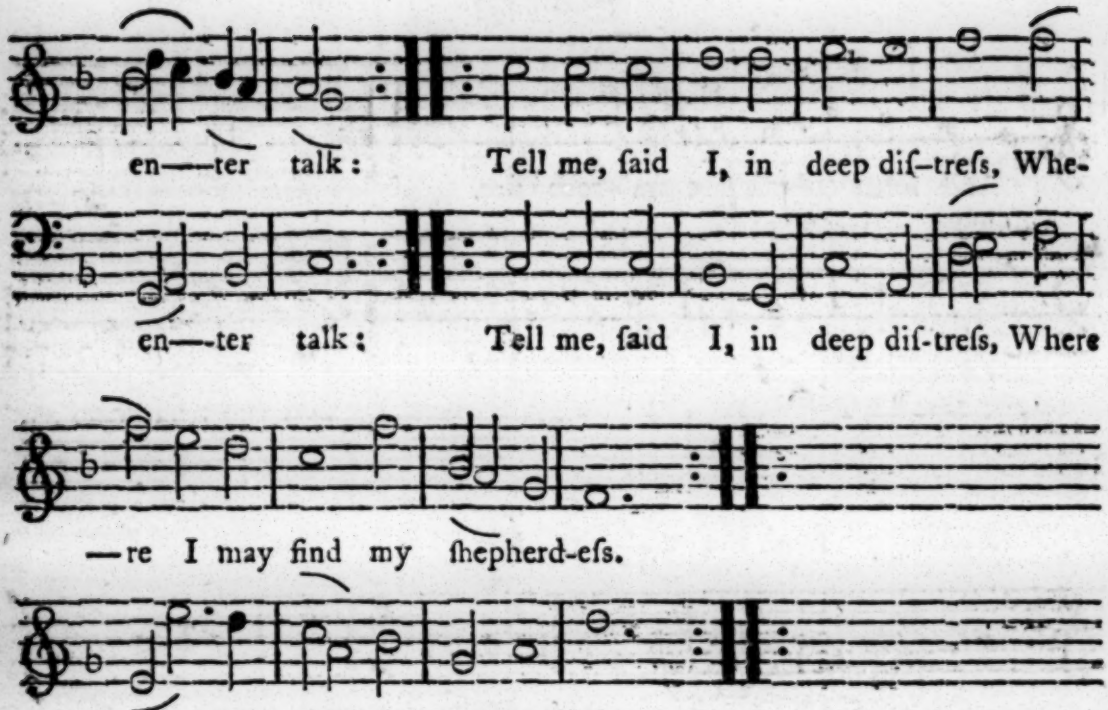
Mr. Battiſhill.

Not too ſlow.



Continued.

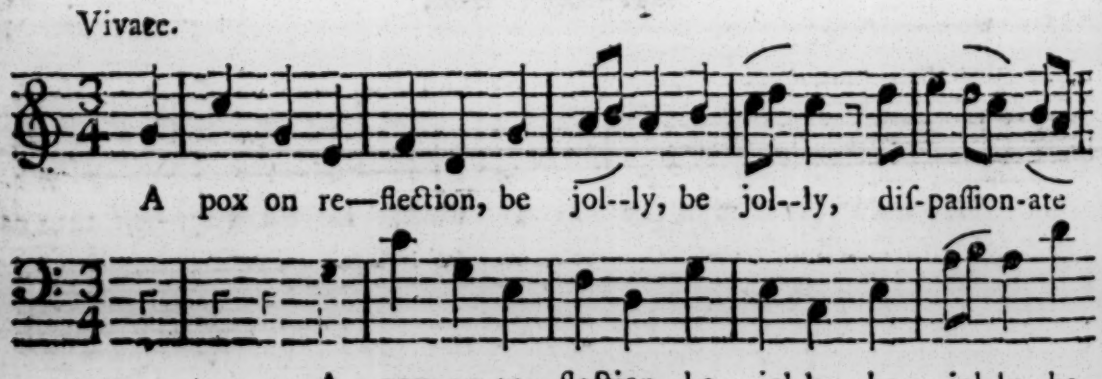
Continued.



Drinking SONG. *A. 2. Voc.*

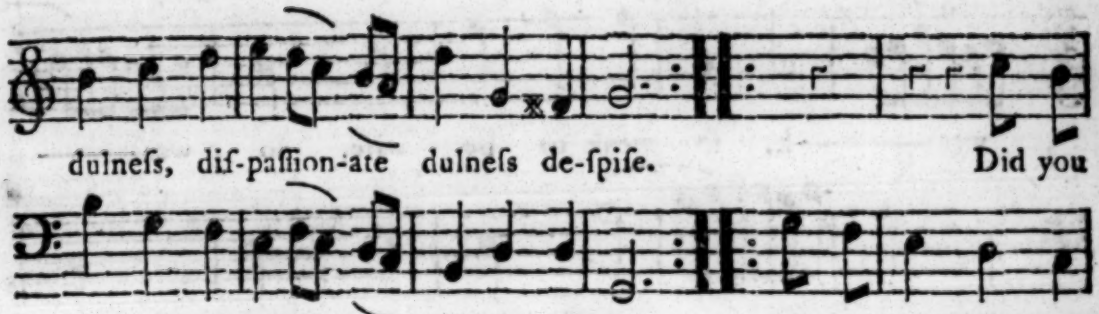
Mr. Fletcher.

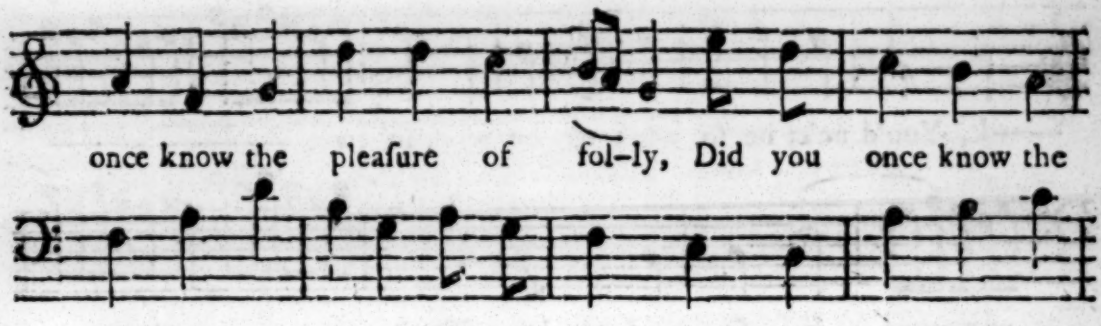
Vivace.

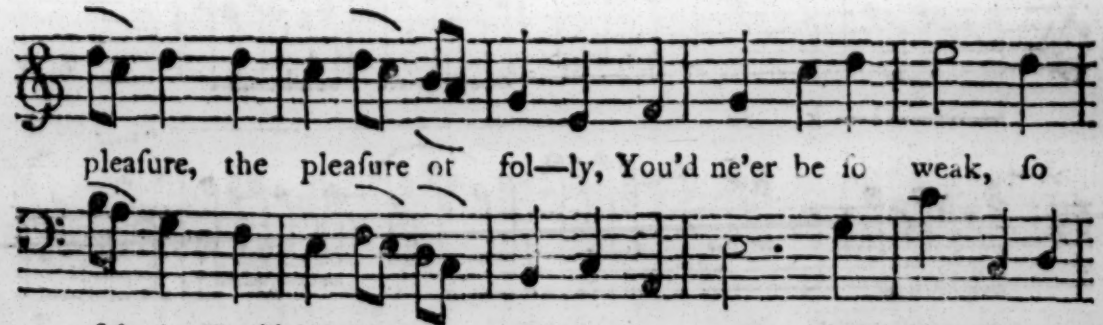


Continued.

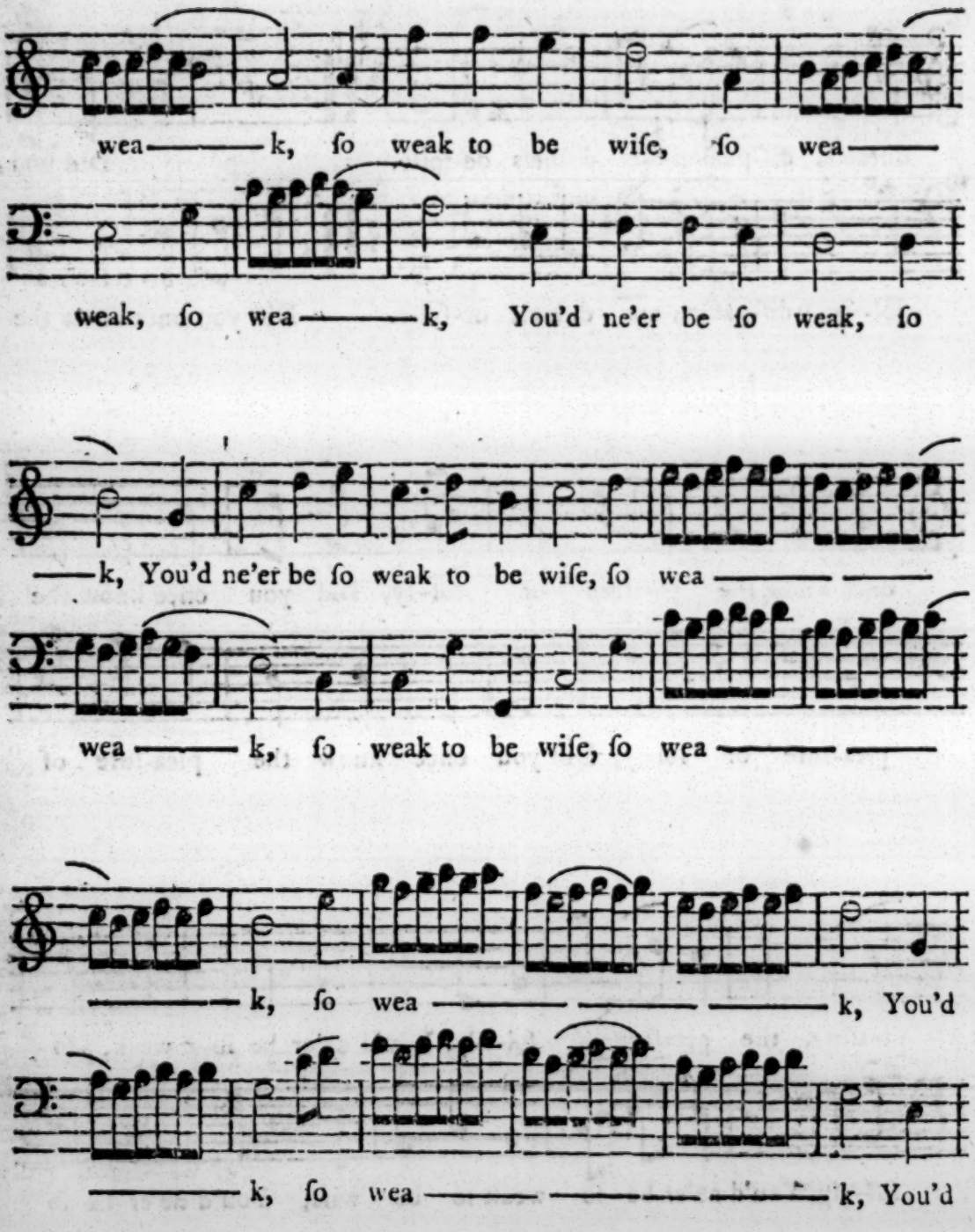
Continued.


dulneſs, diſ-paſſion-ate dulneſs de-ſpiſe. Did you
jol--ly, diſ-paſſion-ate dulneſs de-ſpiſe. Did you once know the


once know the pleaſure of fol-ly, Did you once know the
plea-ſure of fol-ly, Did you once know the plea-ſure of

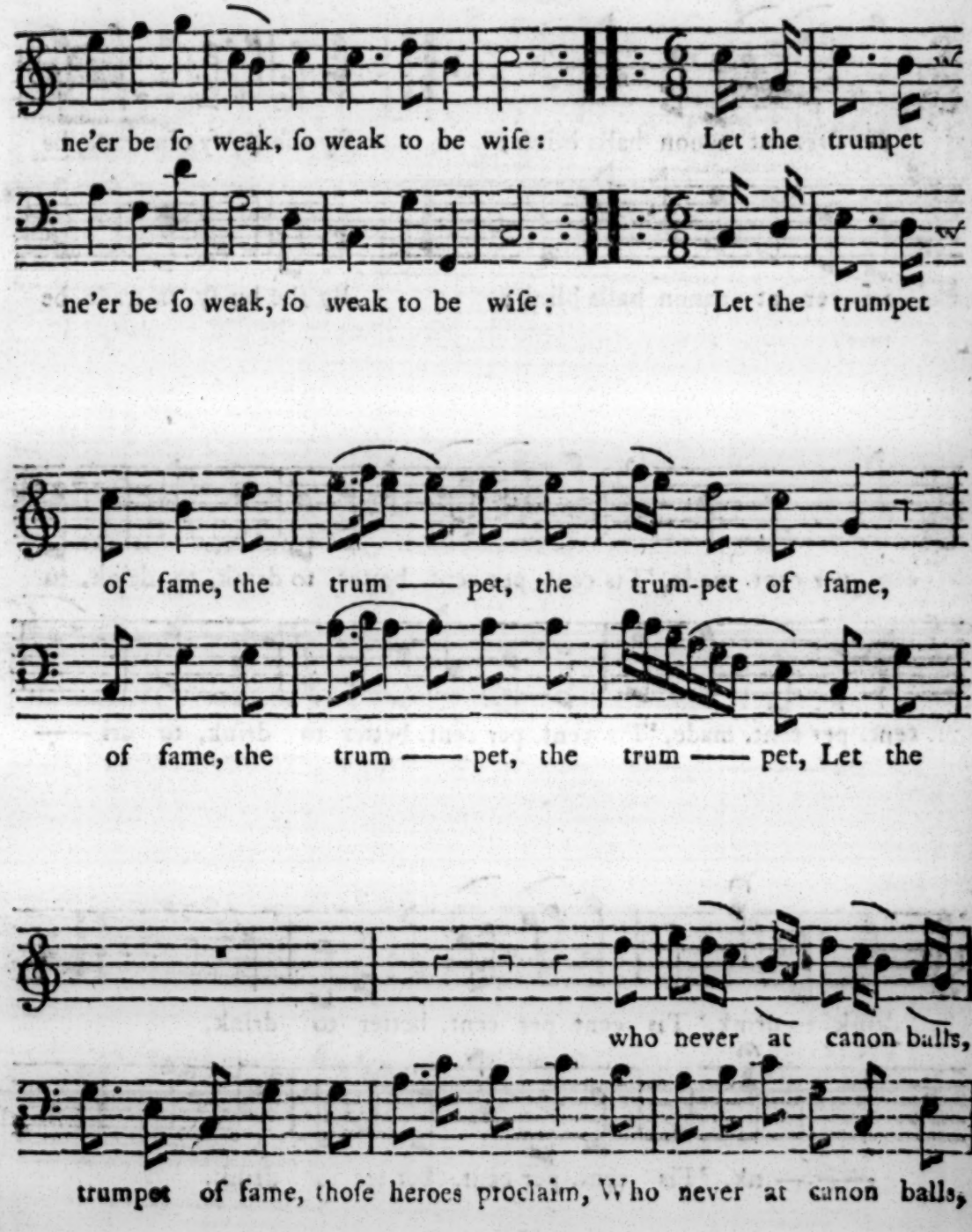

pleaſure, the pleaſure of fol—ly, You'd ne'er be ſo weak, ſo
fol—ly, You'd ne'er be ſo weak to be wiſe, You'd ne'er be ſo

Continued.

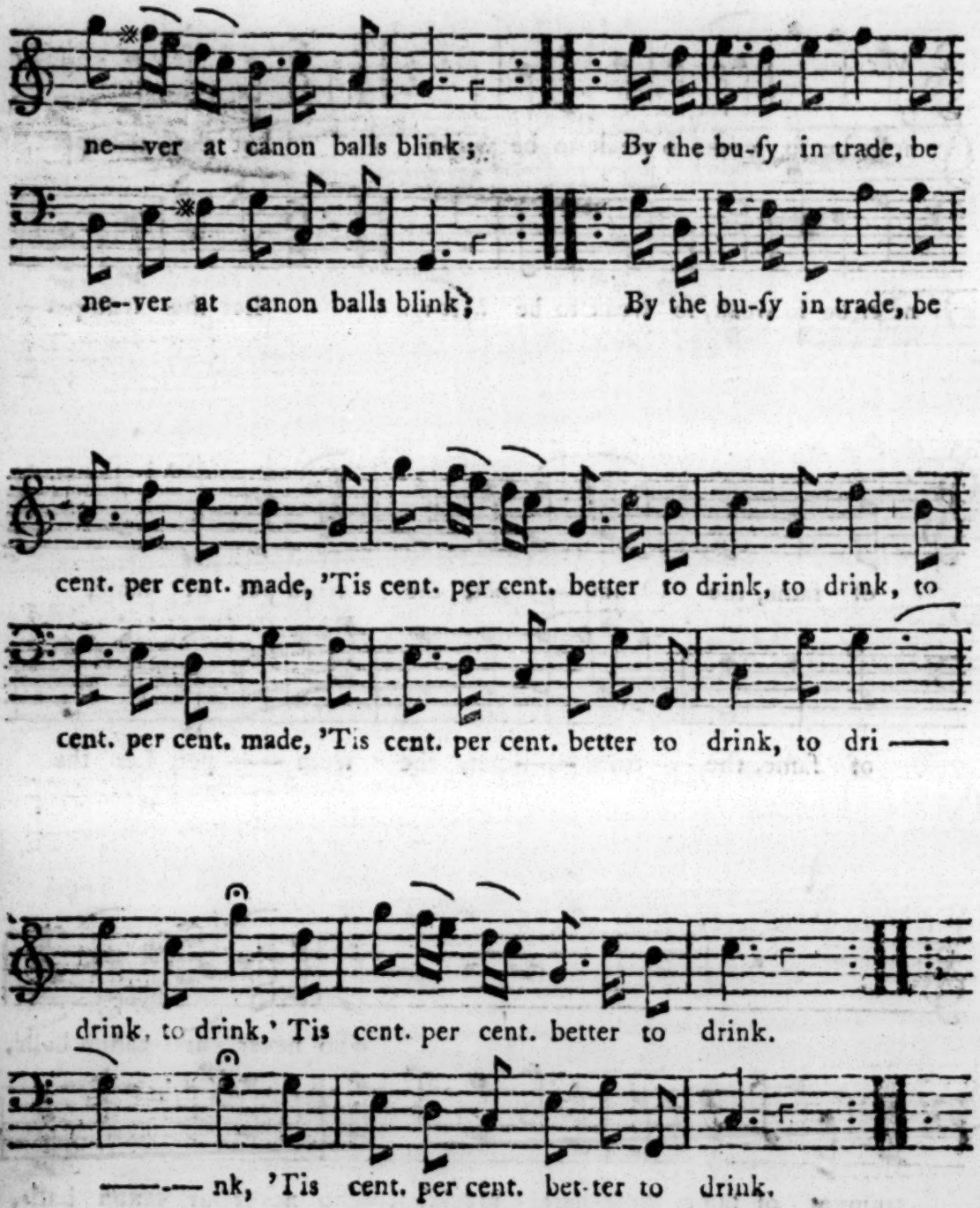


Continued.

Continued.


ne'er be ſo weak, ſo weak to be wiſe: Let the trumpet
ne'er be ſo weak, ſo weak to be wiſe: Let the trumpet
of fame, the trum —— pet, the trum-pet of fame,
of fame, the trum —— pet, the trum —— pet, Let the
who never at canon balls,
trumpet of fame, thoſe heroes proclaim, Who never at canon balls,

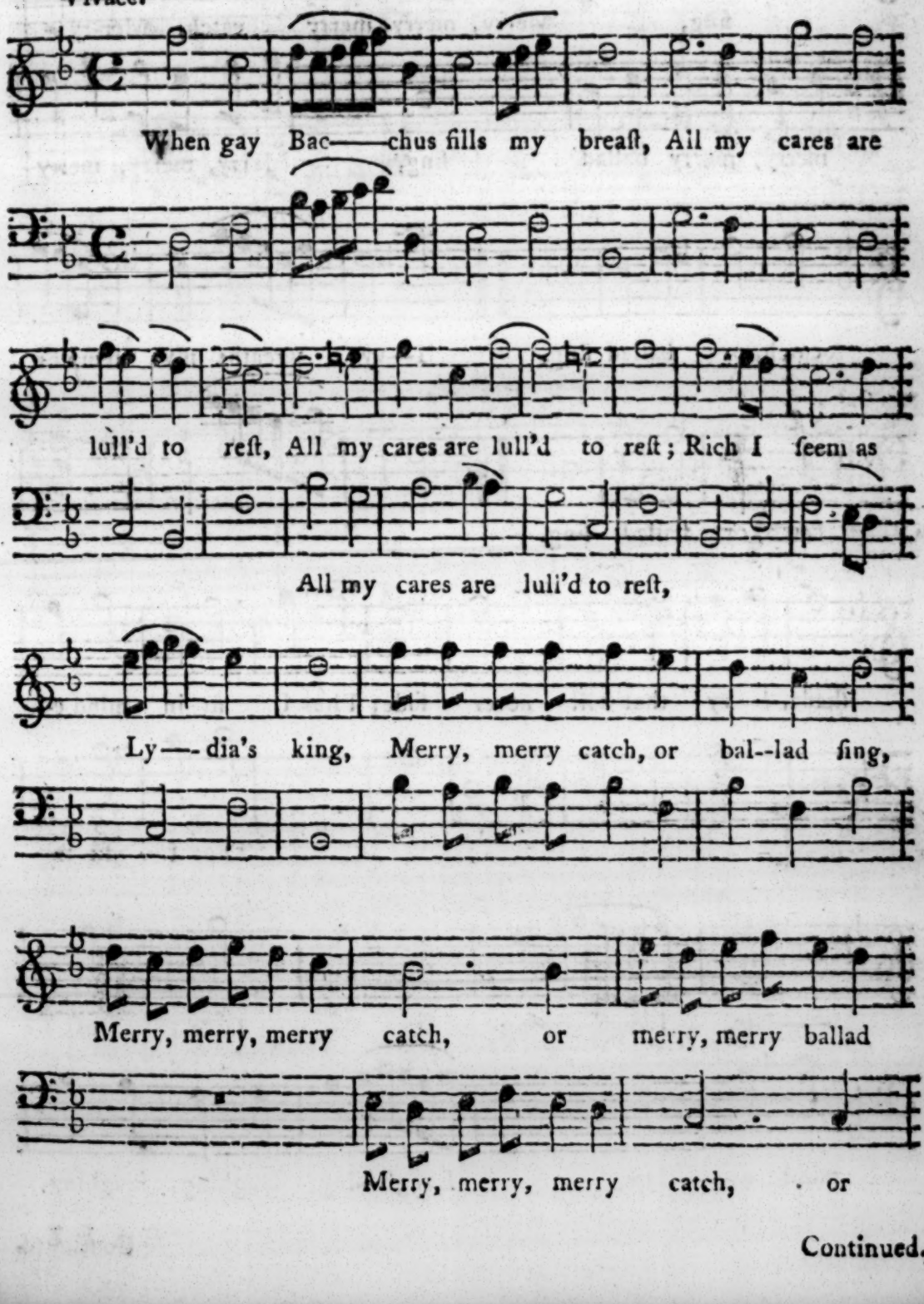
Continued.


ne—ver at canon balls blink; By the bu-ſy in trade, be
ne--ver at canon balls blink; By the bu-ſy in trade, be
cent. per cent. made, 'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink, to drink, to
cent. per cent. made, 'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink, to dri ——
drink, to drink,' Tis cent. per cent. better to drink.
—— nk, 'Tis cent. per cent. bet-ter to drink.

GLEE. *A.* 2. *Voc.*

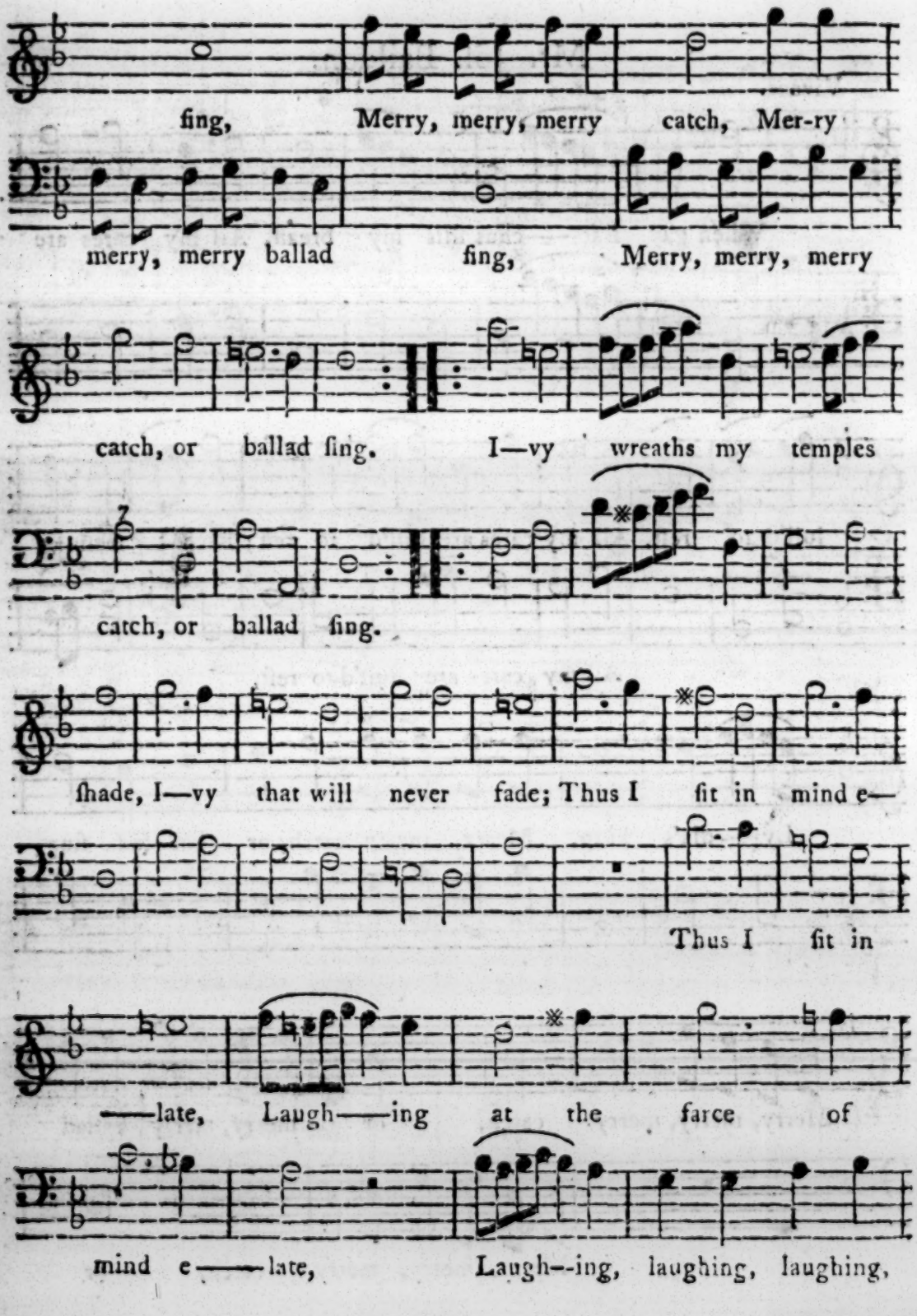
Mr. Joſ. Baildon.

Vivace.



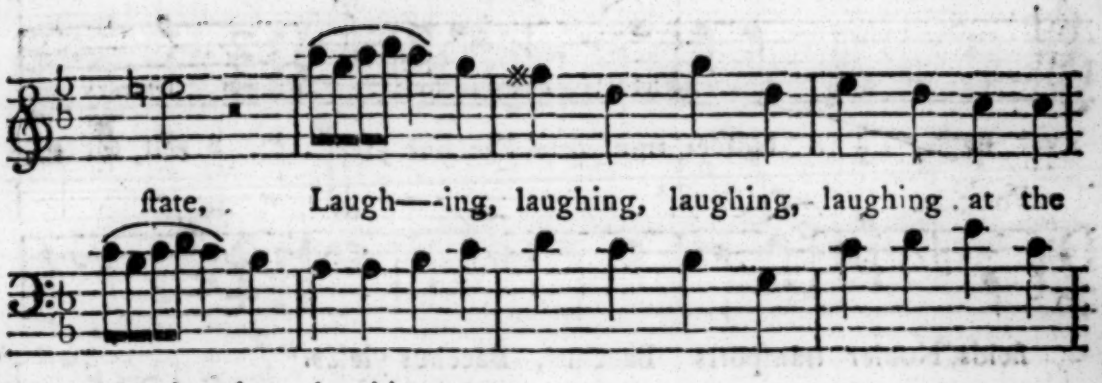
Continued,

Continued.

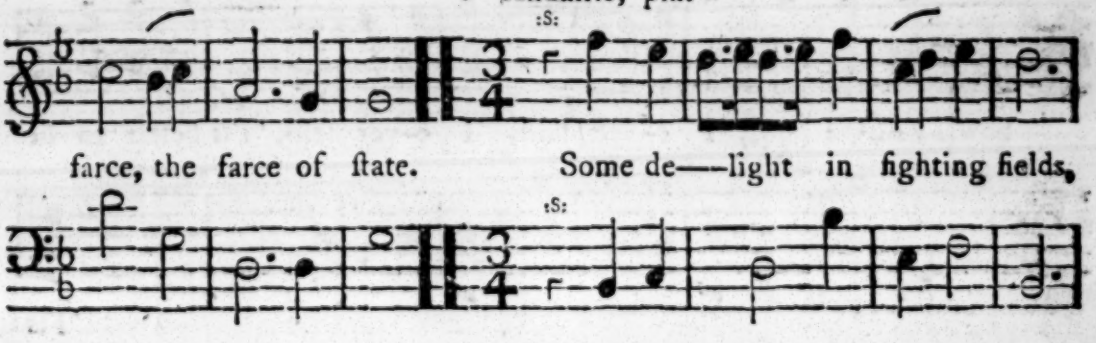


Continued.

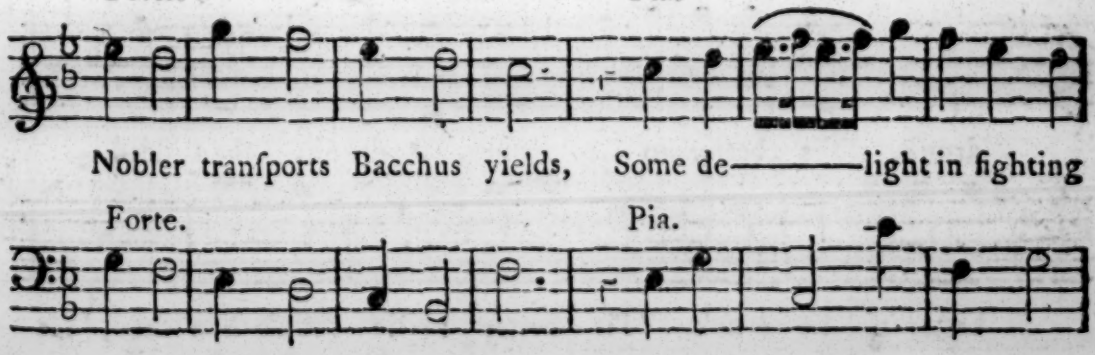
Continued.



Andante, pia.



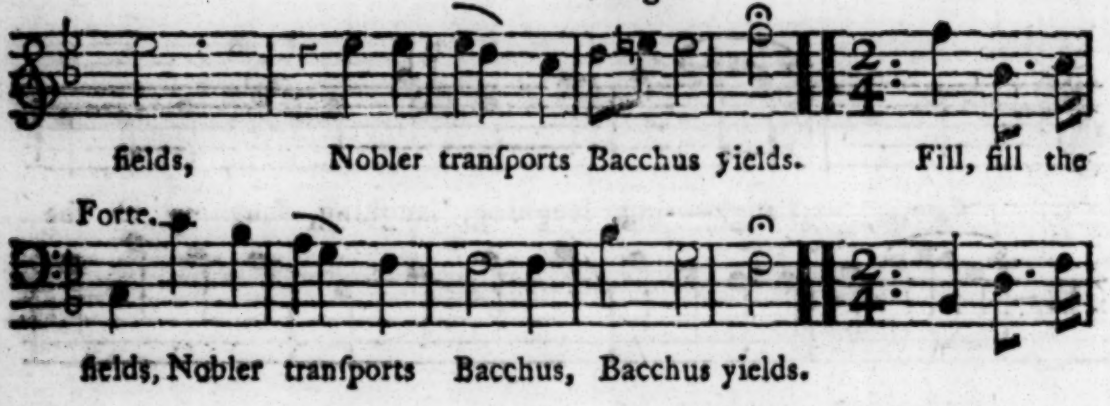
Forte. Pia.

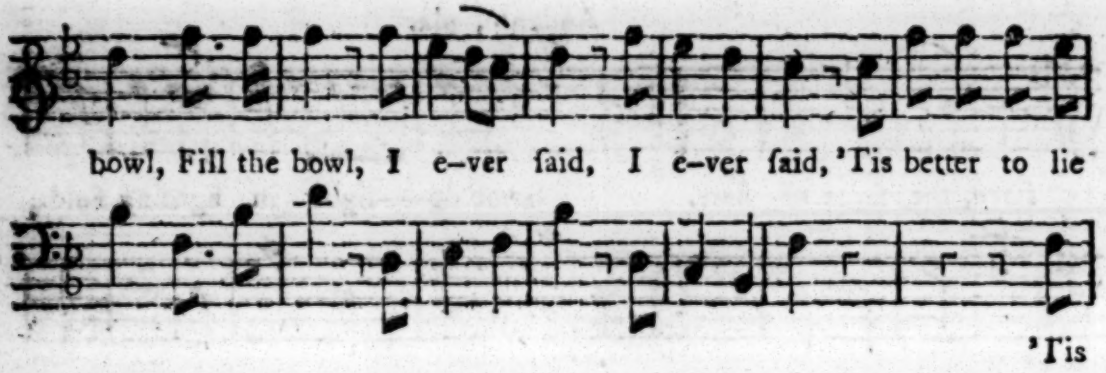


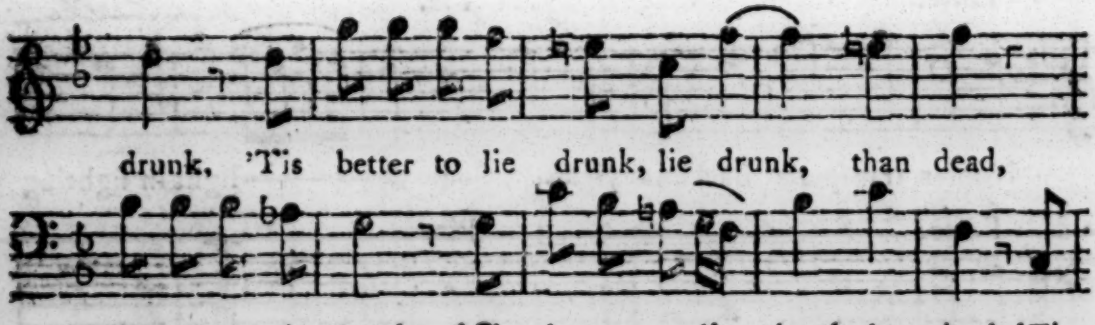
Continued.

Continued.

Adagio.

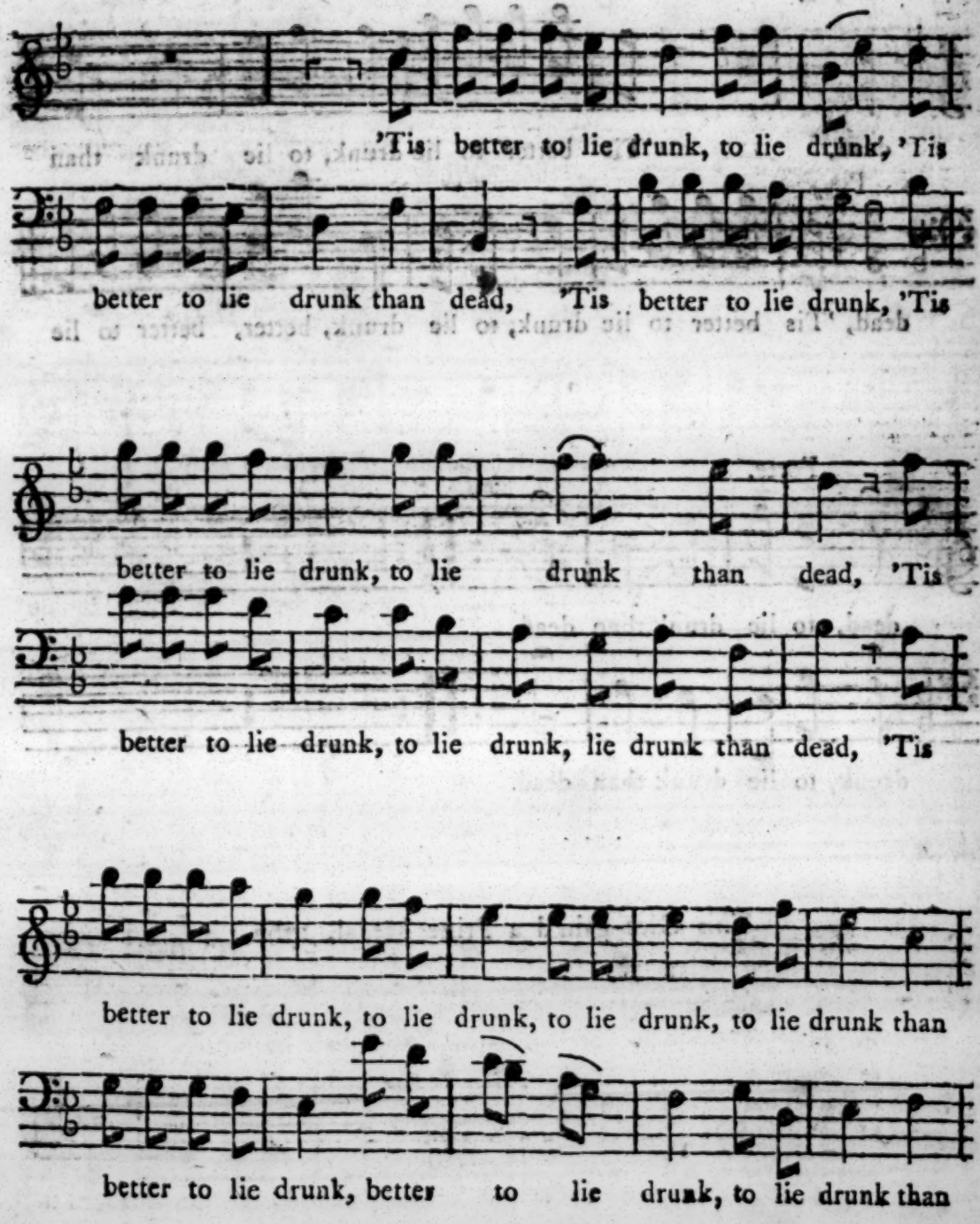






Continued.

Continued.


'Tis better to lie drunk, to lie drunk, 'Tis
better to lie drunk than dead, 'Tis better to lie drunk, 'Tis
better to lie drunk, to lie drunk than dead, 'Tis
better to lie drunk, to lie drunk, lie drunk than dead, 'Tis
better to lie drunk, to lie drunk, to lie drunk, to lie drunk than
better to lie drunk, better to lie drunk, to lie drunk than

Continued.

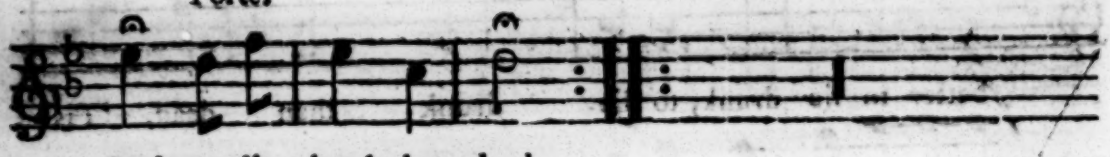
Pia.

dead, 'Tis better to lie drunk, to lie drunk than

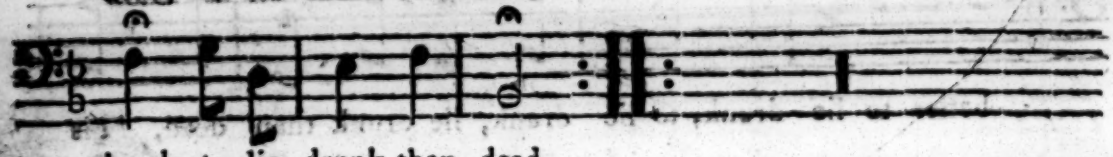
Pia

dead, 'Tis better to lie drunk, to lie drunk, better, better to lie

Forte.



dead, to lie drunk than dead.



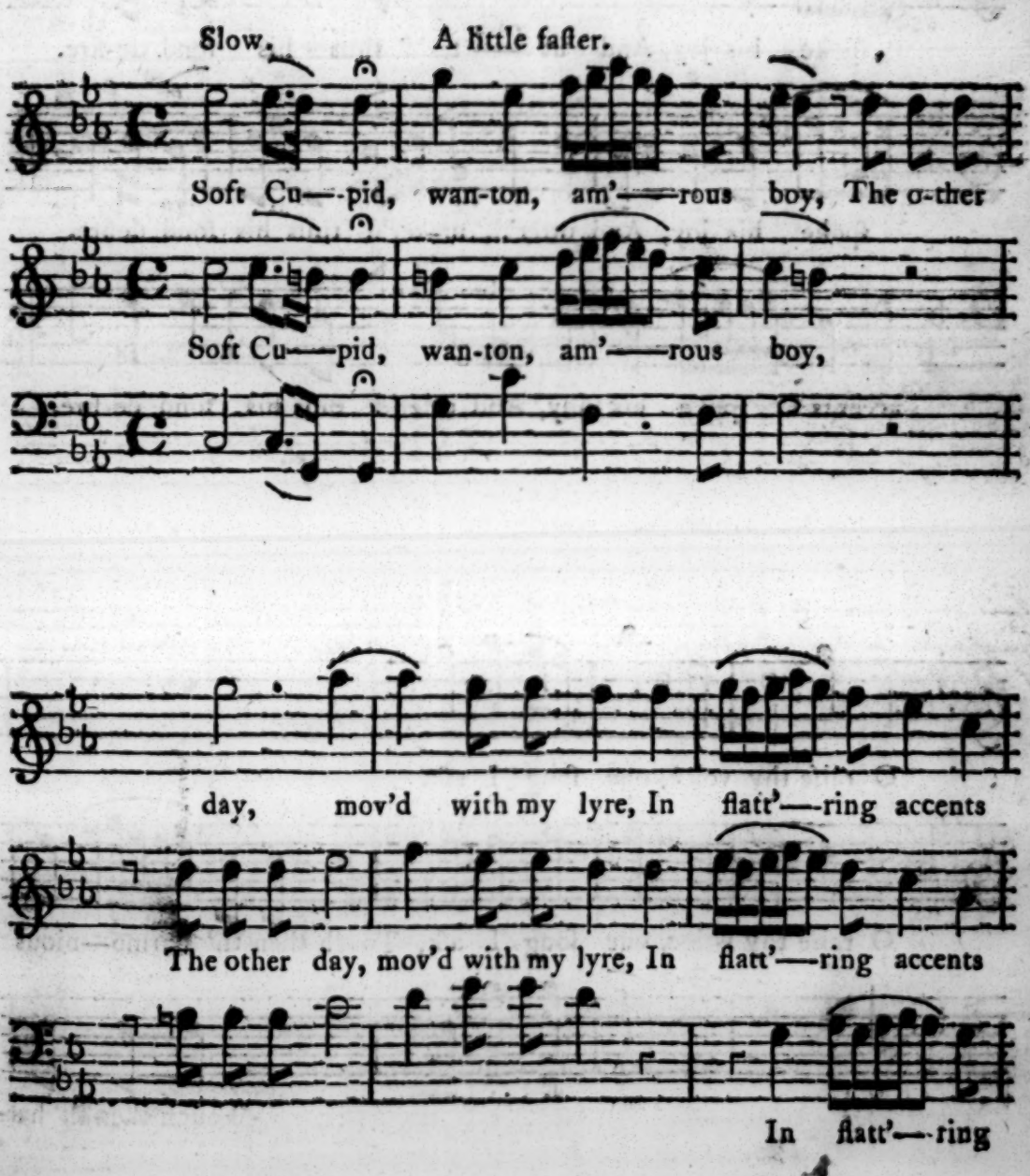
drunk, to lie drunk than dead.

This Glee gain'd a Prize Medal, 1766.

SONG.

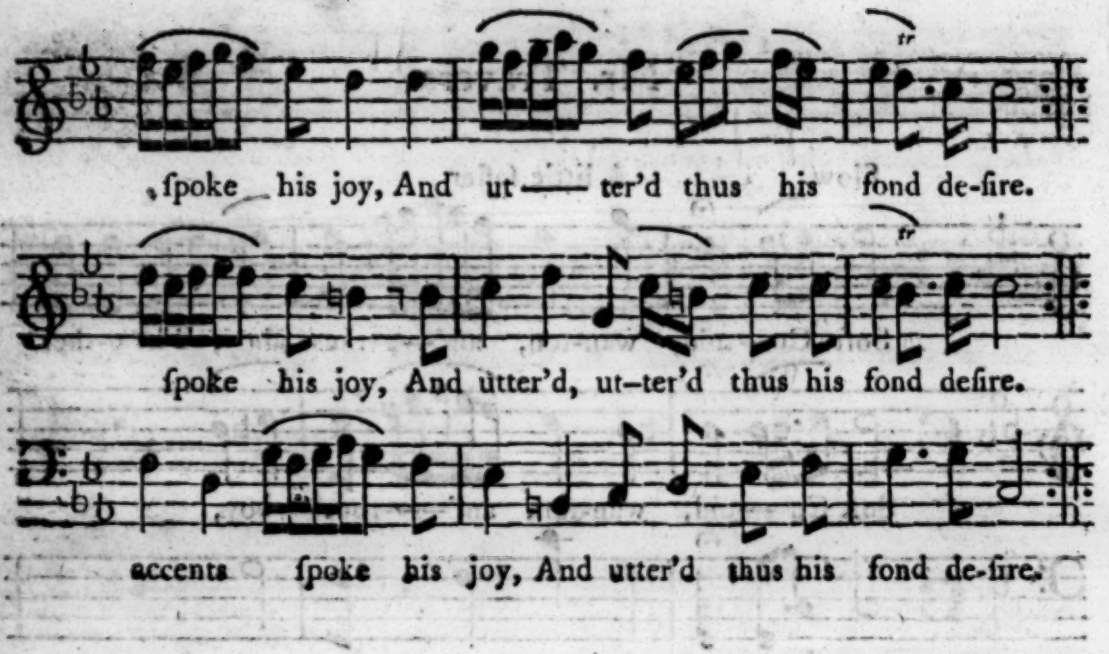
SONG. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

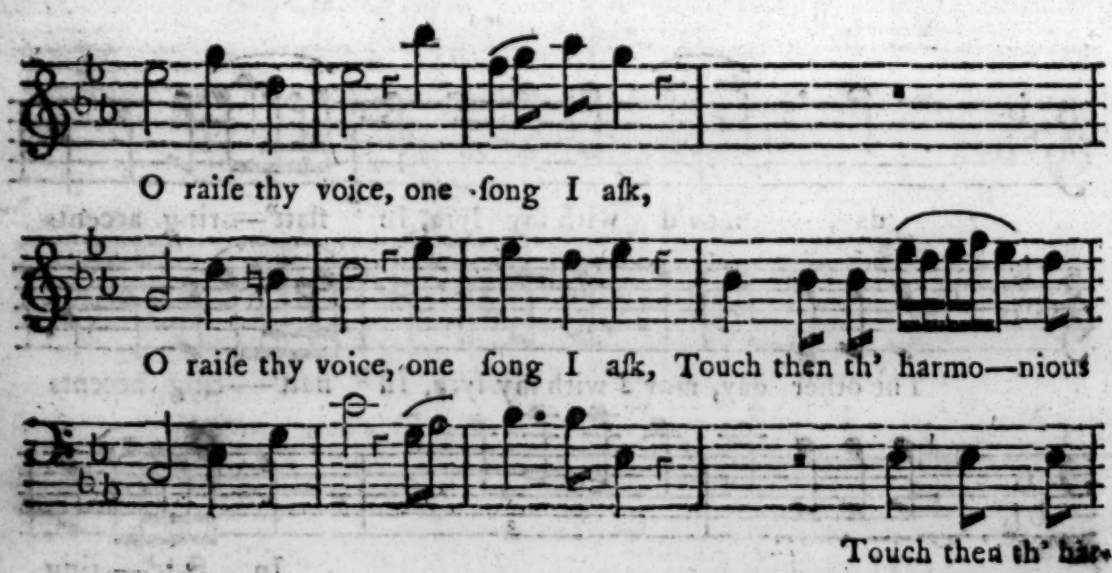
Mr. Travers.



Continued.

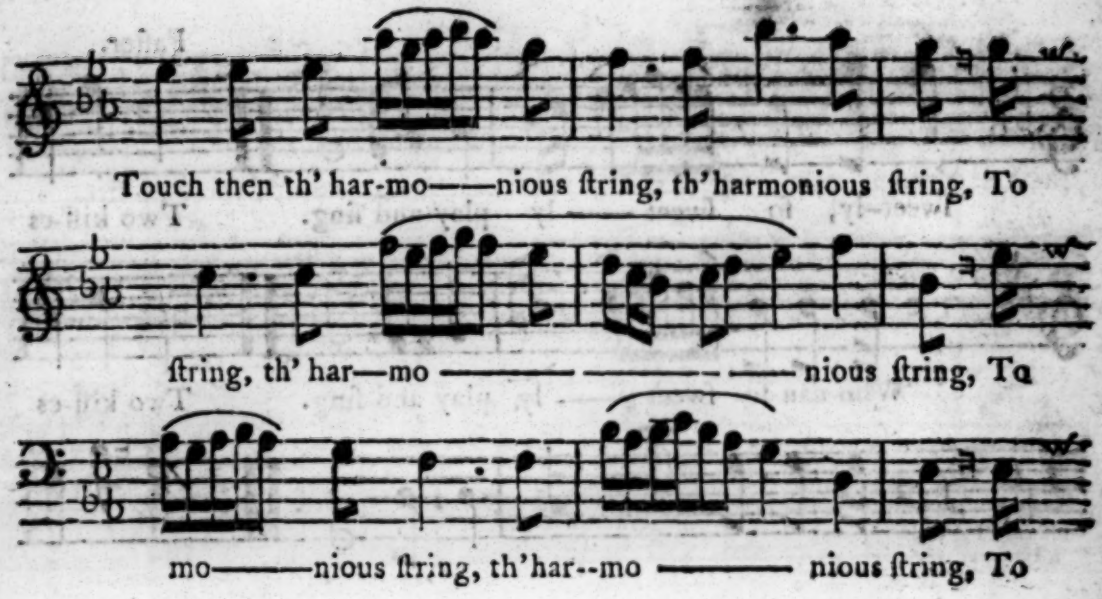
Continued.

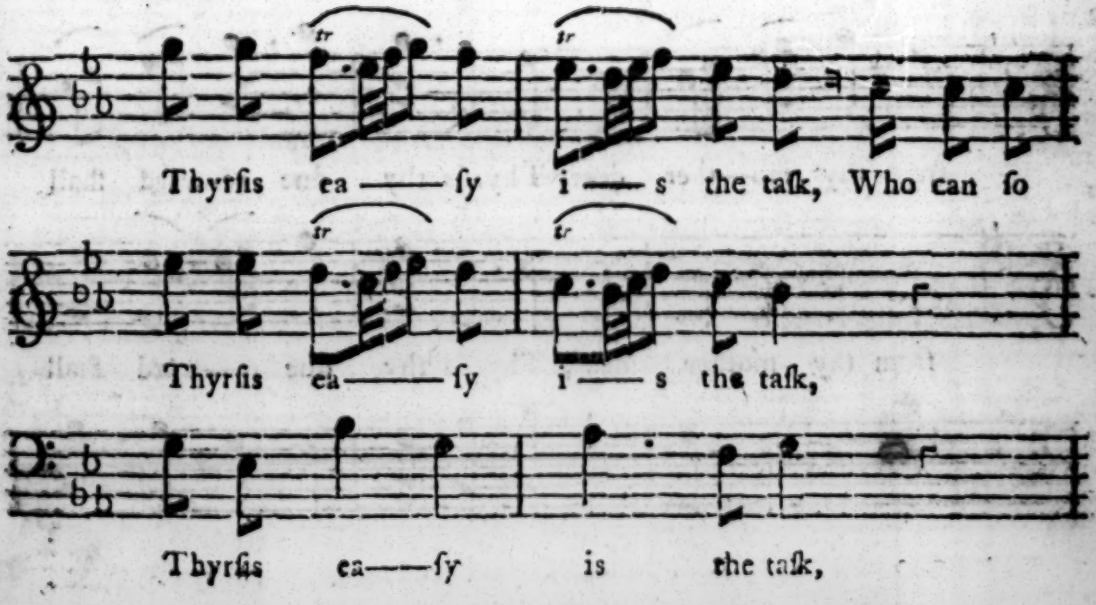




Continued.

Continued.

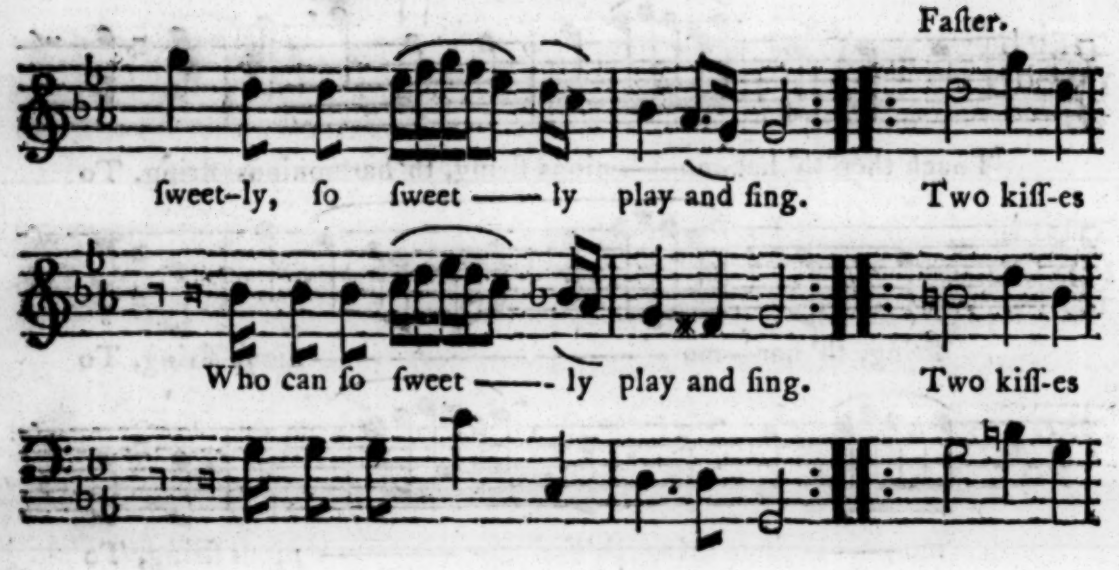


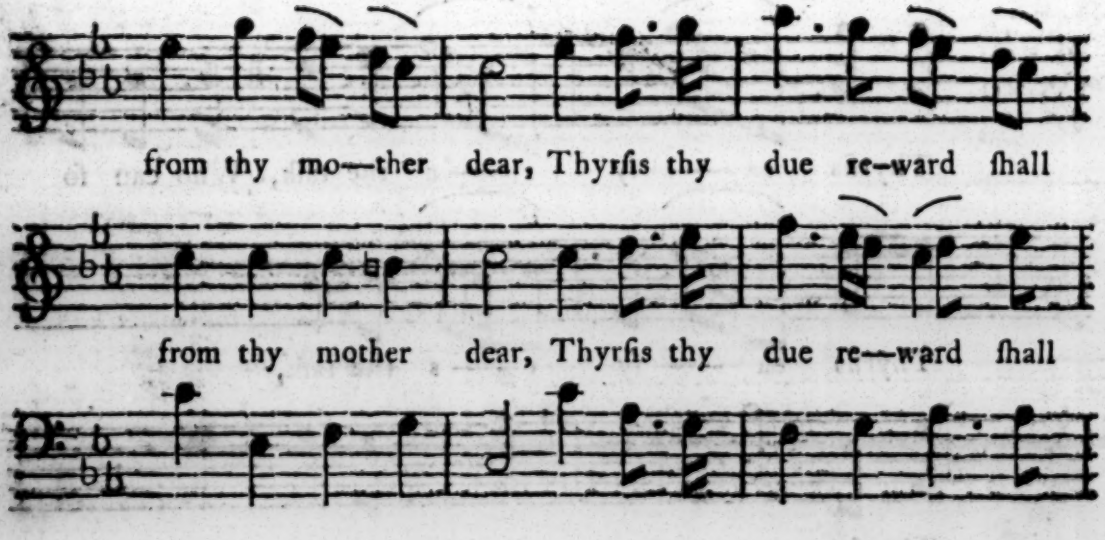


Continued.

Continued.

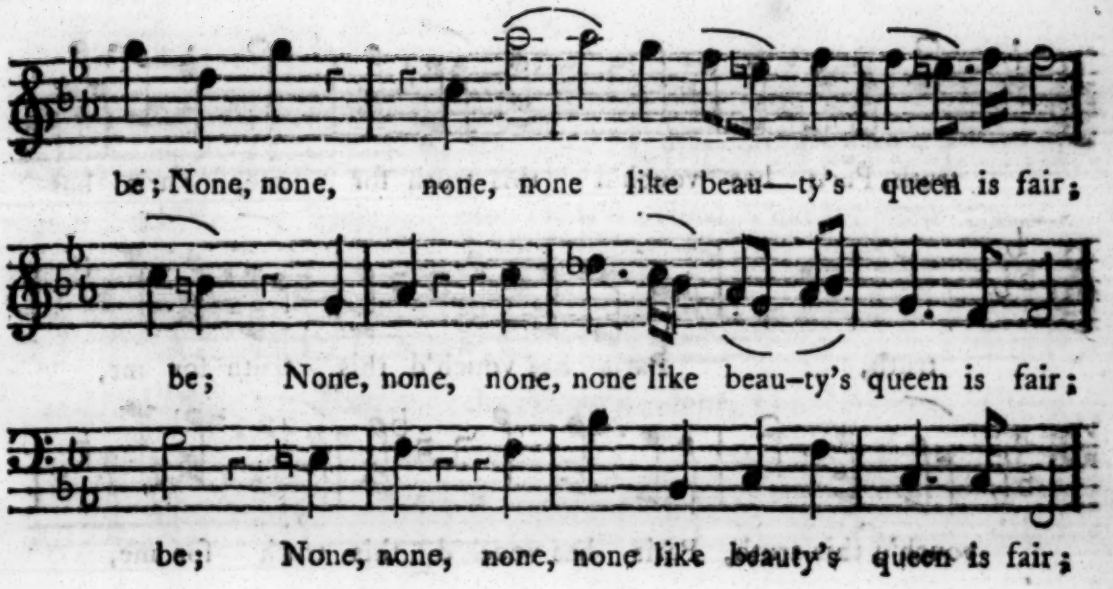
Faſter.

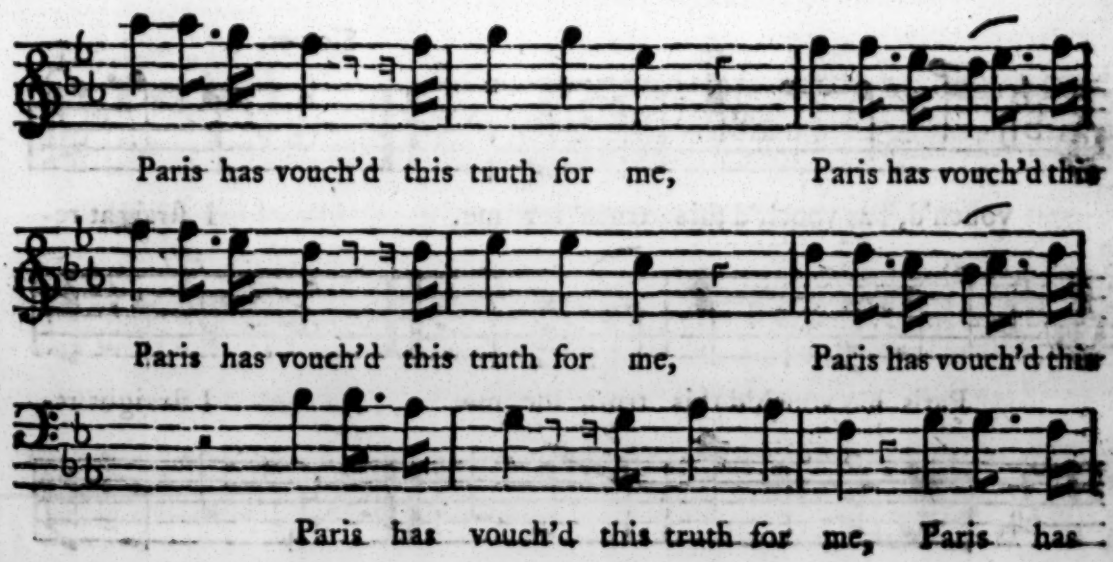




Continued.

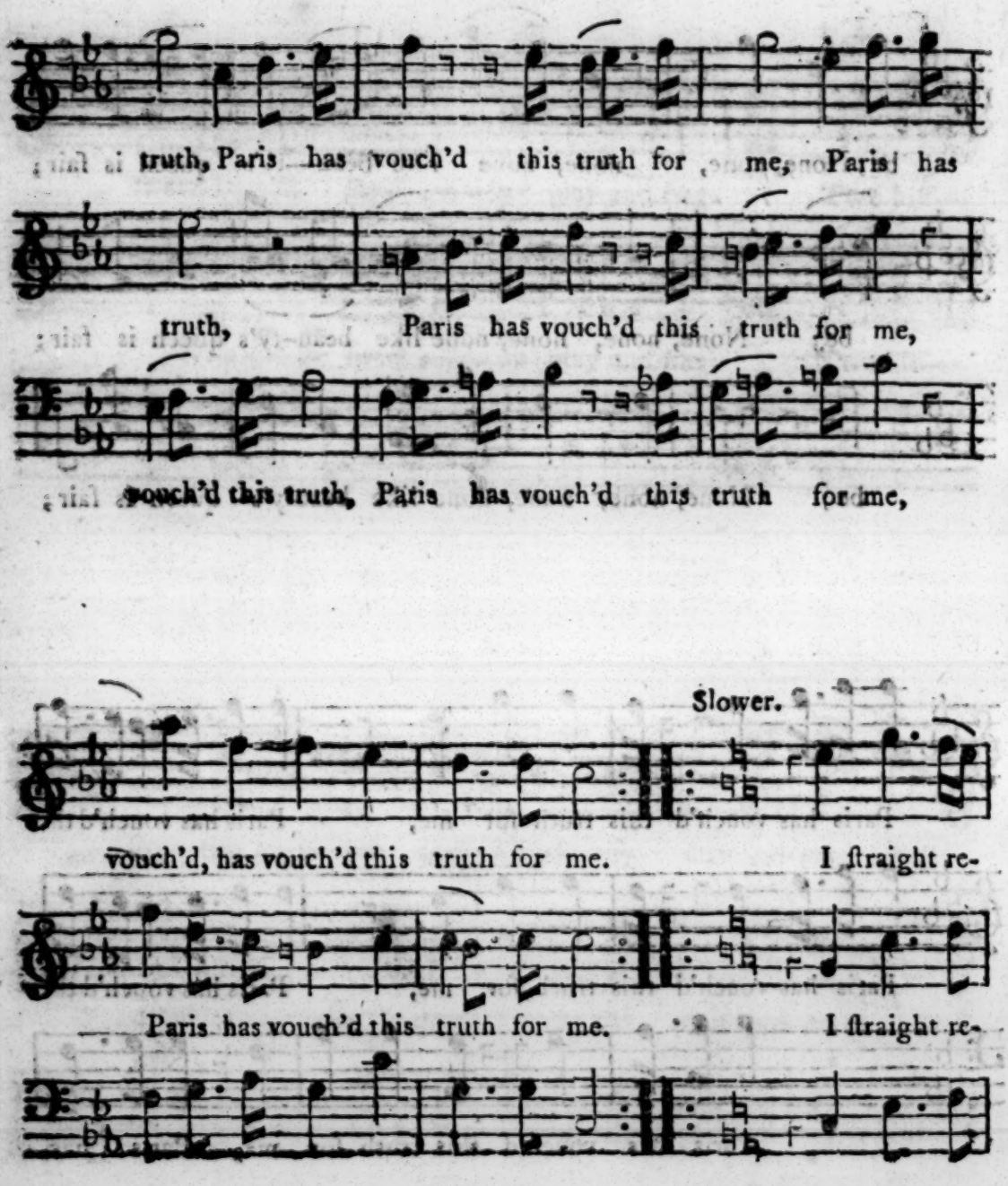
Continued.





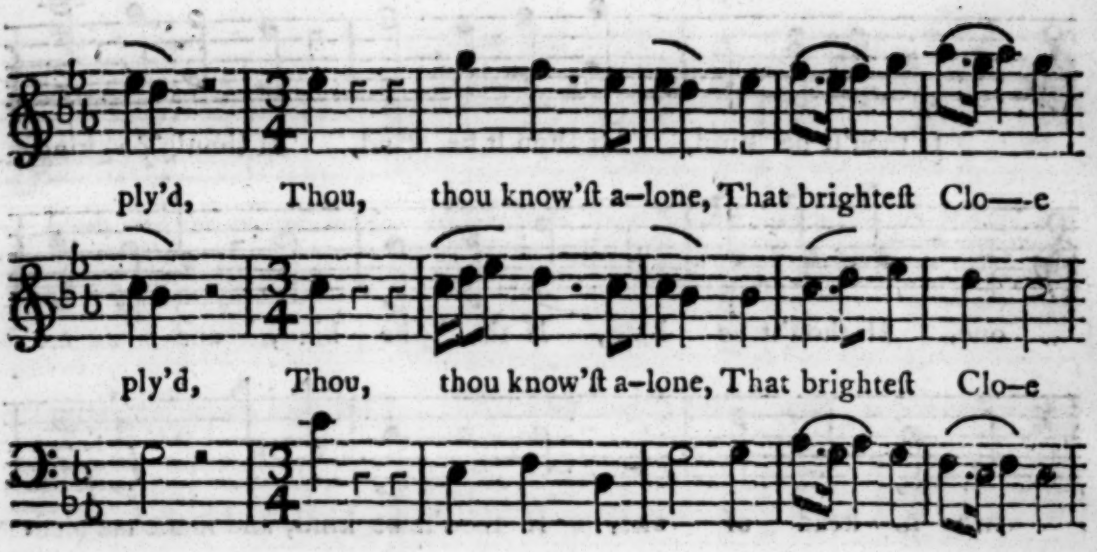
Continued.

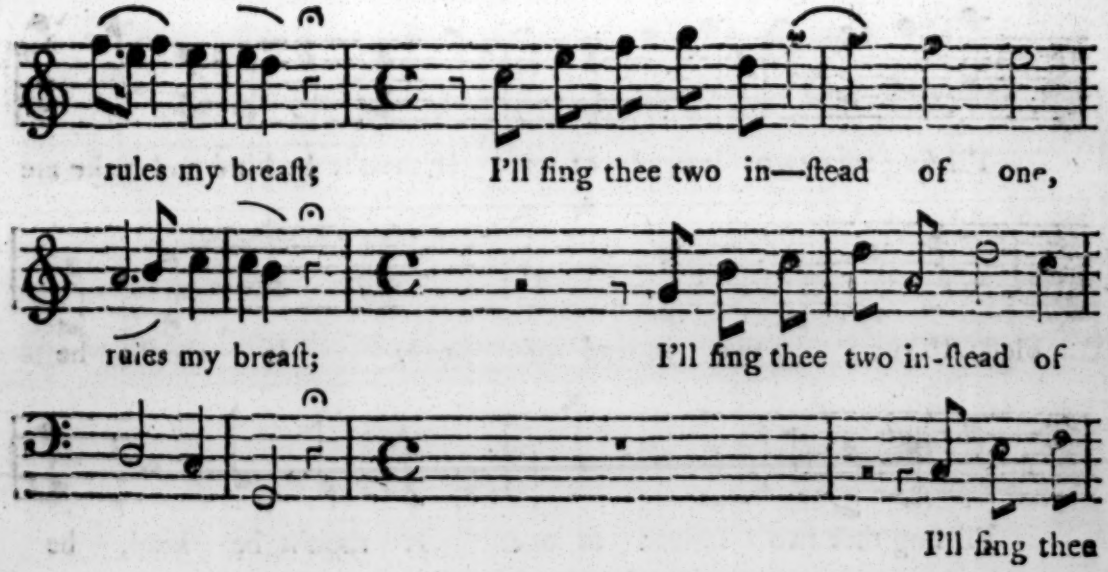
Continued.



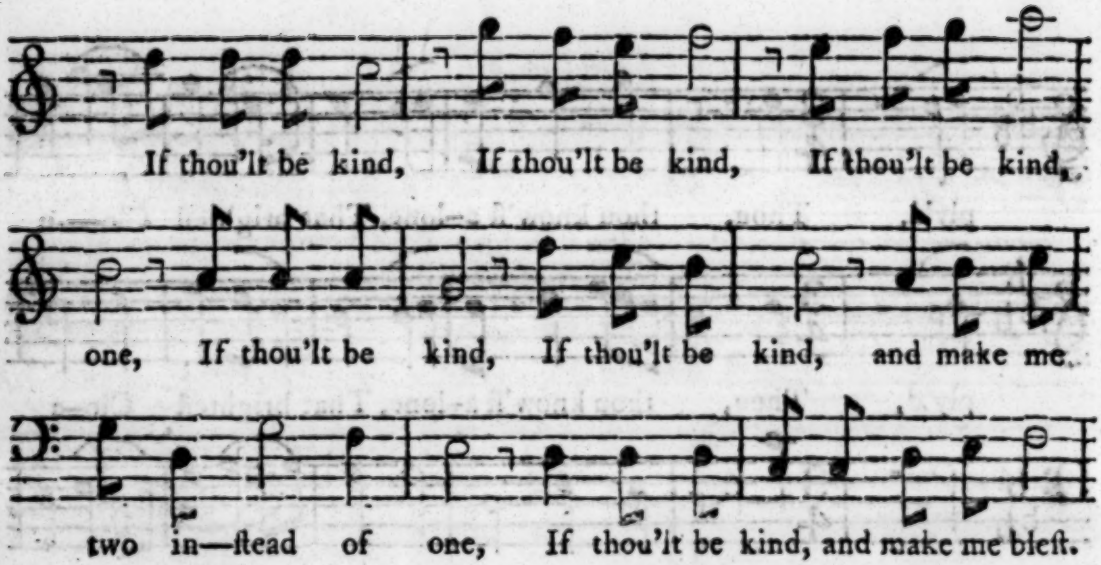
Continued.

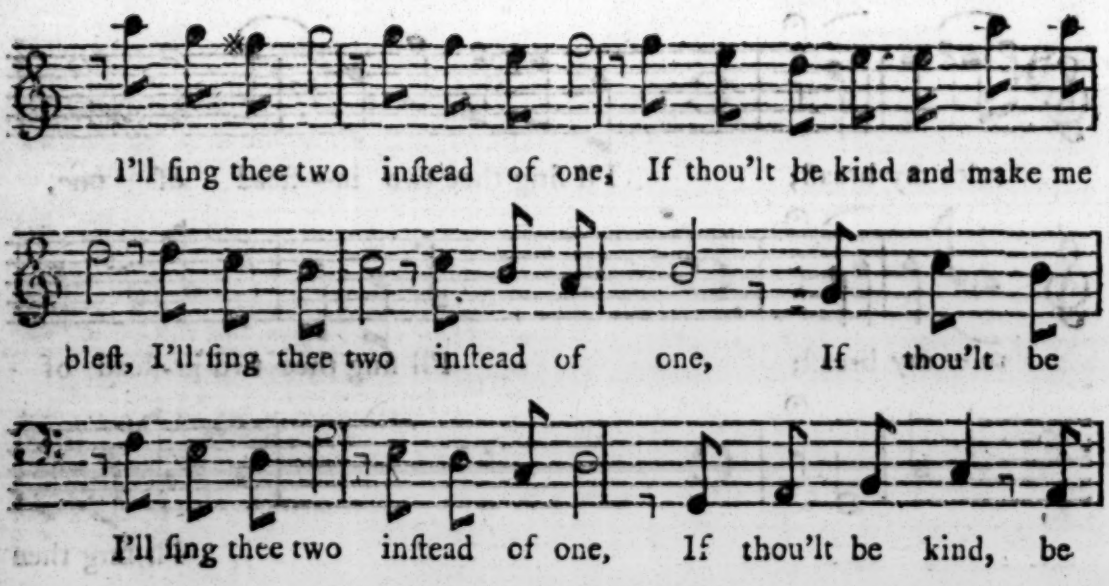
Continued.


ply'd, Thou, thou know'ſt a-lone, That brighteſt Clo—e
ply'd, Thou, thou know'ſt a-lone, That brighteſt Clo-e


rules my breaſt; I'll ſing thee two in—ſtead of one,
rules my breaſt; I'll ſing thee two in-ſtead of
I'll ſing thee

Continued.

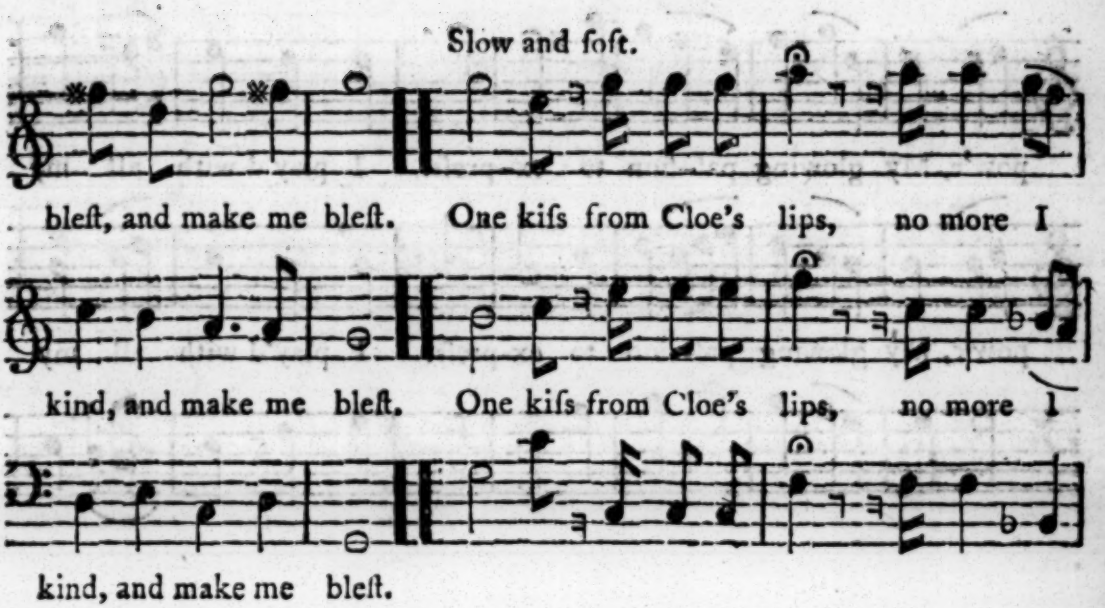




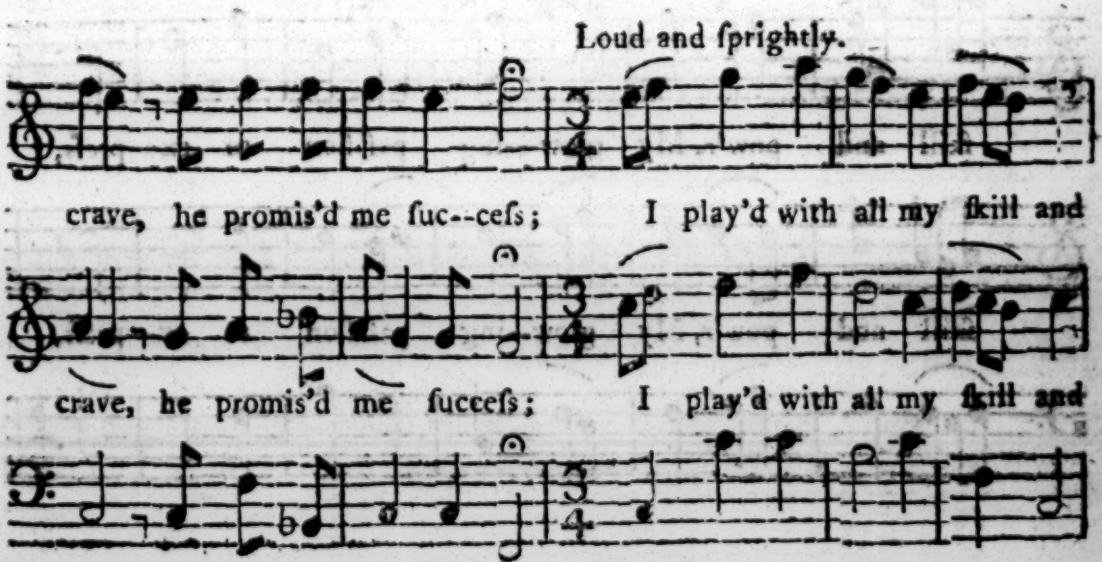
Continued.

Continued.

Slow and ſoft.

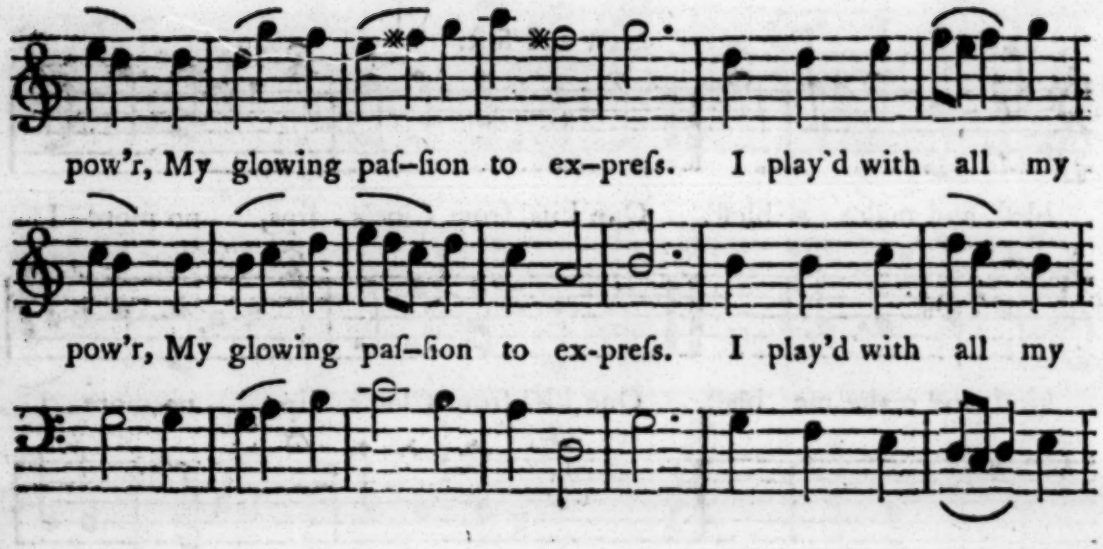


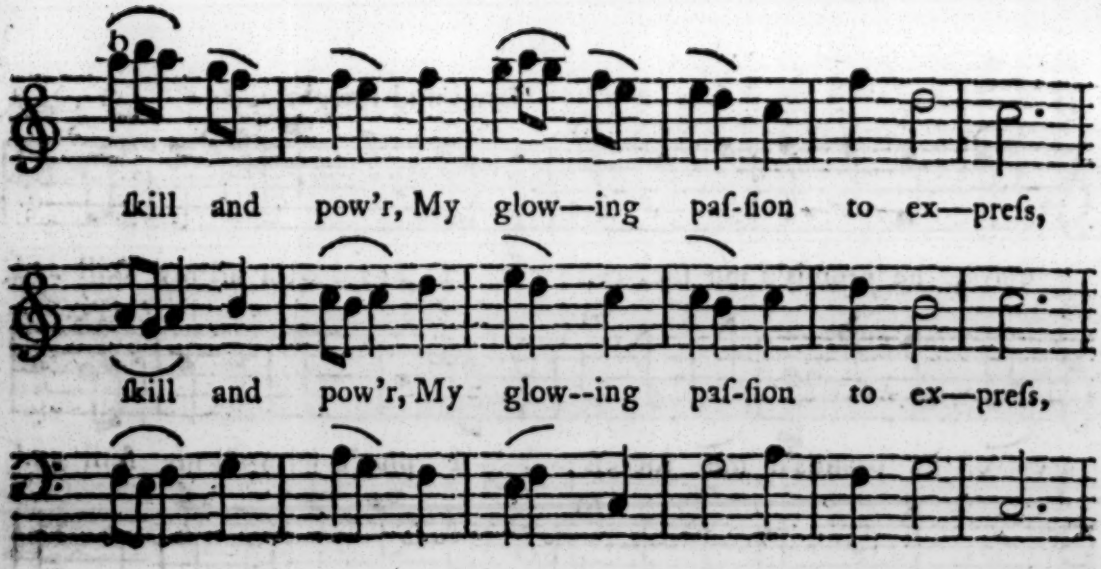
Loud and ſprightly.



Continued.

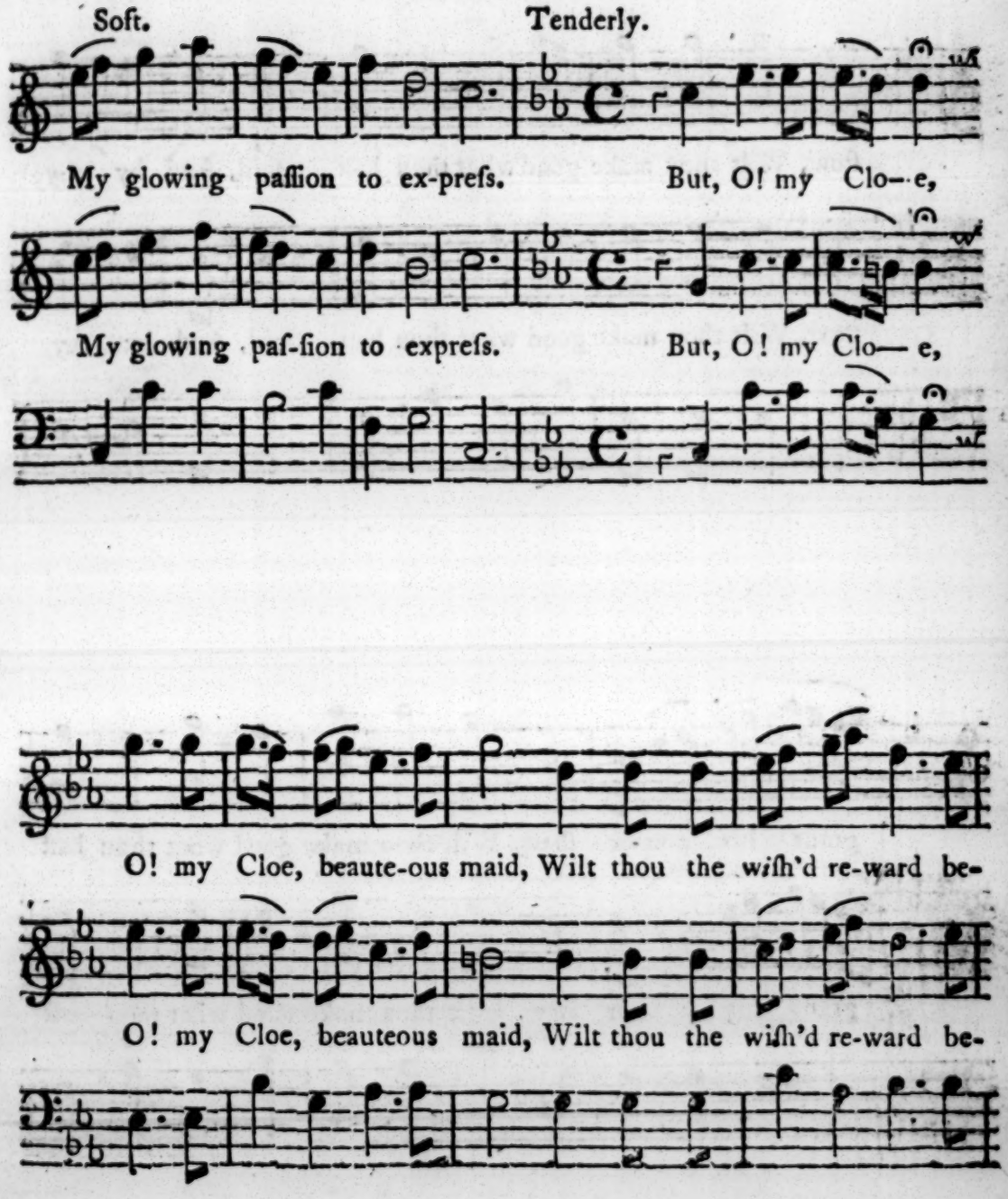
Continued.





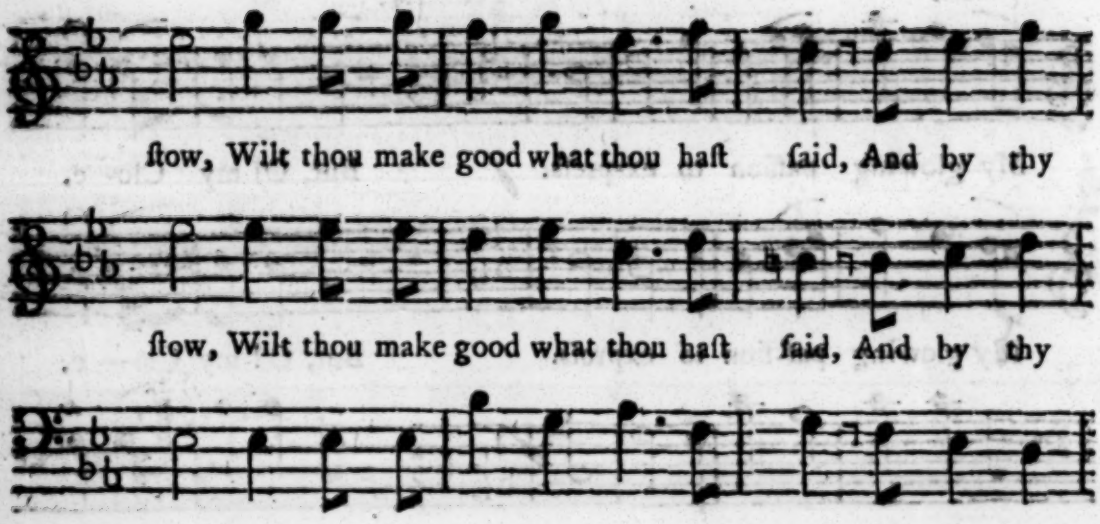
Continued.

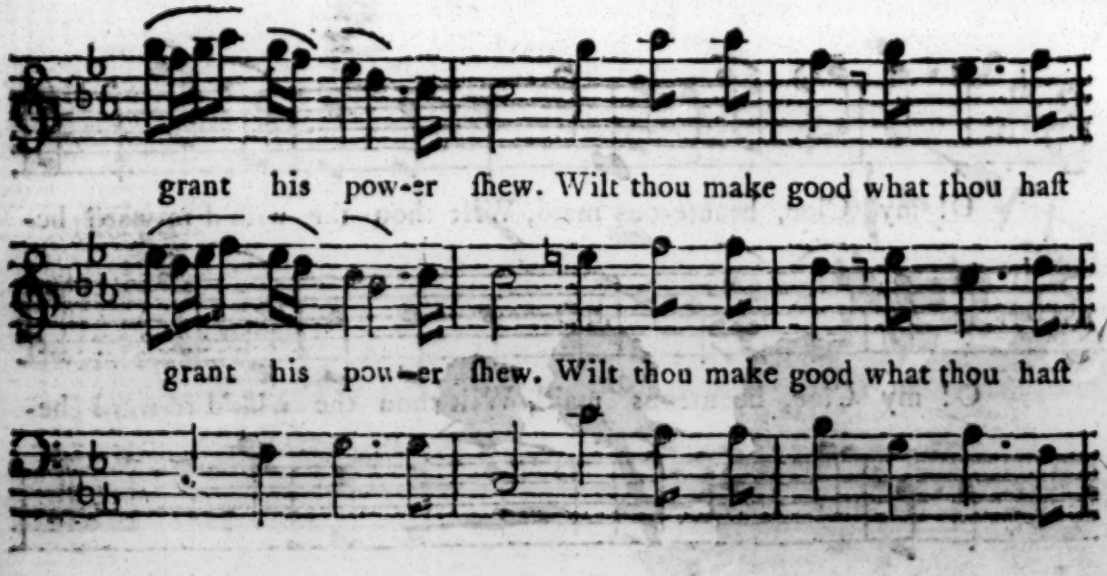
Continued.



Continued.

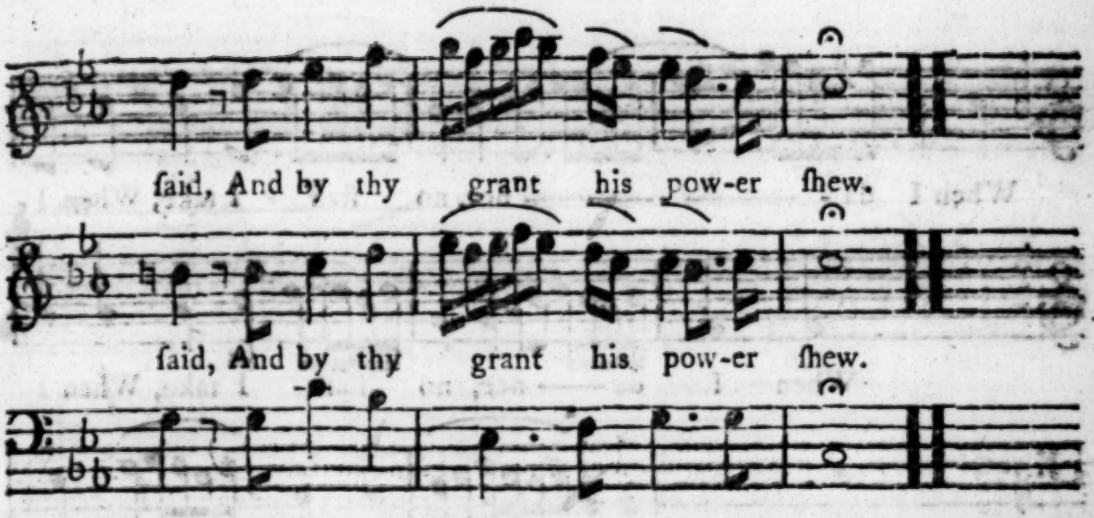
Continued.





Continued.

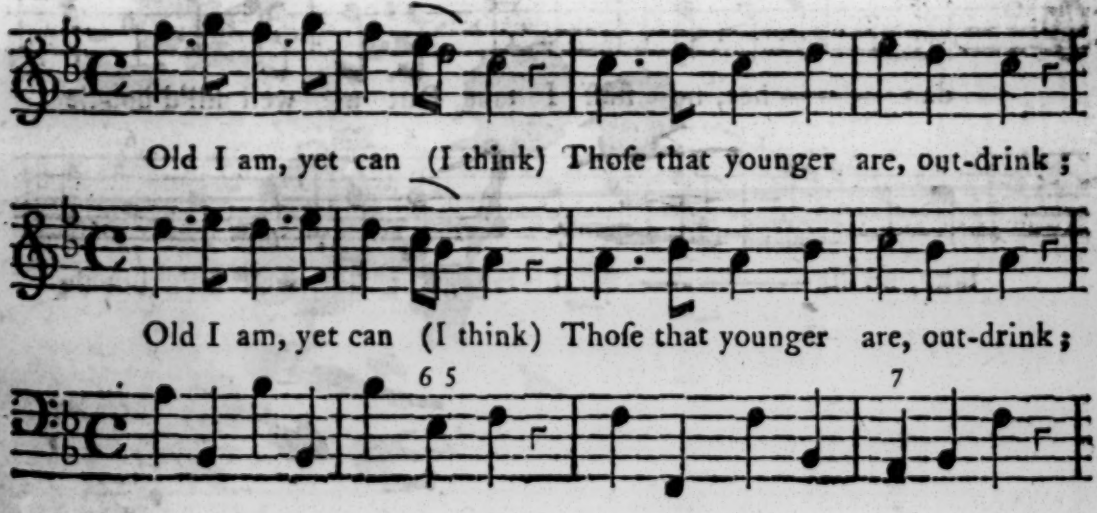
Continued.



The Old Bacchanalian.

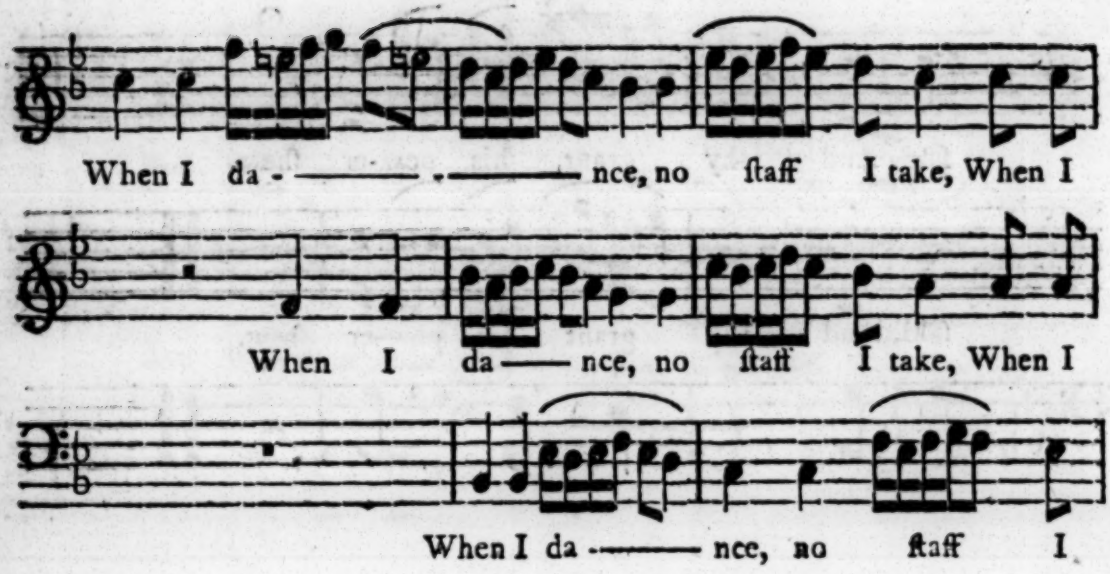
A Canzonette. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

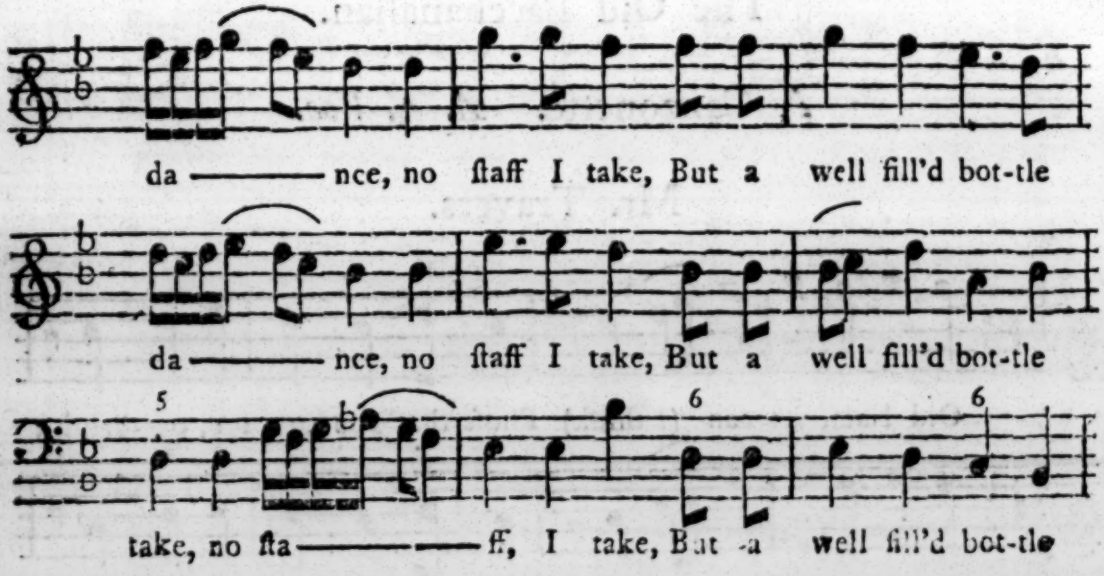
Mr. Travers.



Continued.

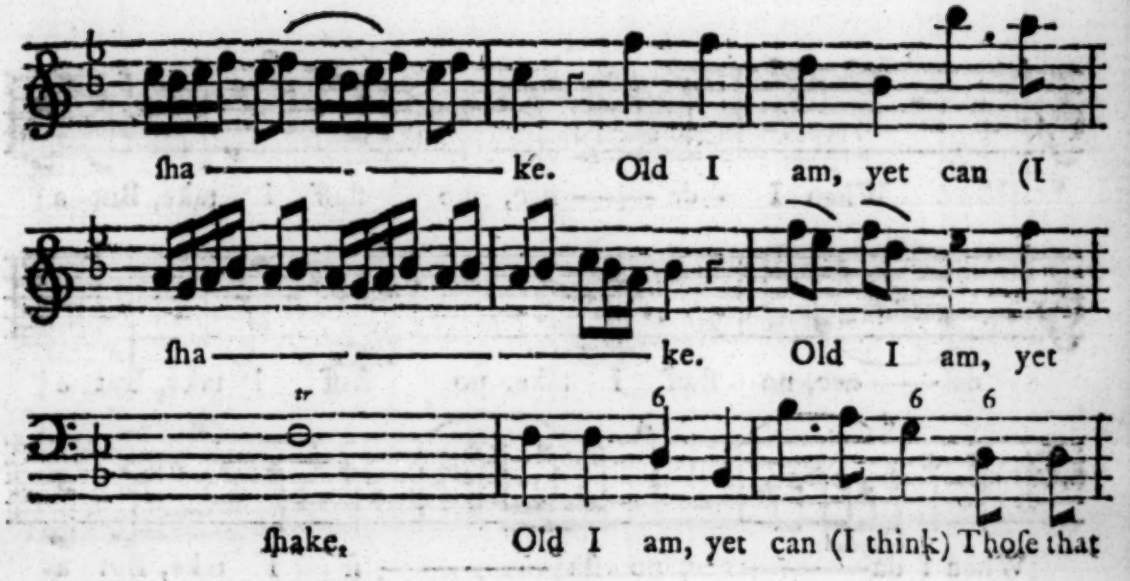
Continued.

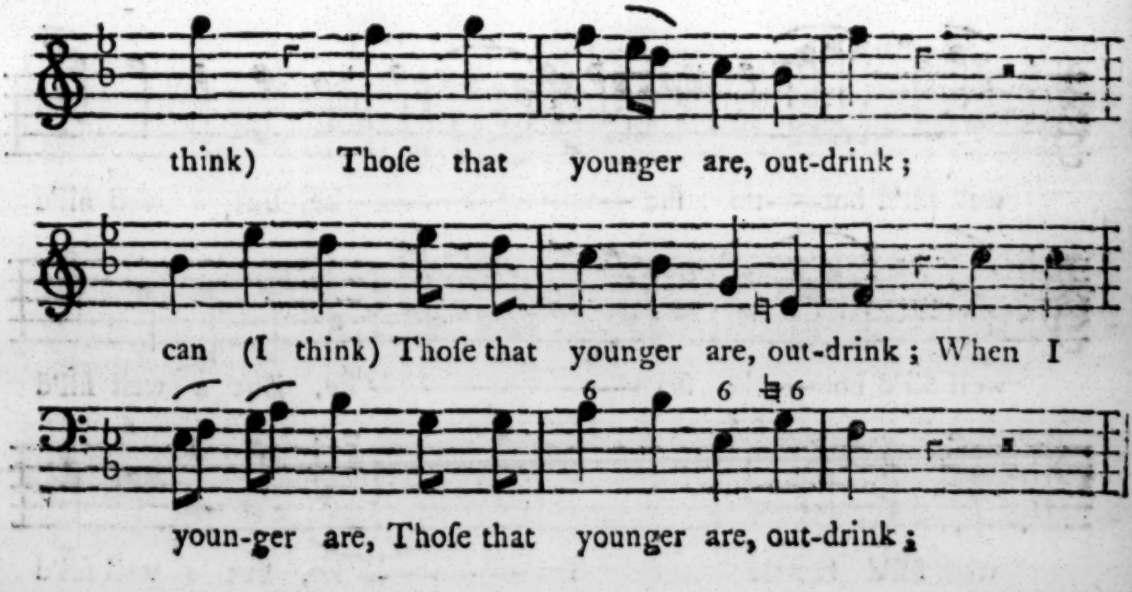




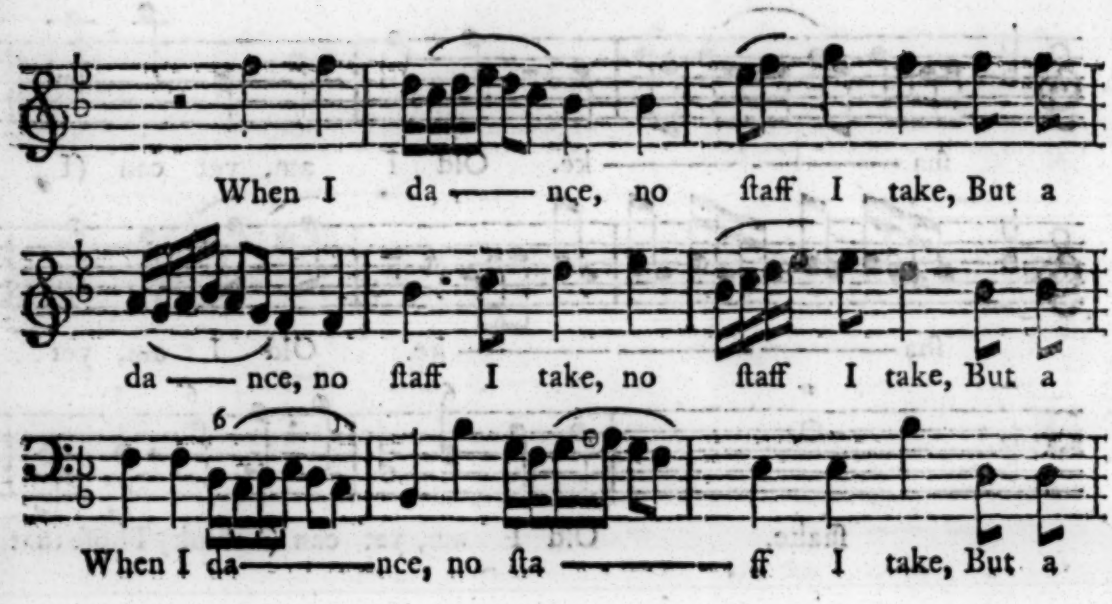
Continued.

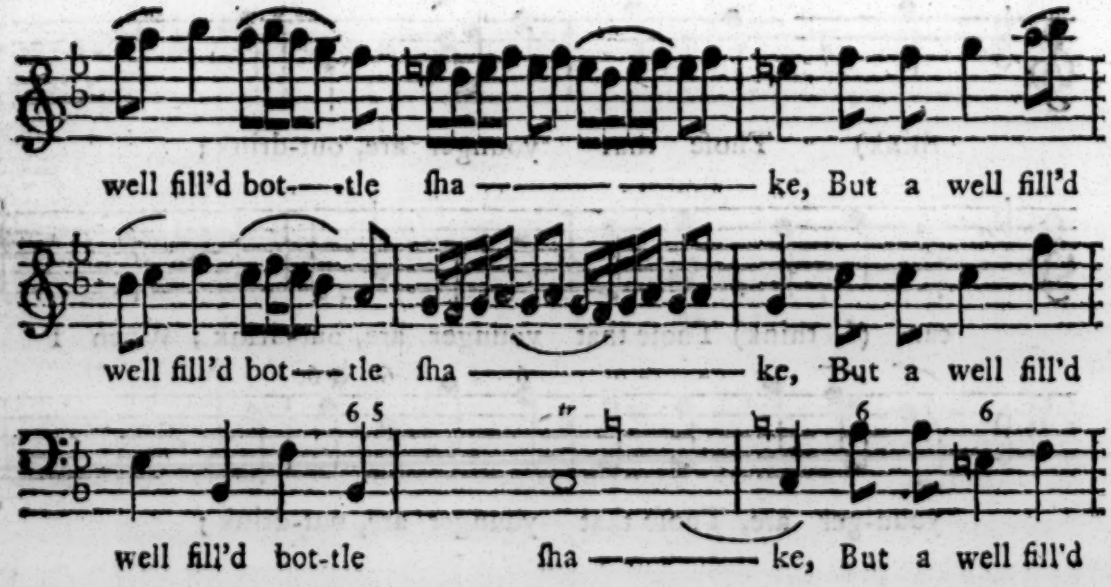
Continued.


ſha ke. Old I am, yet can (I
ſha ke. Old I am, yet
tr
6
6 6
ſhake. Old I am, yet can (I think) Thoſe that


think) Thoſe that younger are, out-drink;
can (I think) Thoſe that younger are, out-drink; When I
6 6 6
youn-ger are, Thoſe that younger are, out-drink;

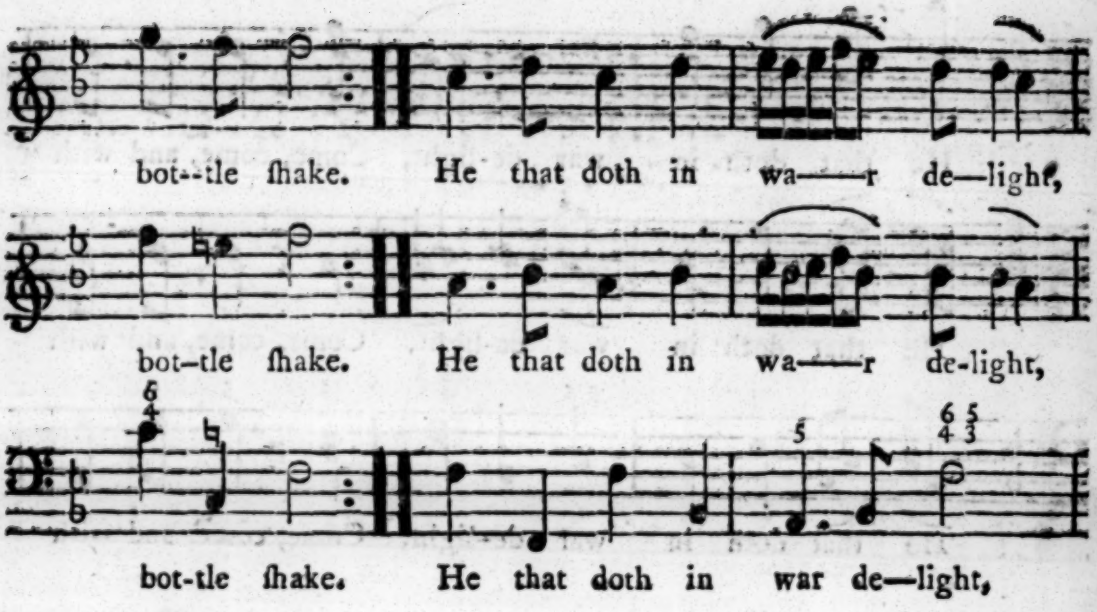
Continued.

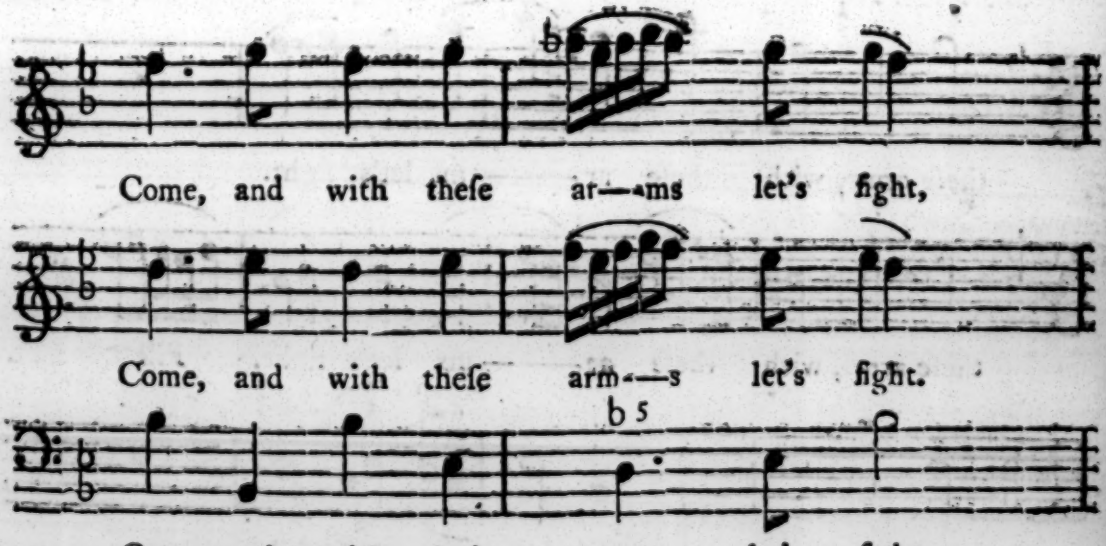




Continued.

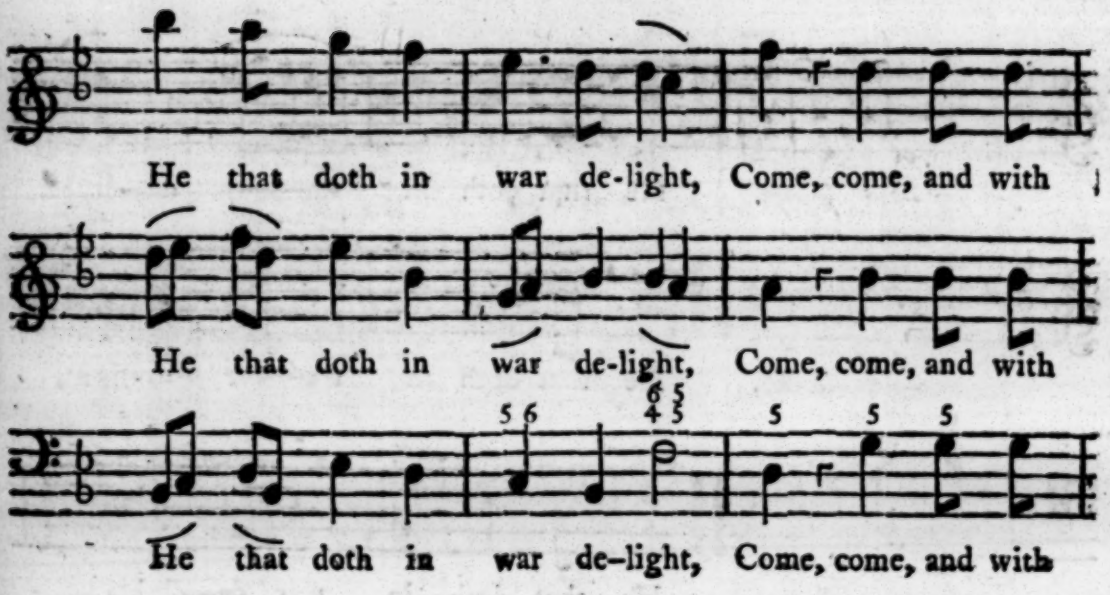
Continued.

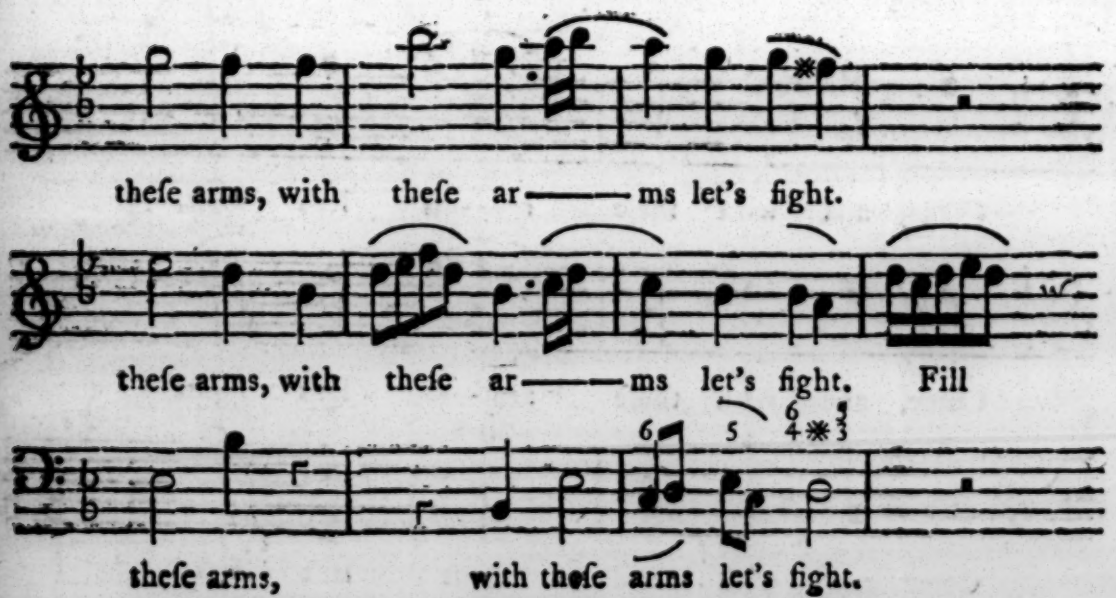




Continued.

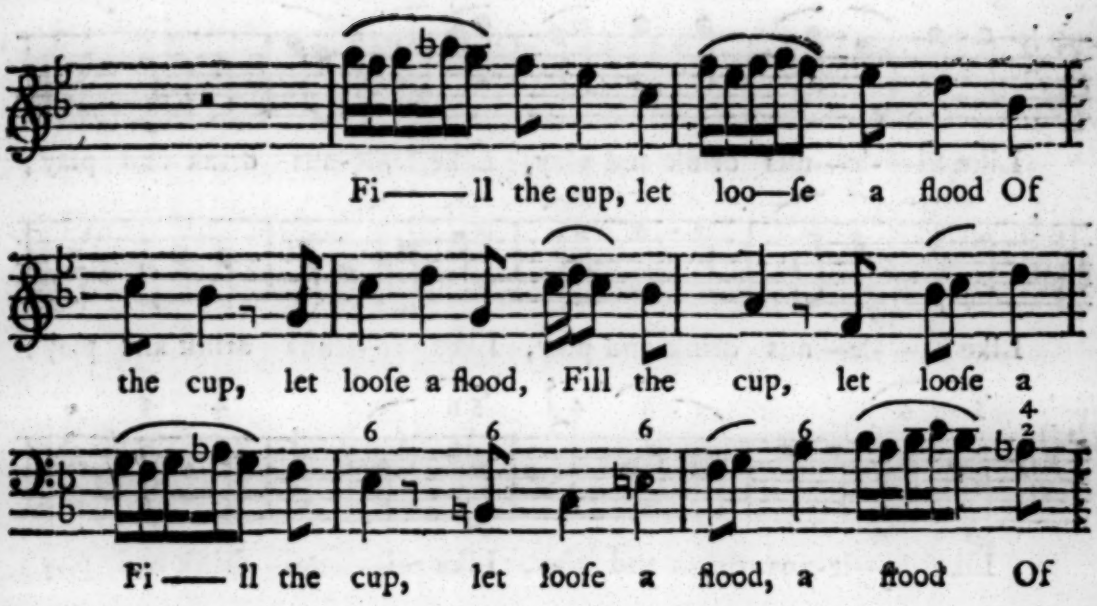
Continued.

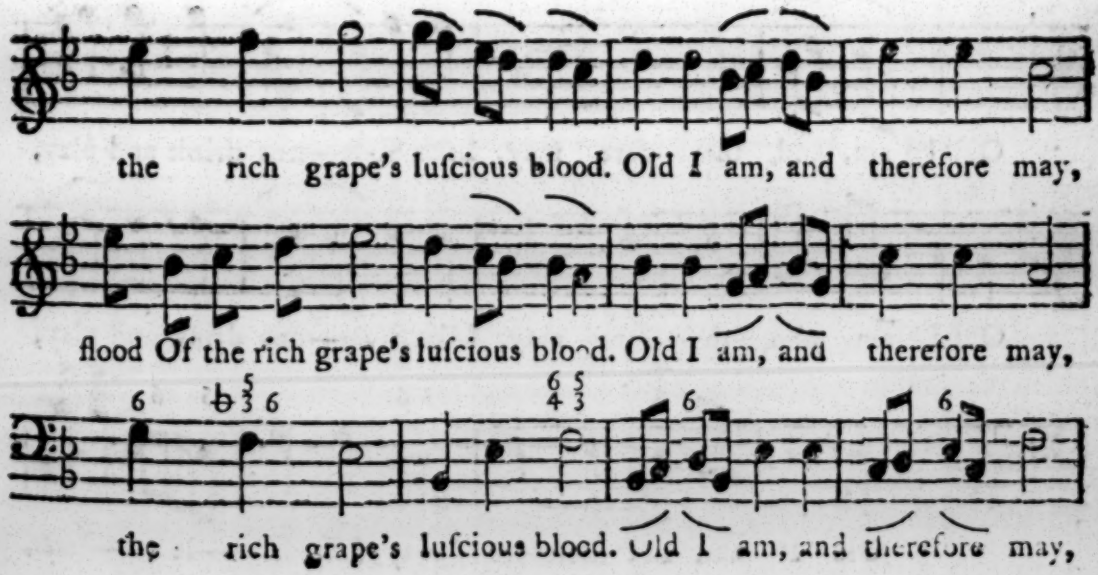




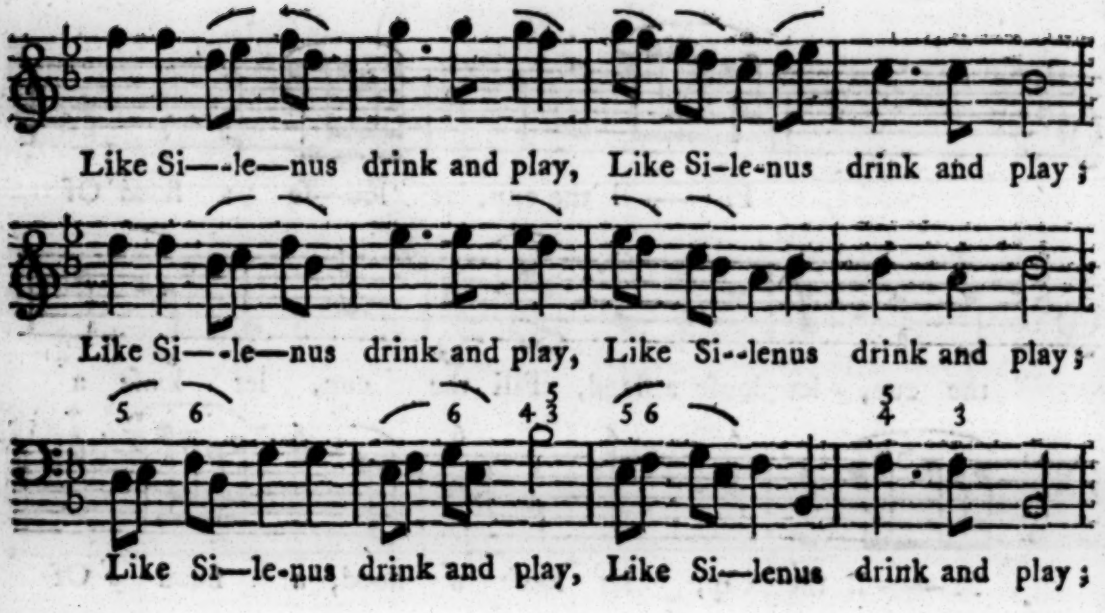
Continued.

Continued.

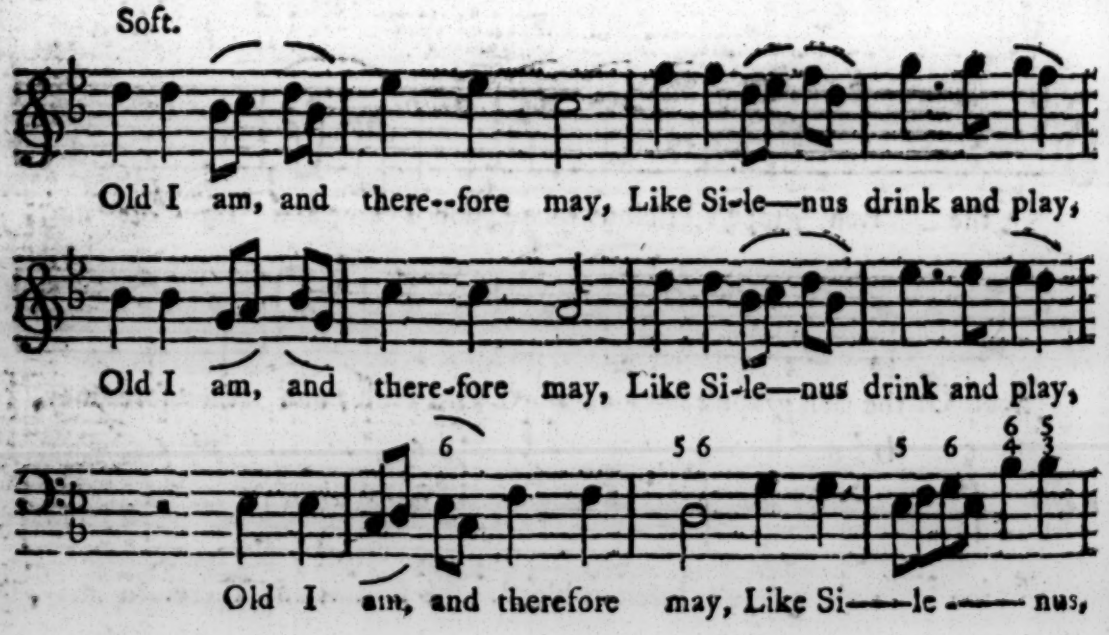

Fi—— ll the cup, let loo—ſe a flood Of
the cup, let looſe a flood, Fill the cup, let looſe a
Fi —— ll the cup, let looſe a flood, a flood Of


the rich grape's luſcious blood. Old I am, and therefore may,
flood Of the rich grape's luſcious blood. Old I am, and therefore may,
the rich grape's luſcious blood. Old I am, and therefore may,

Continued.

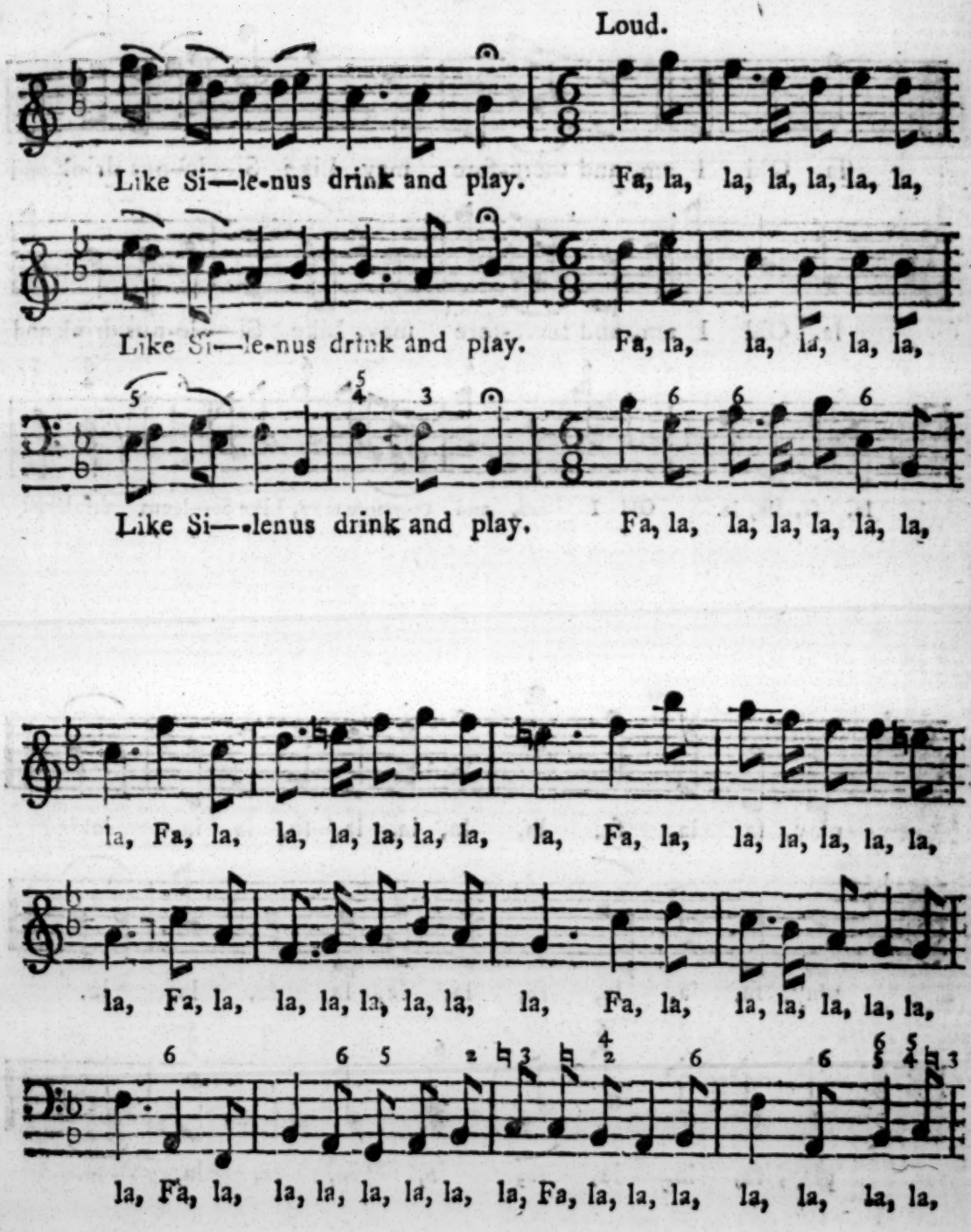


Soft.



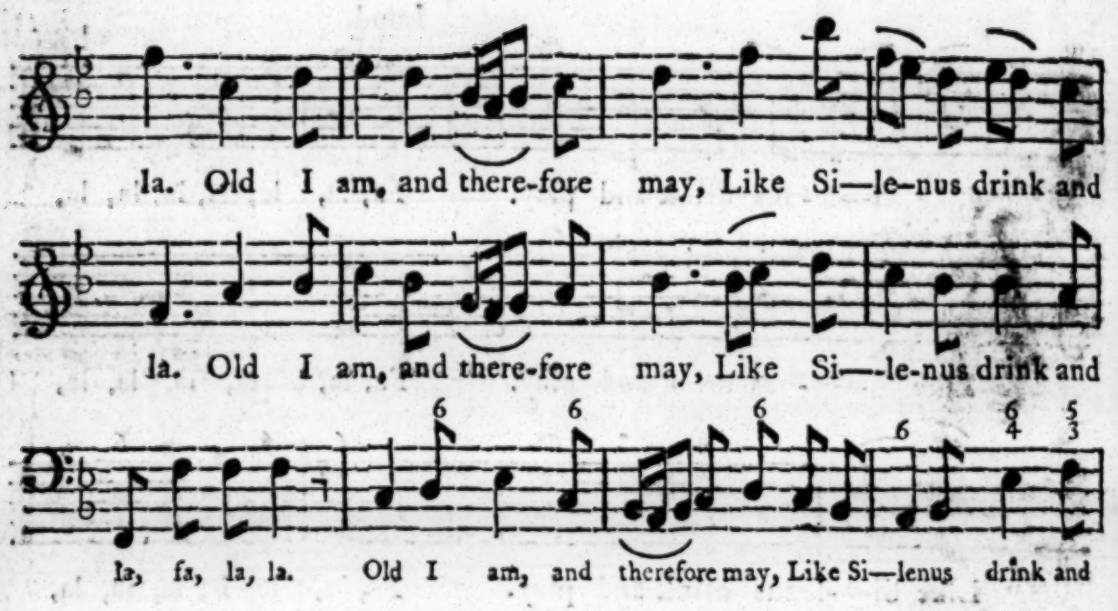
Continued.

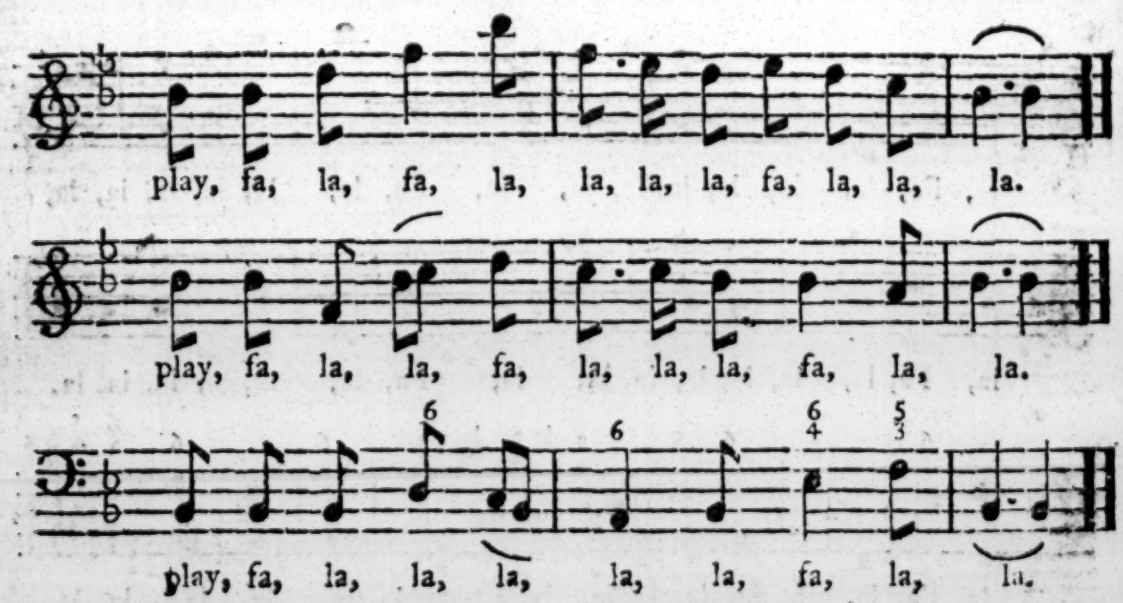
Continued.



Continued.

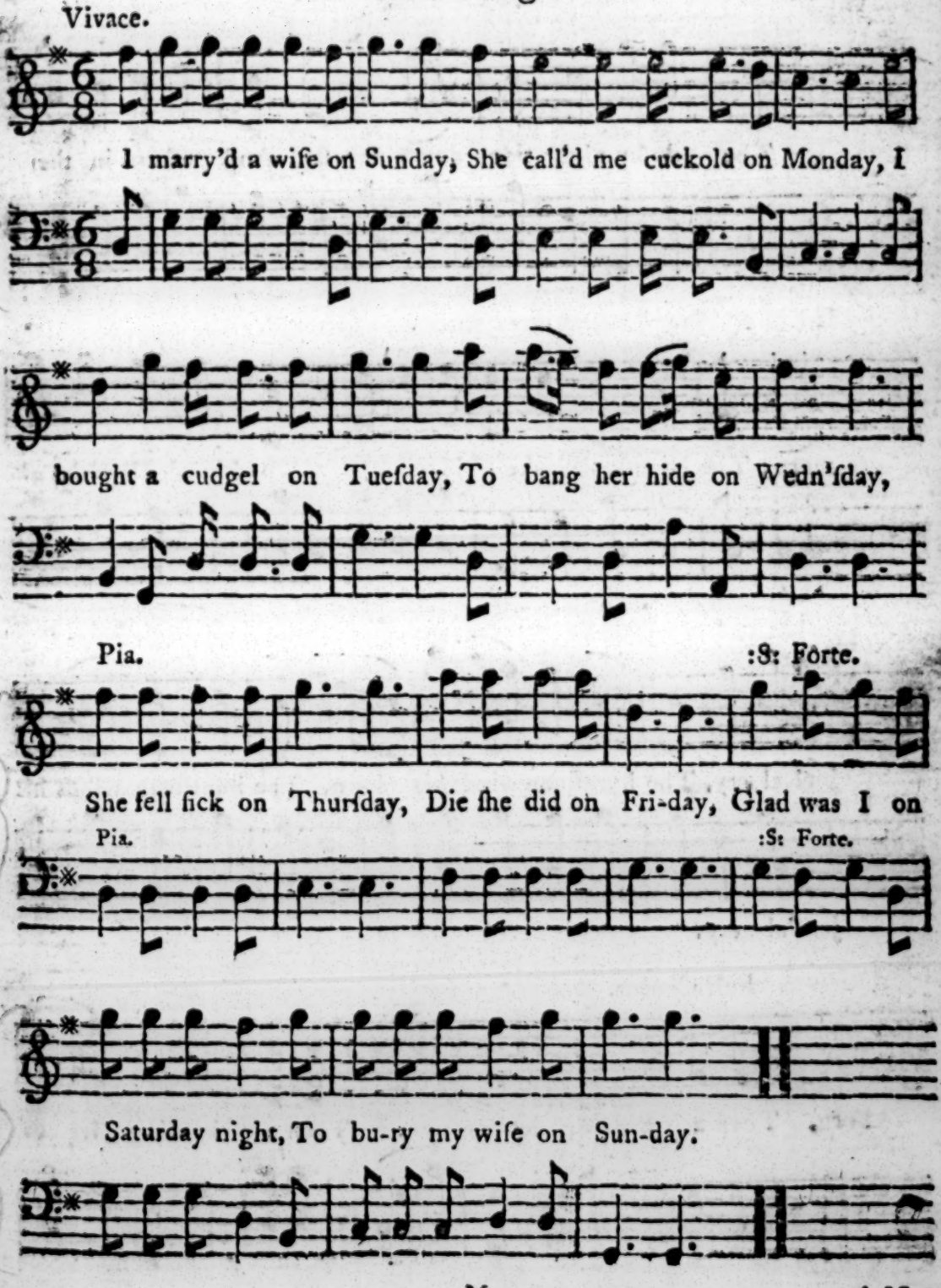
Continued.


la. Old I am, and there-fore may, Like Si—le-nus drink and
la. Old I am, and there-fore may, Like Si—-le-nus drink and
la, fa, la, la. Old I am, and therefore may, Like Si—lenus drink and


play, fa, la, fa, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la.
play, fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la.
play, fa, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la.

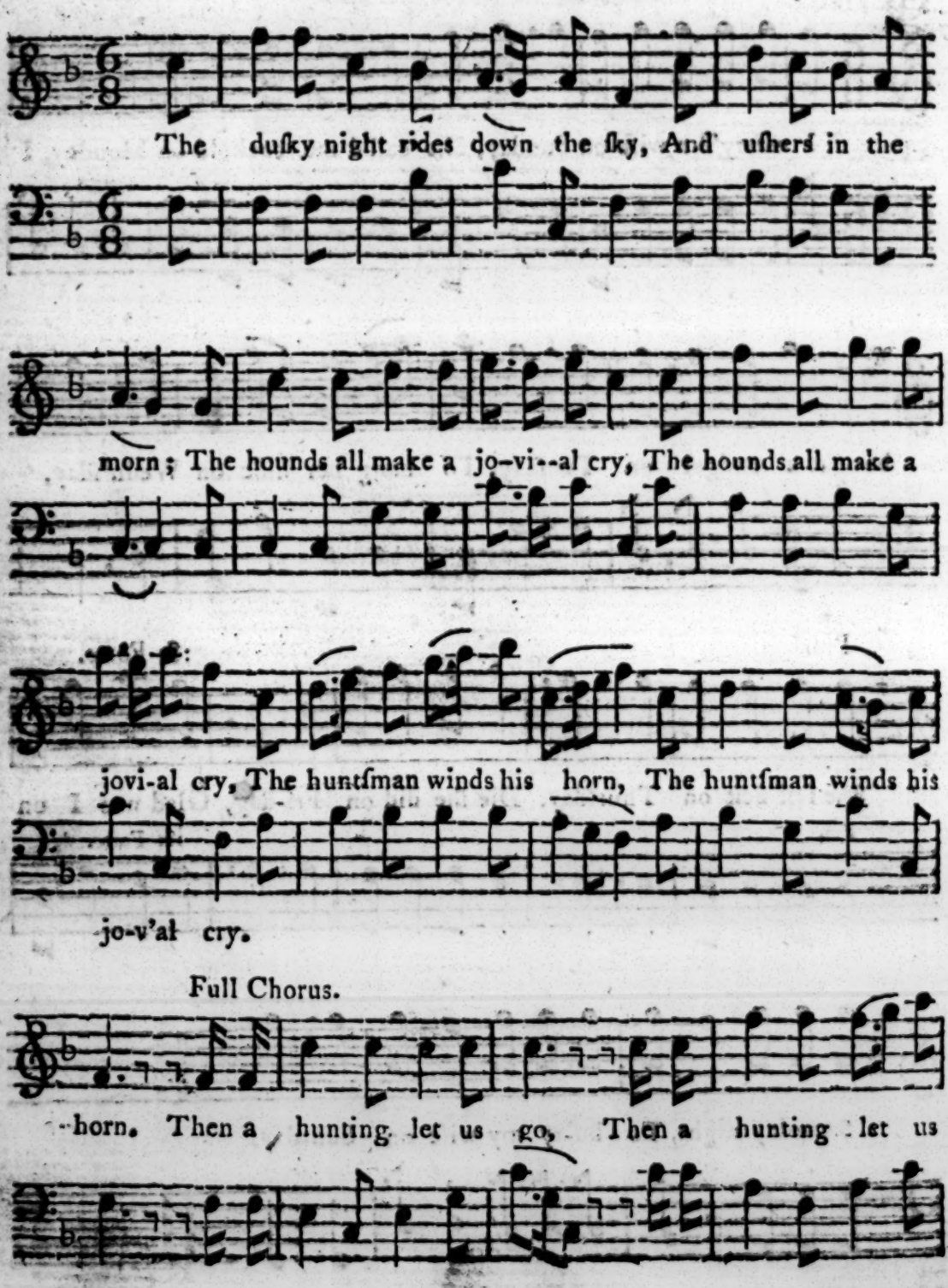
GLEE. *A. 2. Voc.*

Mr. Berg.



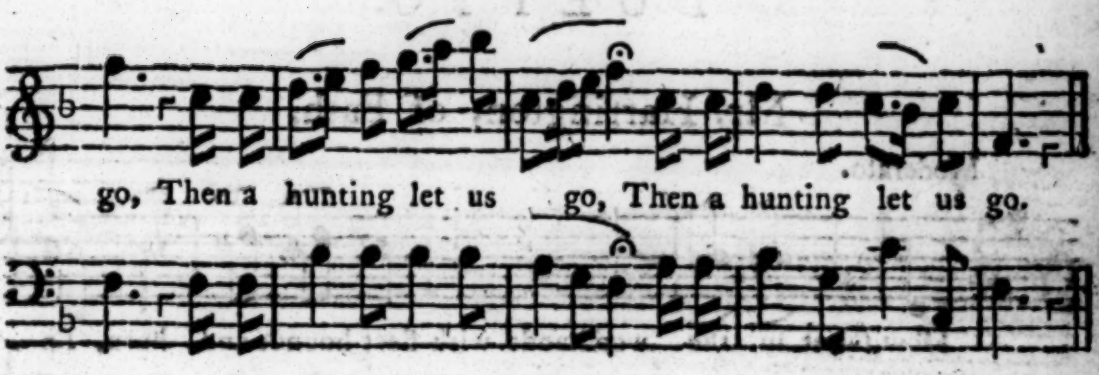
A New Favorite Hunting Song. *A. 2. Voc.*

Baſs by Mr. Arnold.



Continued.

Continued.



II.

The wife around her huſband throws
Her arms, to make him ſtay:
My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
You cannot hunt to day.
But a hunting we will go, &c.

III.

Th' uncavern'd fox like light'ning flies,
His cunning's all awake;
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life's at ſtake.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

IV.

Arous'd, e'en Echo huntreſs turns,
And madly ſhouts her joy:
The ſportſman's breaſt enraptur'd burns;
The chace can never cloy.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

V.

Deſpairing, mark, he ſeeks the tide,
His art muſt now prevail:
Hark! ſhouts the miſcreant's death betide,
His ſpeed, his cunning fail.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

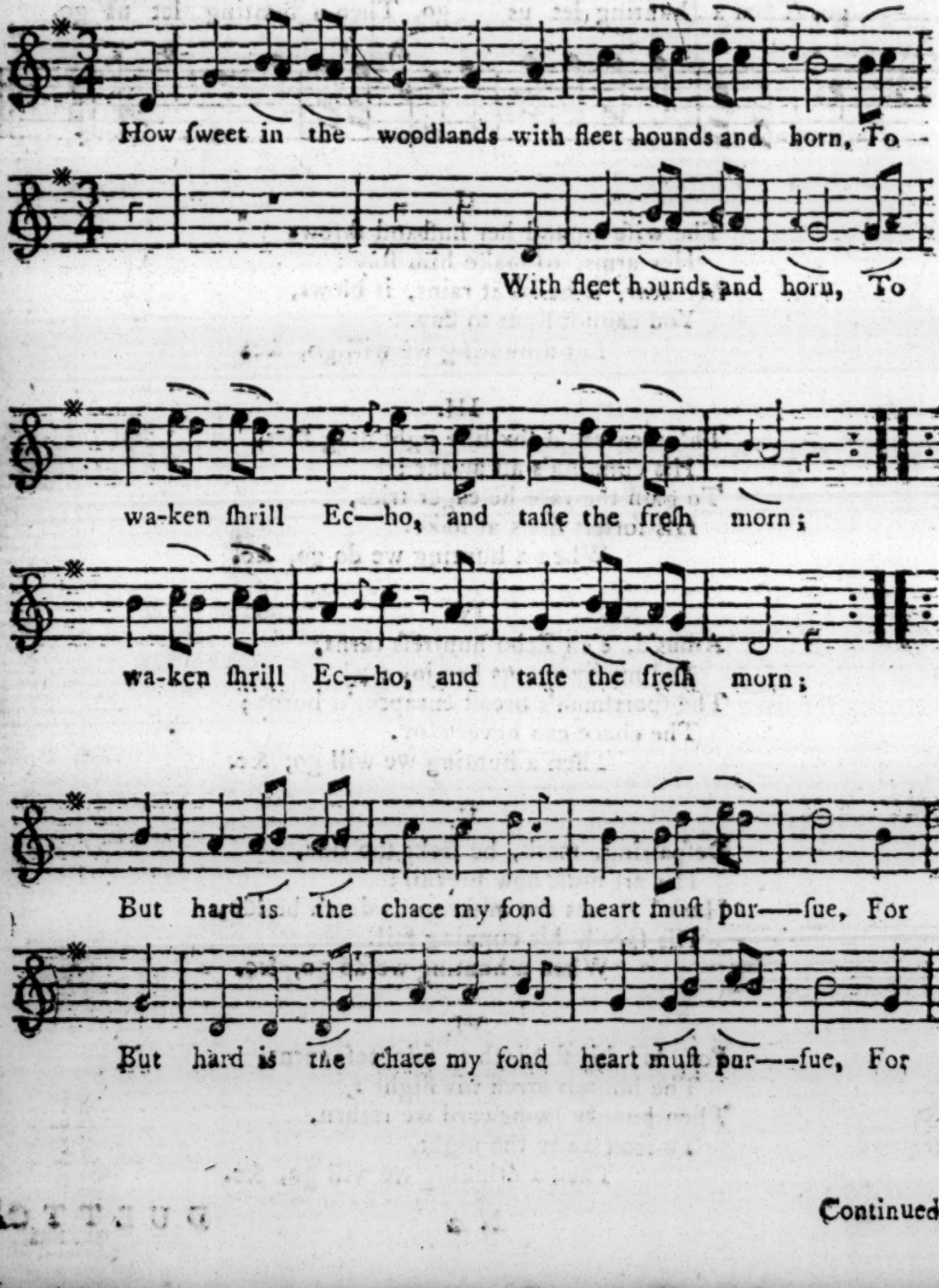
VI.

For, lo! his ſtrength to faintneſs turns,
The hounds arreſt his flight:
Then hungry homeward we return,
To feaſt away the night.
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

DUETTO.

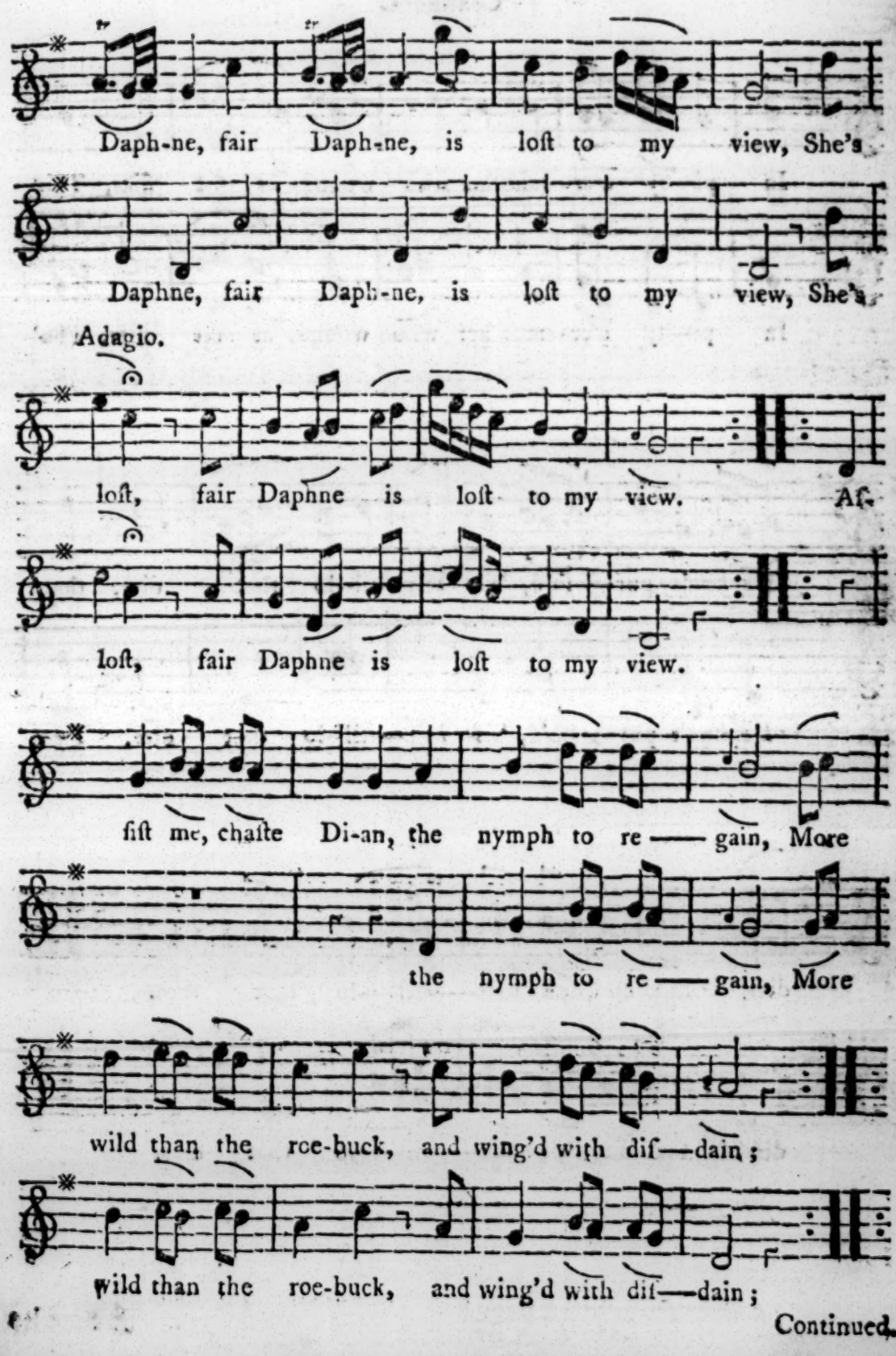
Mr. Harrington, of Bath.

Moderato.



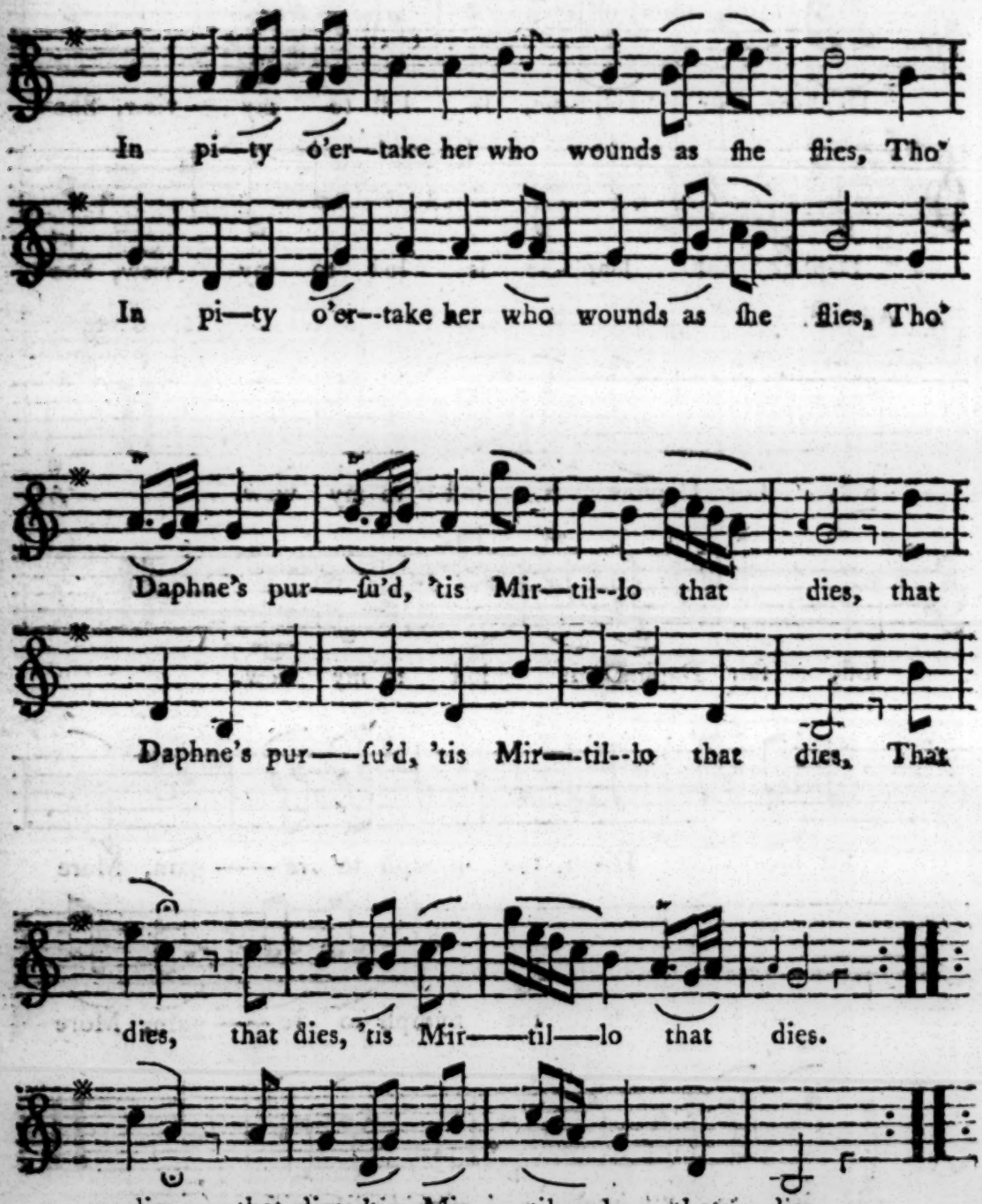
Continued.

Continued.

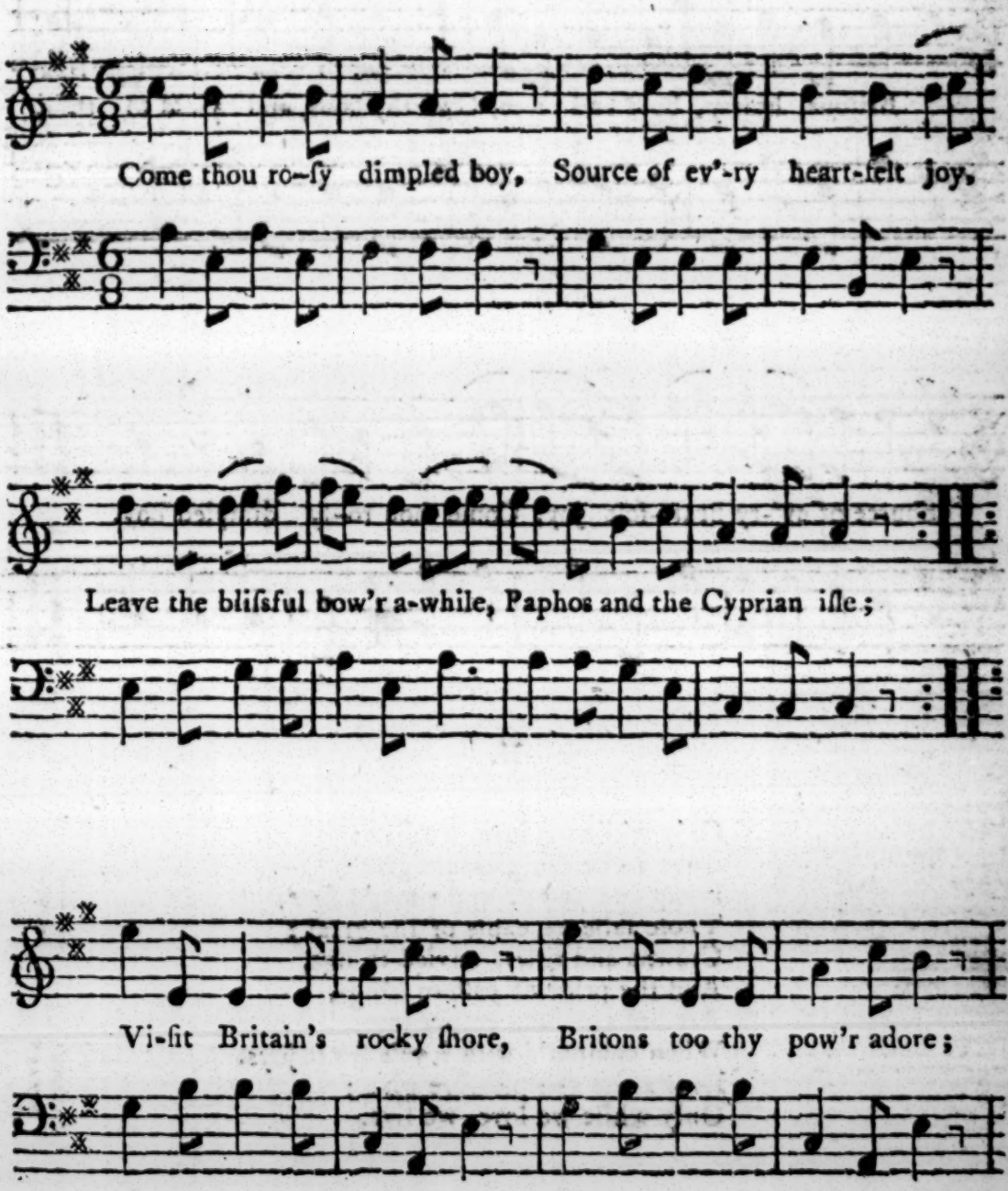


Continued.

Continued.

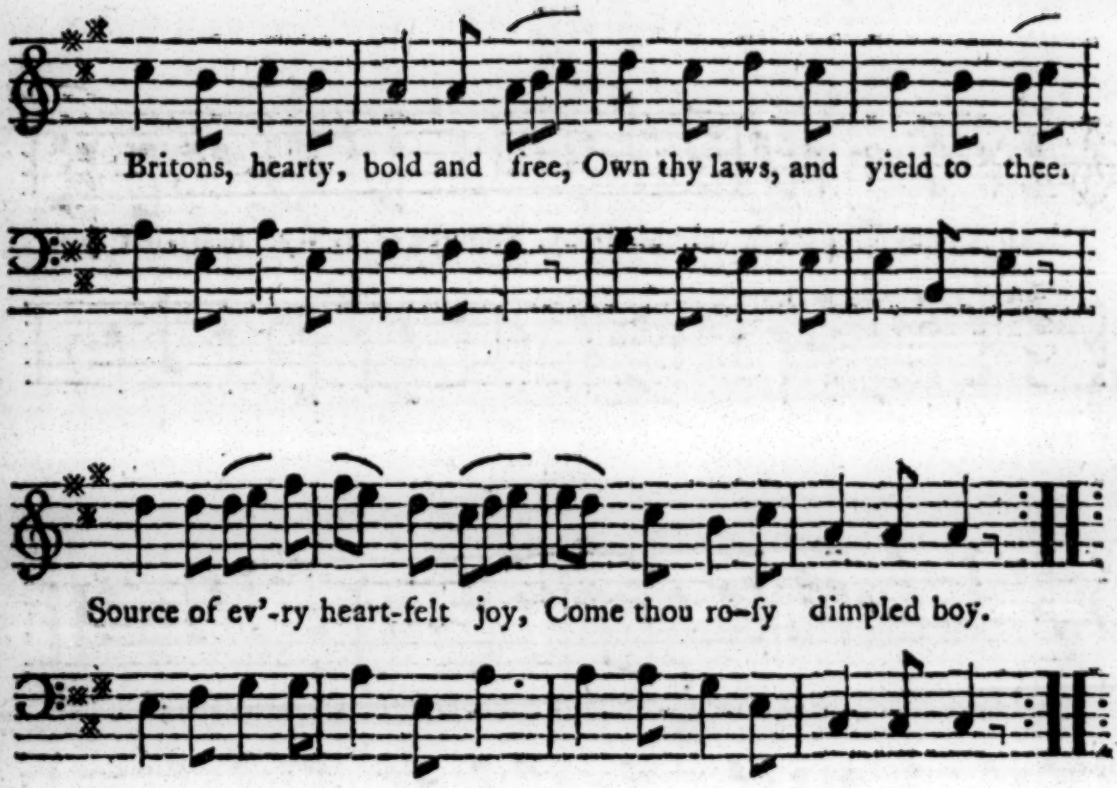

In pi—ty o'er—take her who wounds as ſhe flies, Tho'
In pi—ty o'er—take her who wounds as ſhe flies, Tho'
Daphne's pur——ſu'd, 'tis Mir—til—lo that dies, that
Daphne's pur——ſu'd, 'tis Mir——til—lo that dies, That
dies, that dies, 'tis Mir——til——lo that dies.
dies, that dies, 'tis Mir——til——lo that dies.

A Favorite Glee. *A.* 2. *Voc.*



Continued.

Continued.



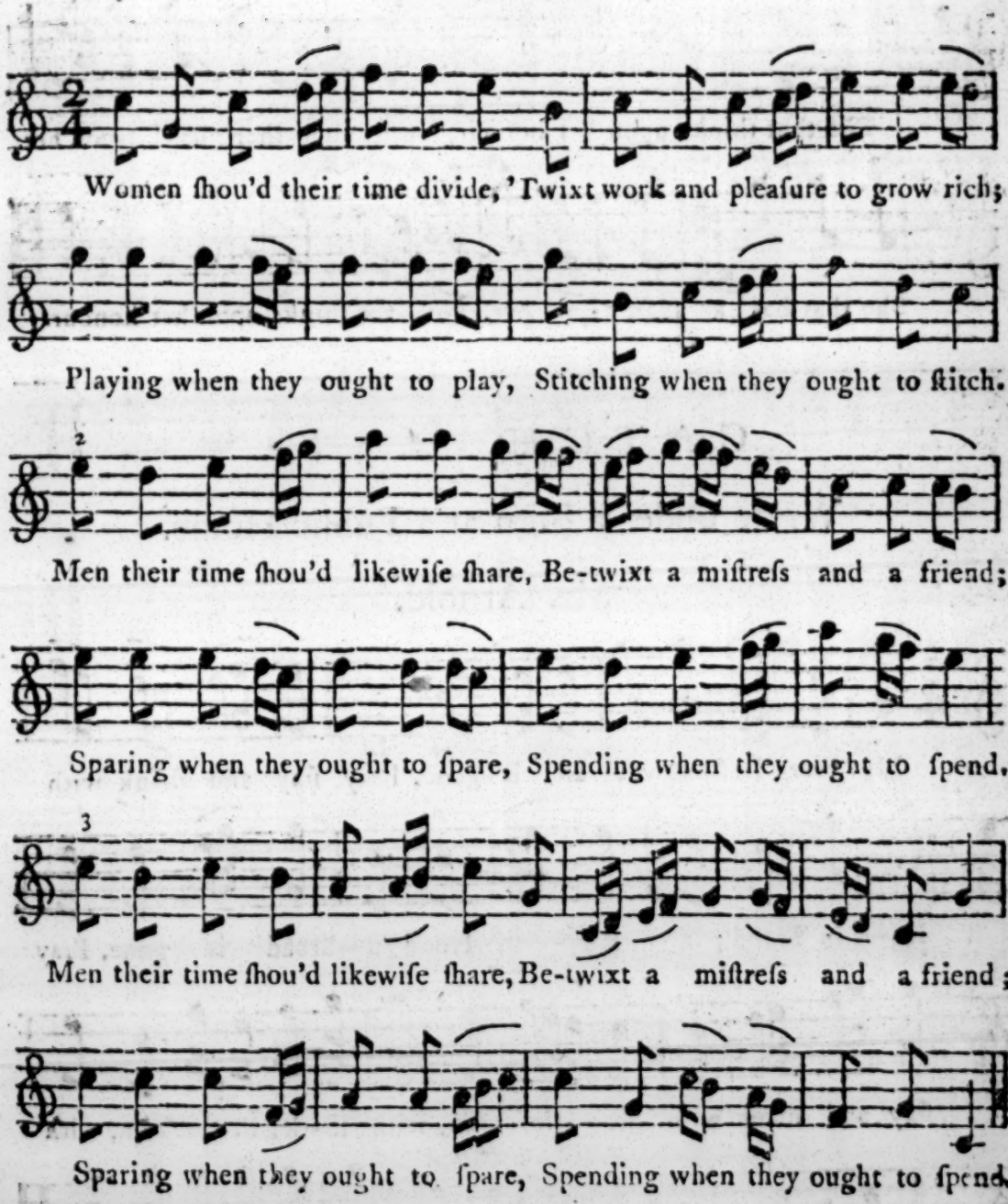
II.

Only while we love, we live;
Love alone can pleaſure give:
Pomp and pow'r, and tinſel'd ſtate,
Thoſe falſe pageants of the great;
Crowns and titles, envied things,
And the pride of eaſtern kings,
Are but childiſh, empty toys,
When compar'd with love's ſweet joys.
Love alone can pleaſure give;
Only while we love, we live.

CATCH.

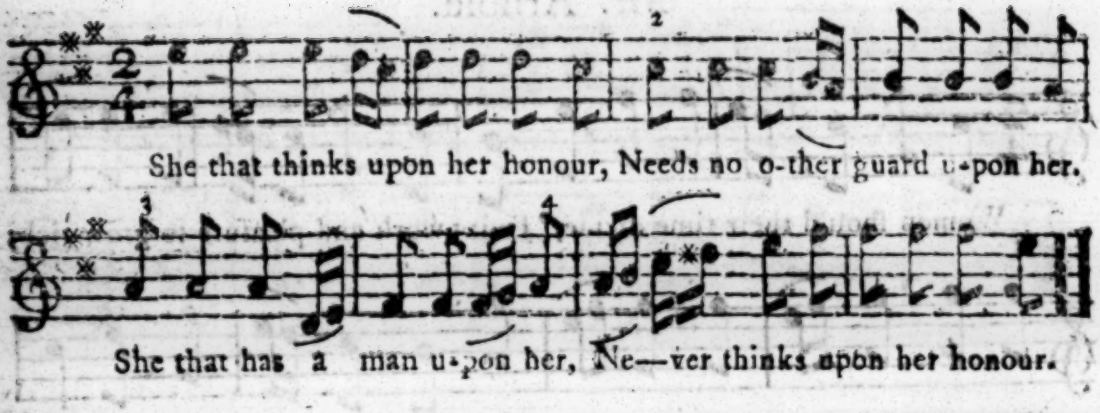
CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.



CATCH. *A. 4. Voc.*

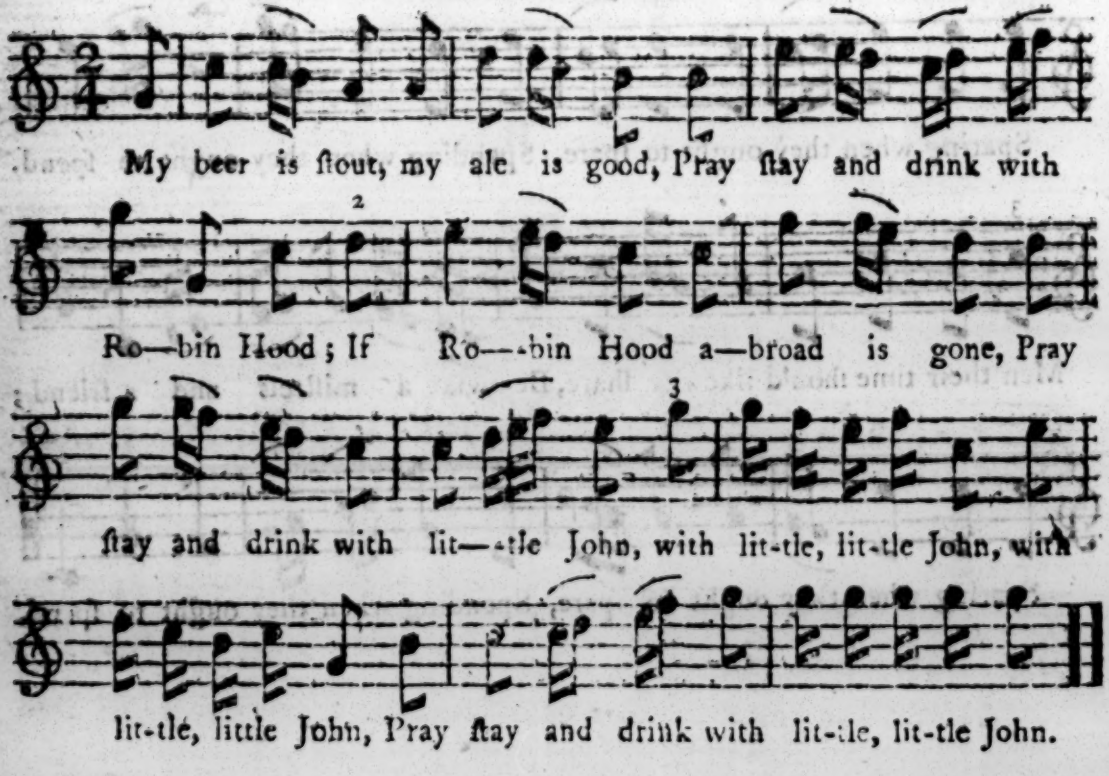
Mr. Arnold.



CATCH. *A. 3. Voc.*

Wrote under a Sign at a Public Houſe.

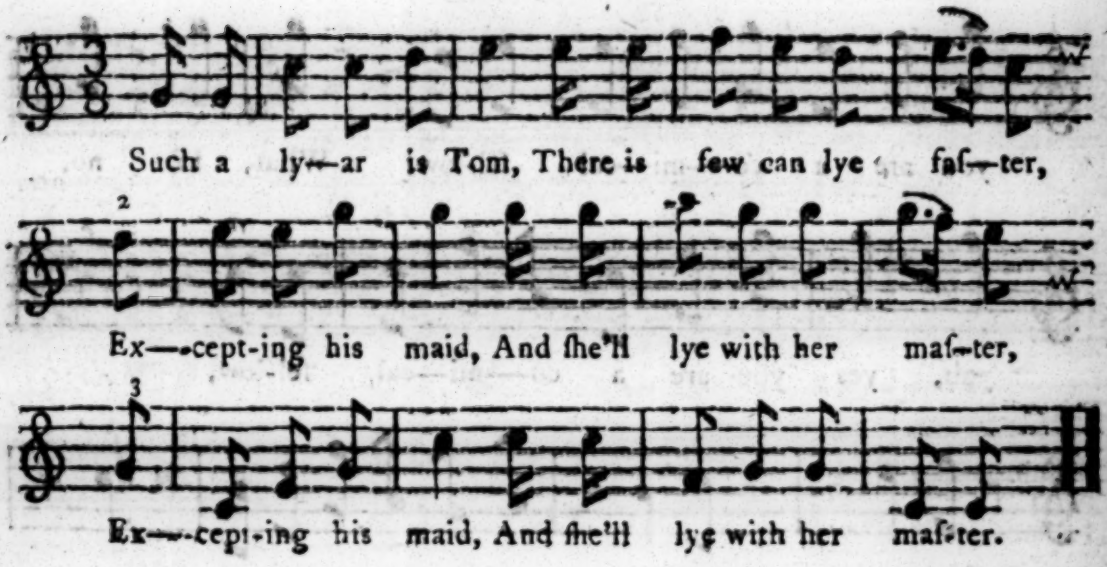
Mr. Arnold.



EPIGRAM.

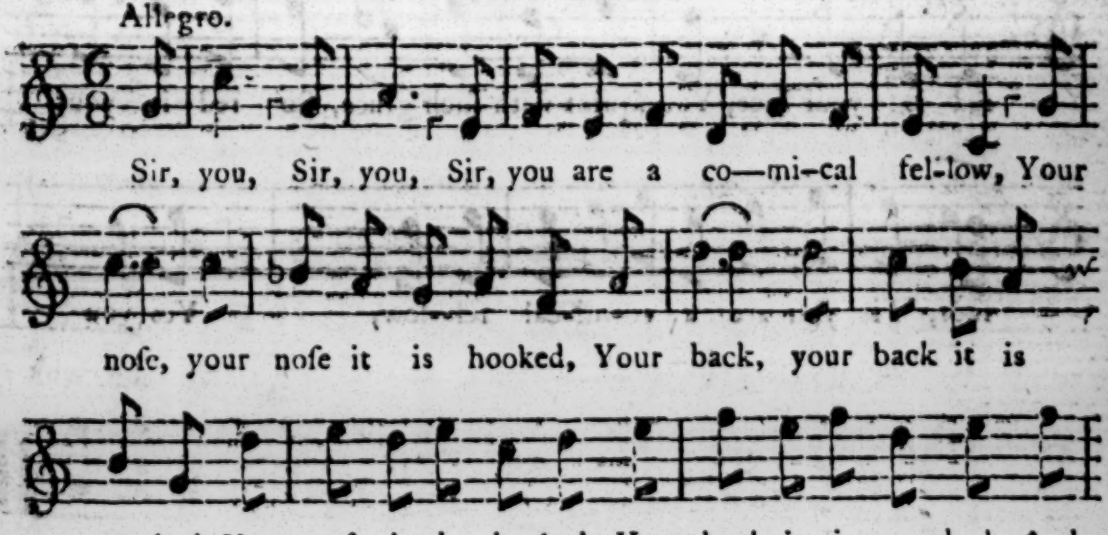
EPIGRAM. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.



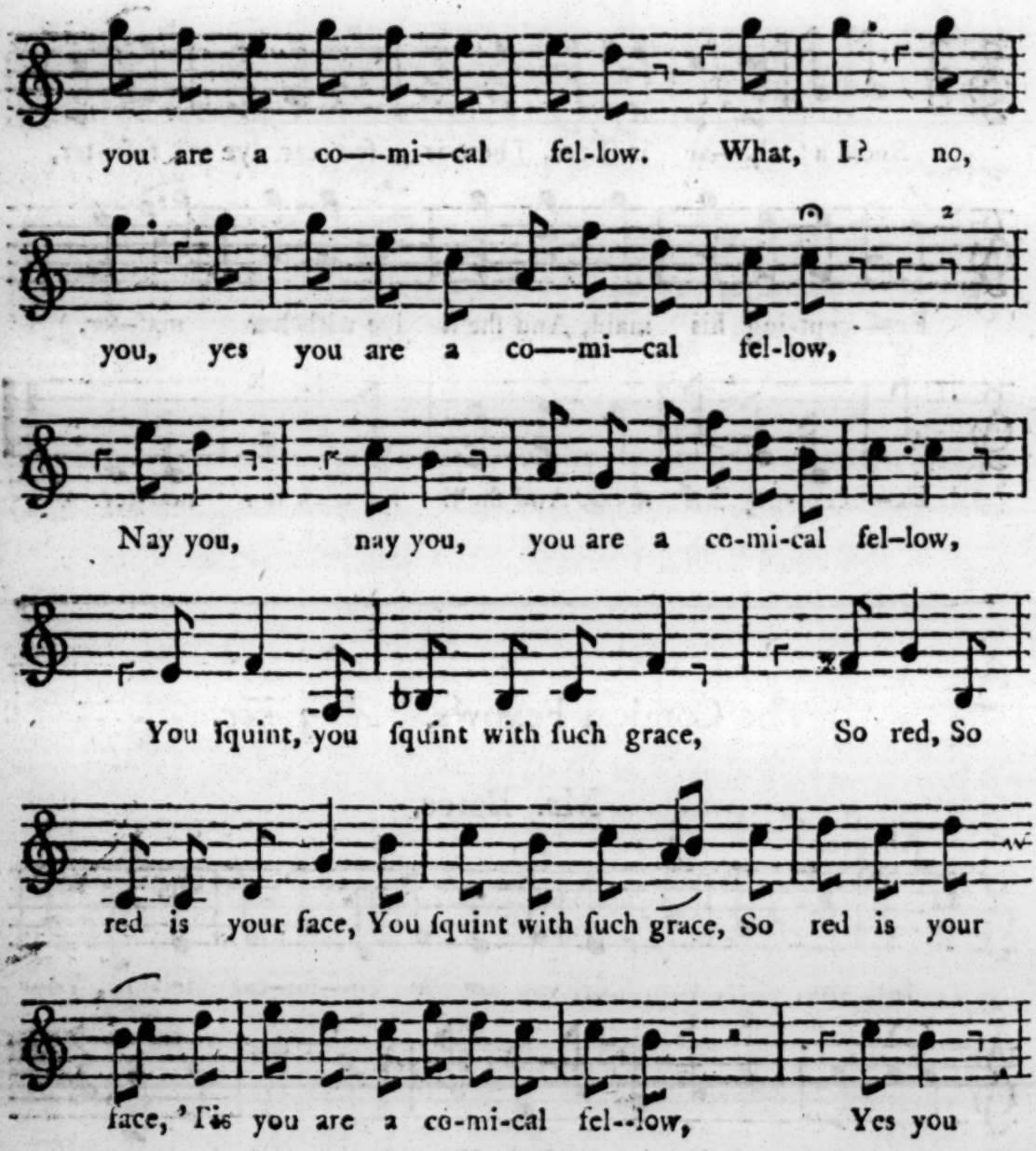
The Comical Fellows. *A.* 3 *Voc.*

Mr. Bates.



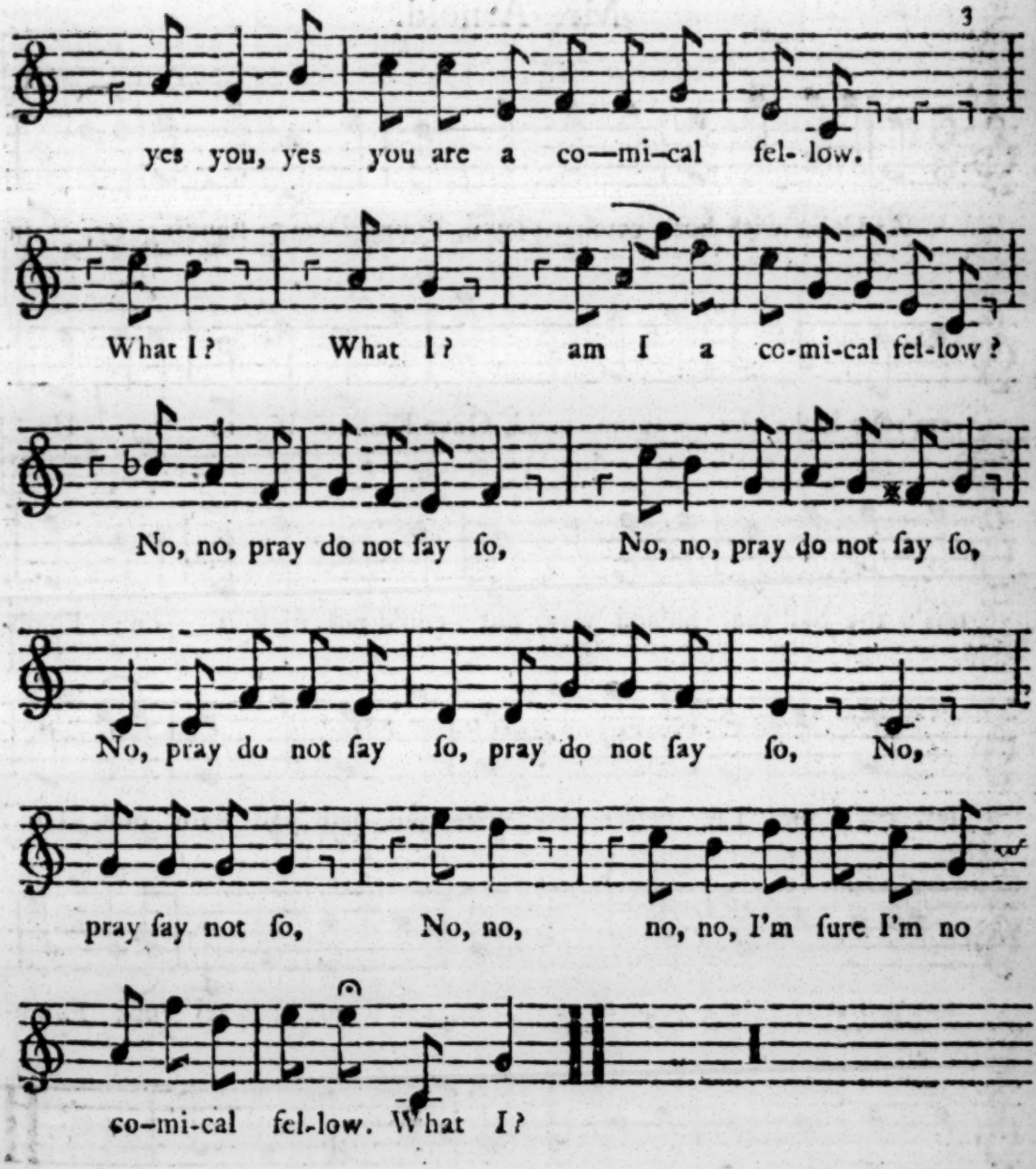
 Continued.

Continued.



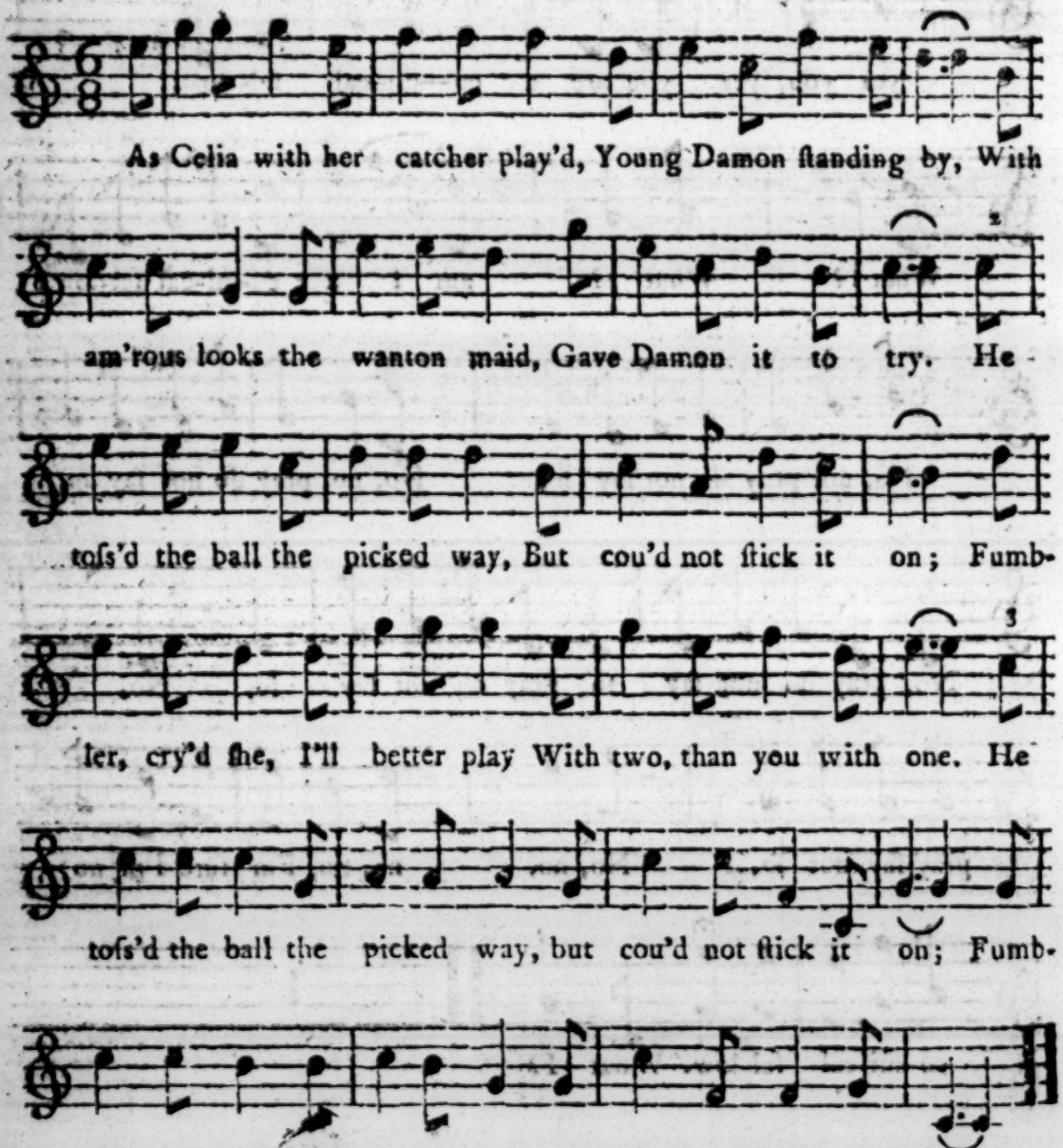
Continued.

Continued.

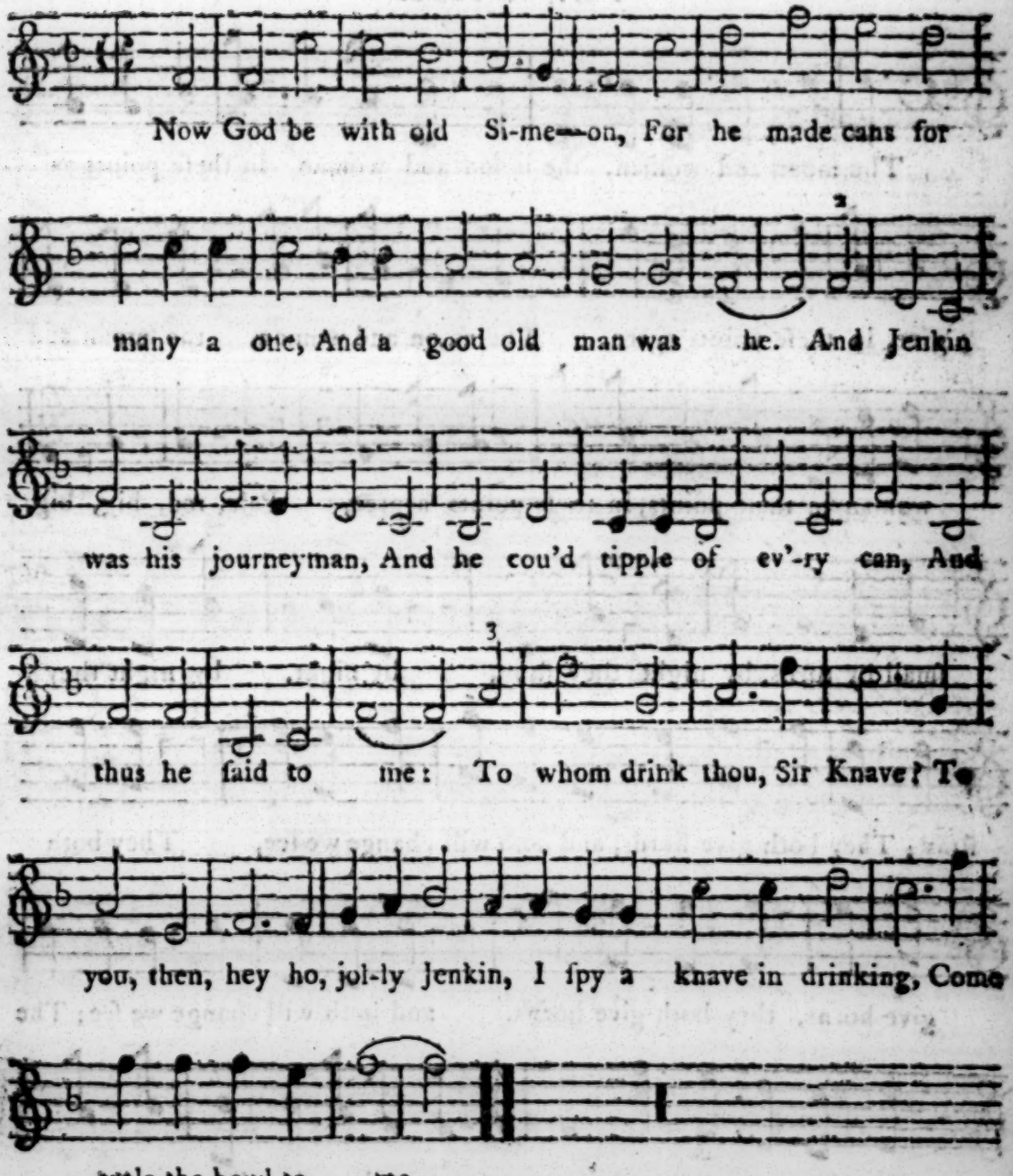

3
yes you, yes you are a co—mi–cal fel- low.
What I? What I? am I a co-mi-cal fel-low?
No, no, pray do not ſay ſo, No, no, pray do not ſay ſo,
No, pray do not ſay ſo, pray do not ſay ſo, No,
pray ſay not ſo, No, no, no, no, I'm ſure I'm no
co–mi-cal fel-low. What I?

CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.



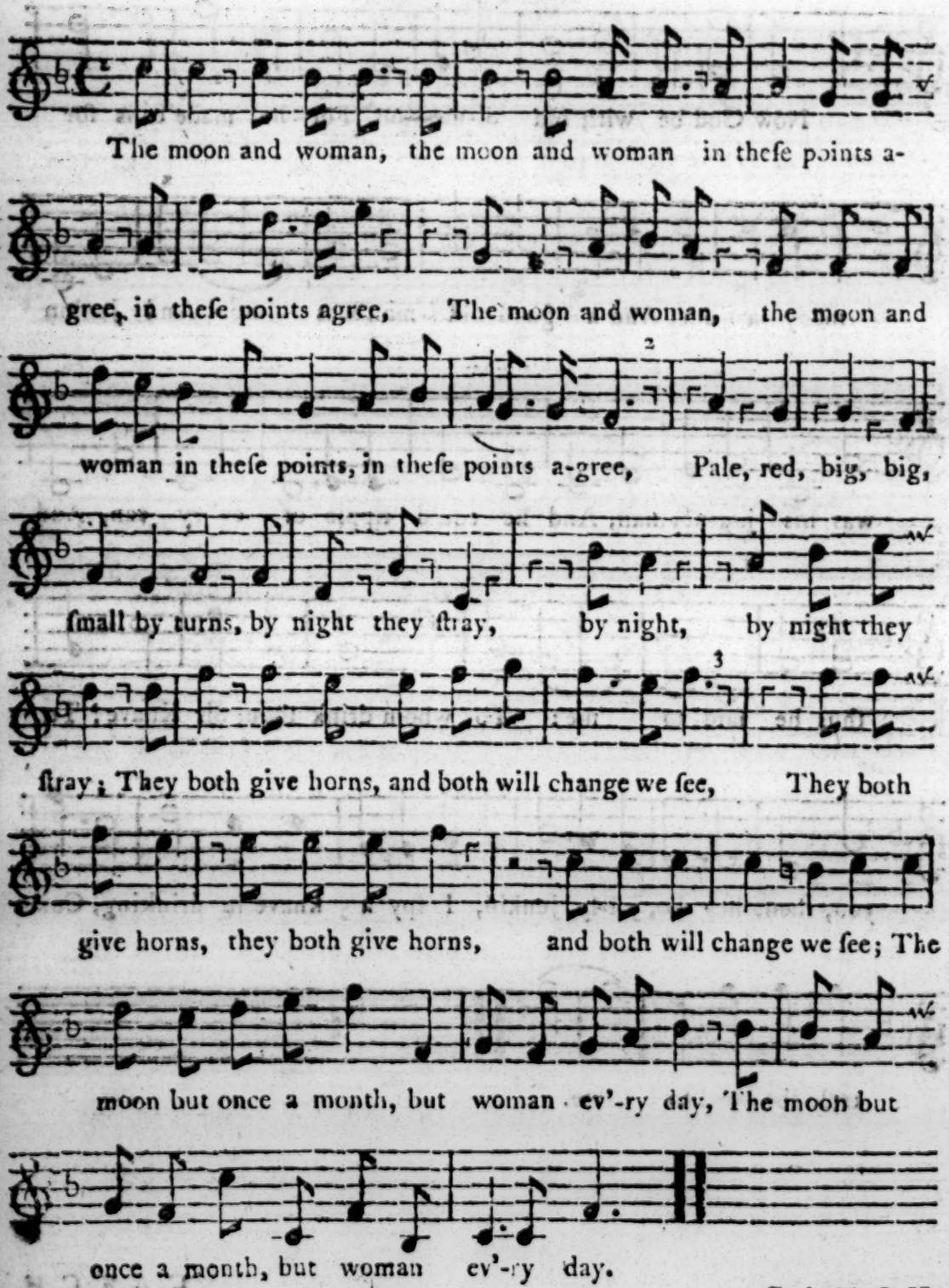
CATCH. *A 3. Voc.*



CATCH,

CATCH. *A. 3. Voc.*

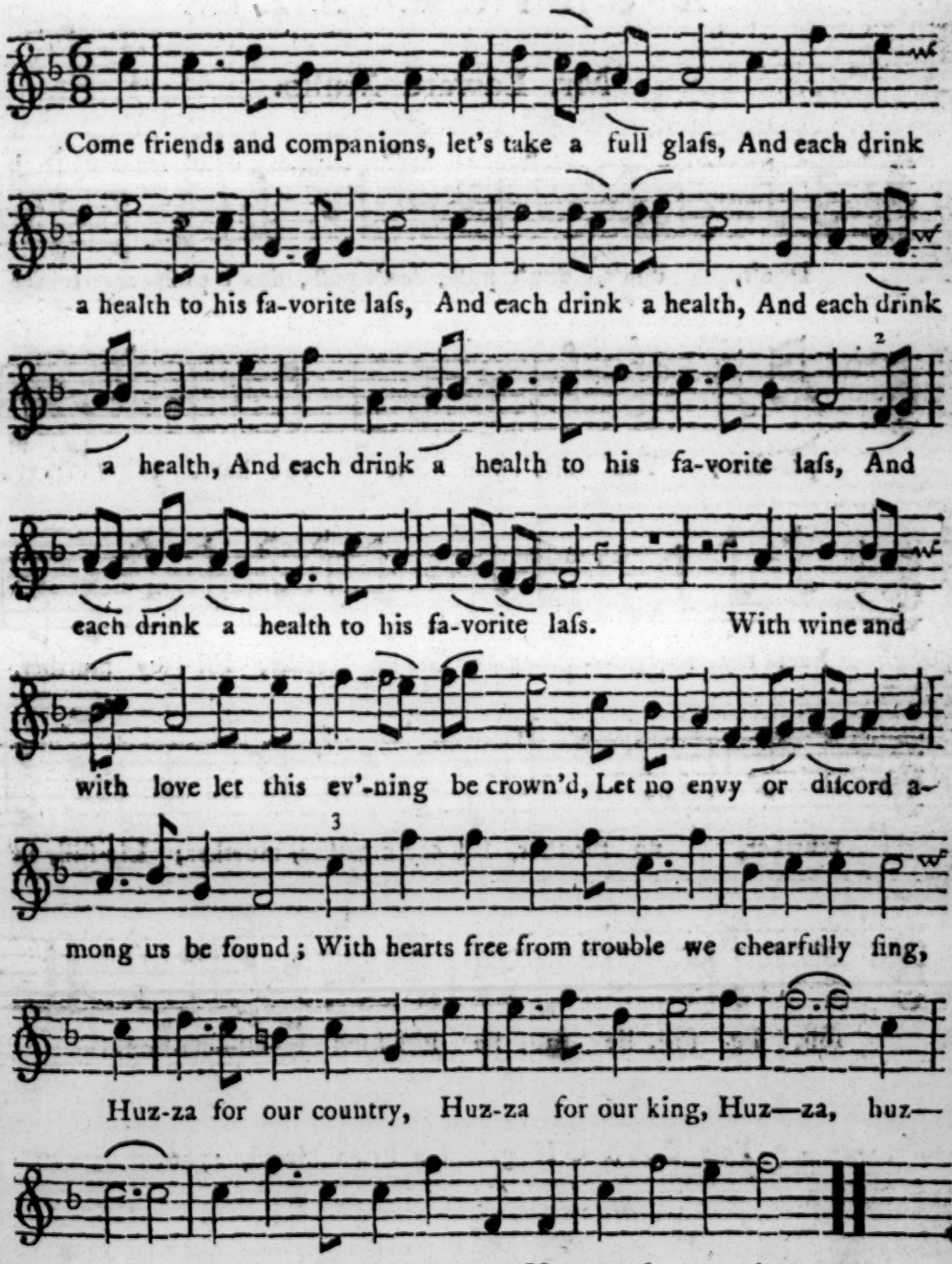
Mr. Webbe.



CATCH.

CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

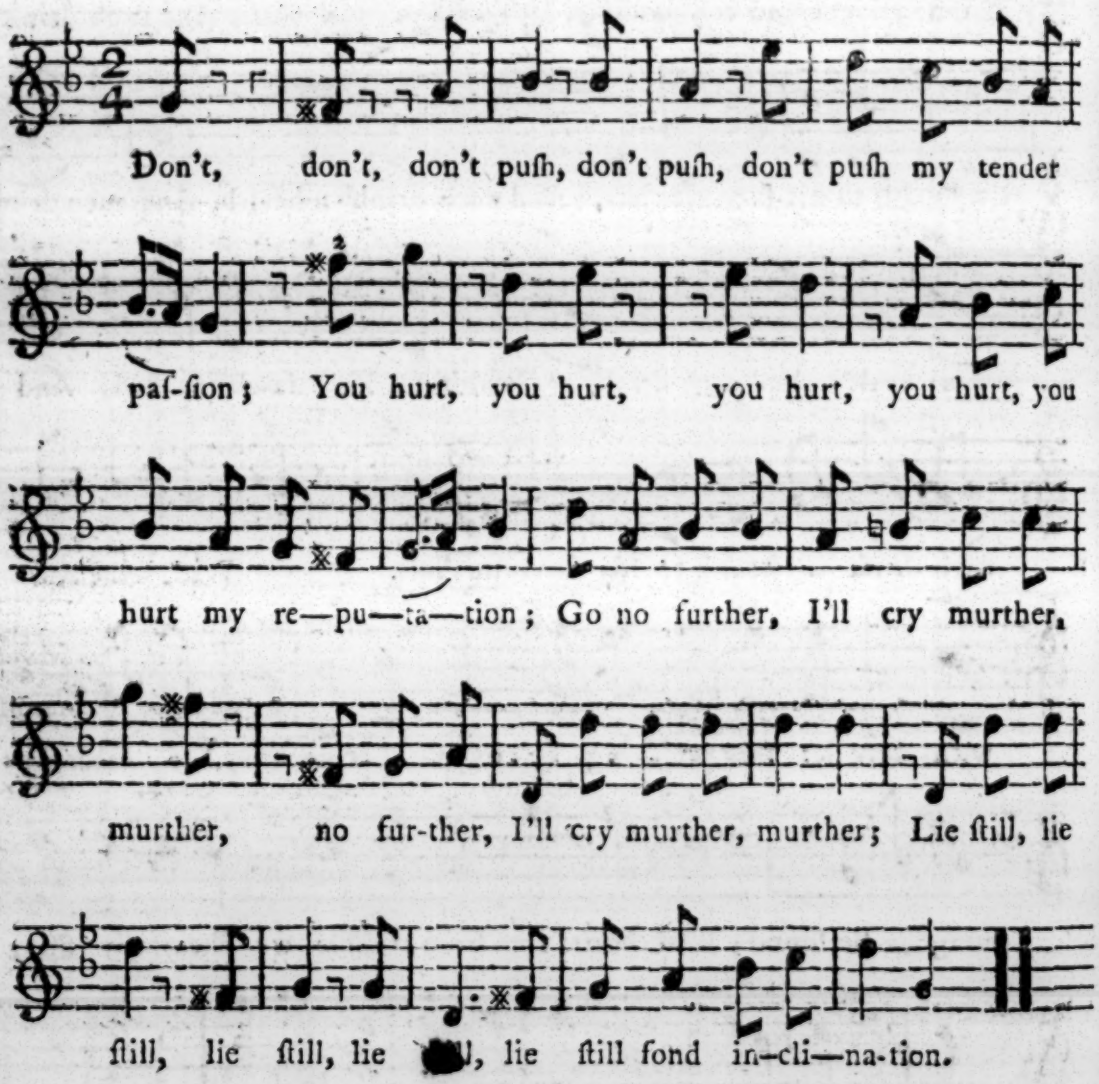
Mr. Berg.



The AMOROUS PARLEY.

A CATCH. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

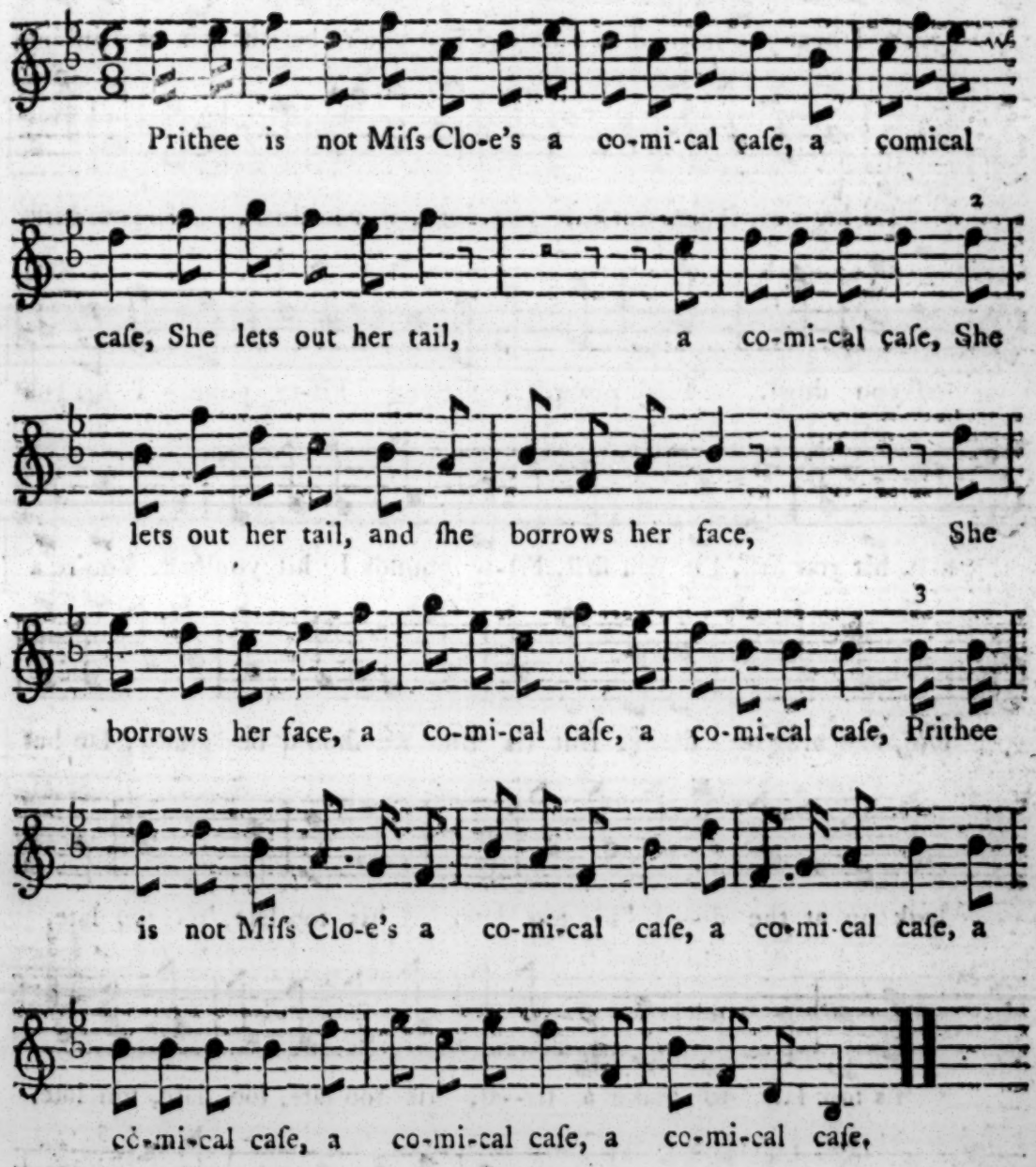
Mr. Edward Mulſo.



This CATCH gain'd a Prize Medal, 1766.

CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc,*

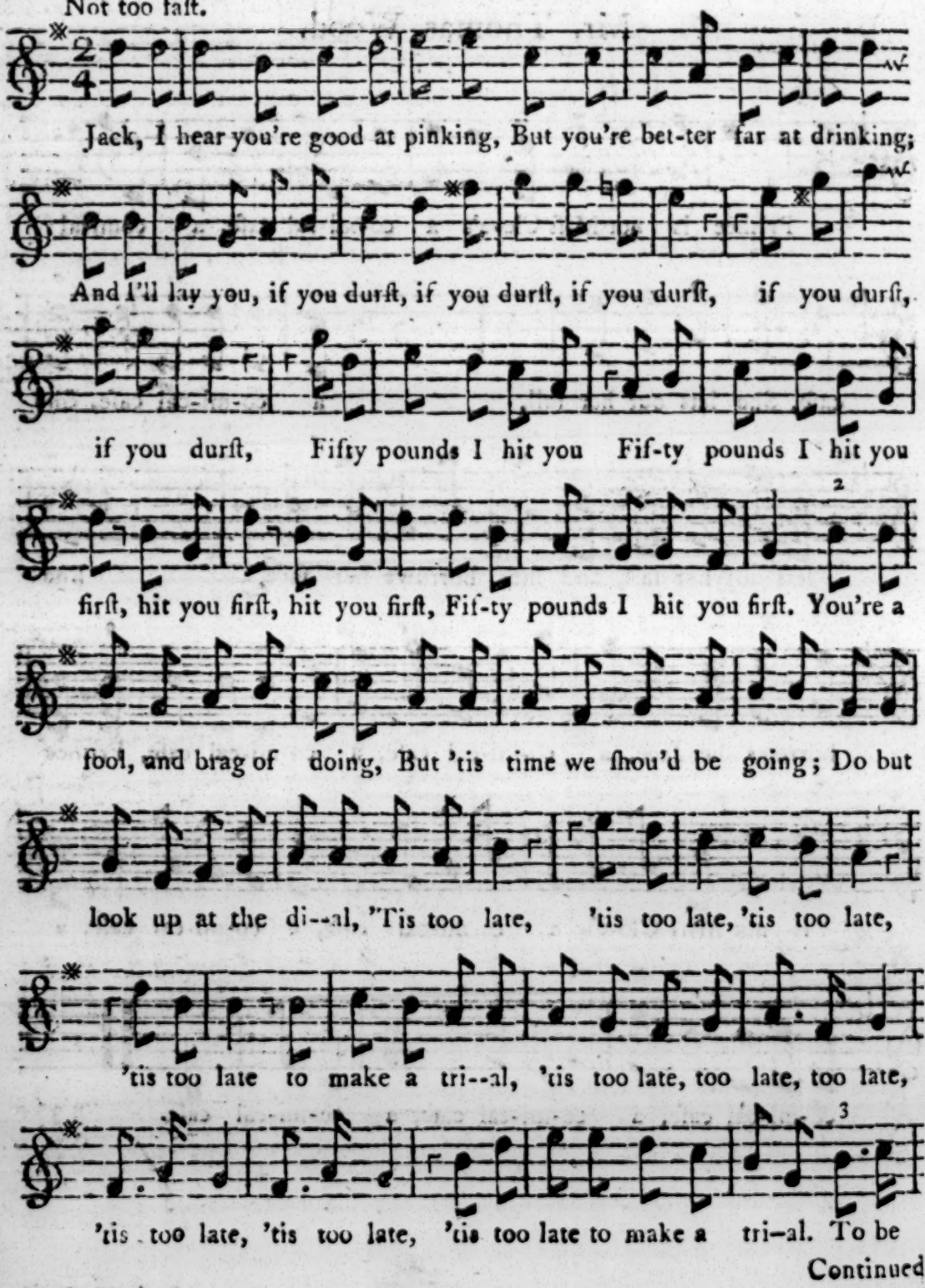
Mr. Thomas Wood,



CATCH. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

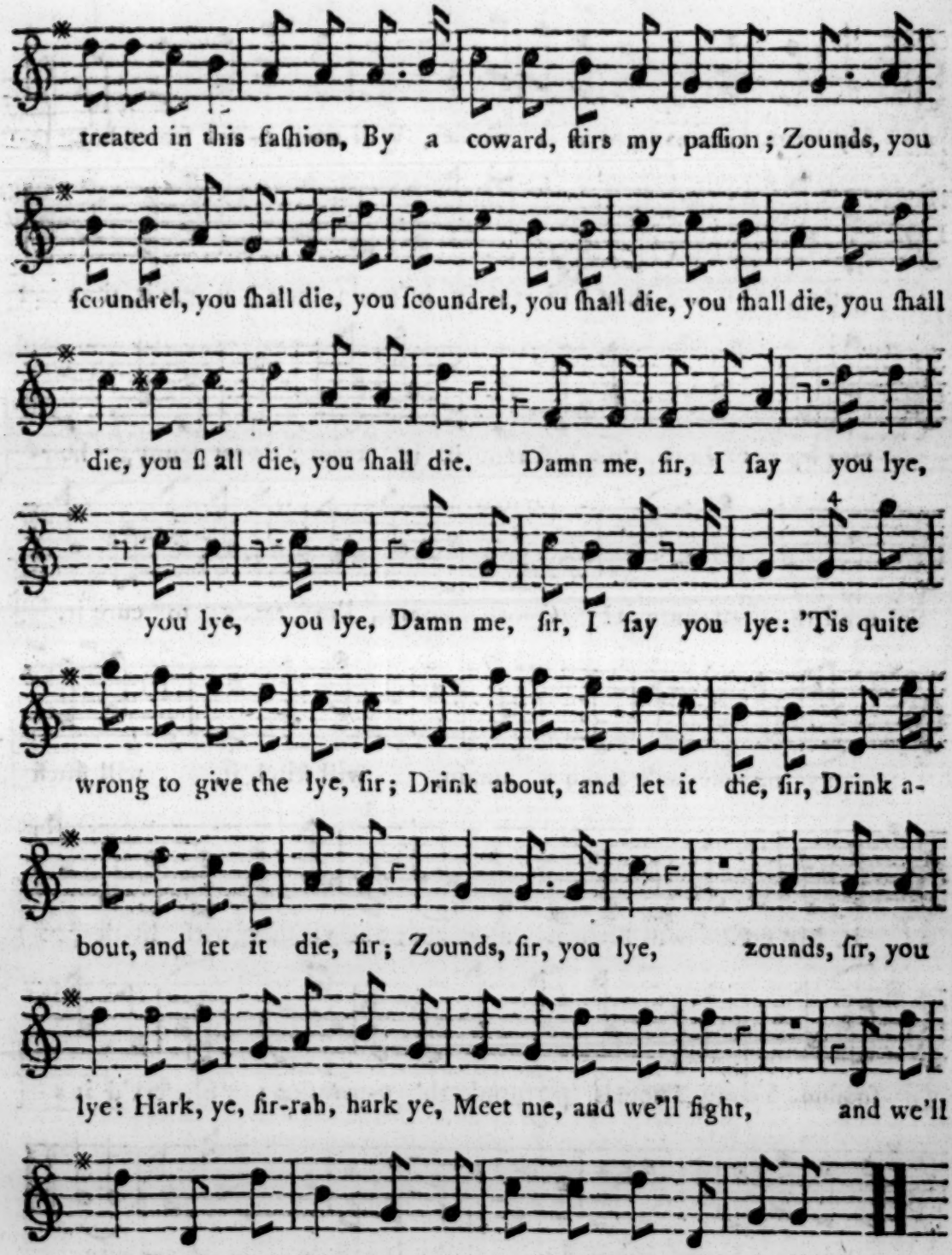
Mr. Charles Lampe.

Not too faſt.



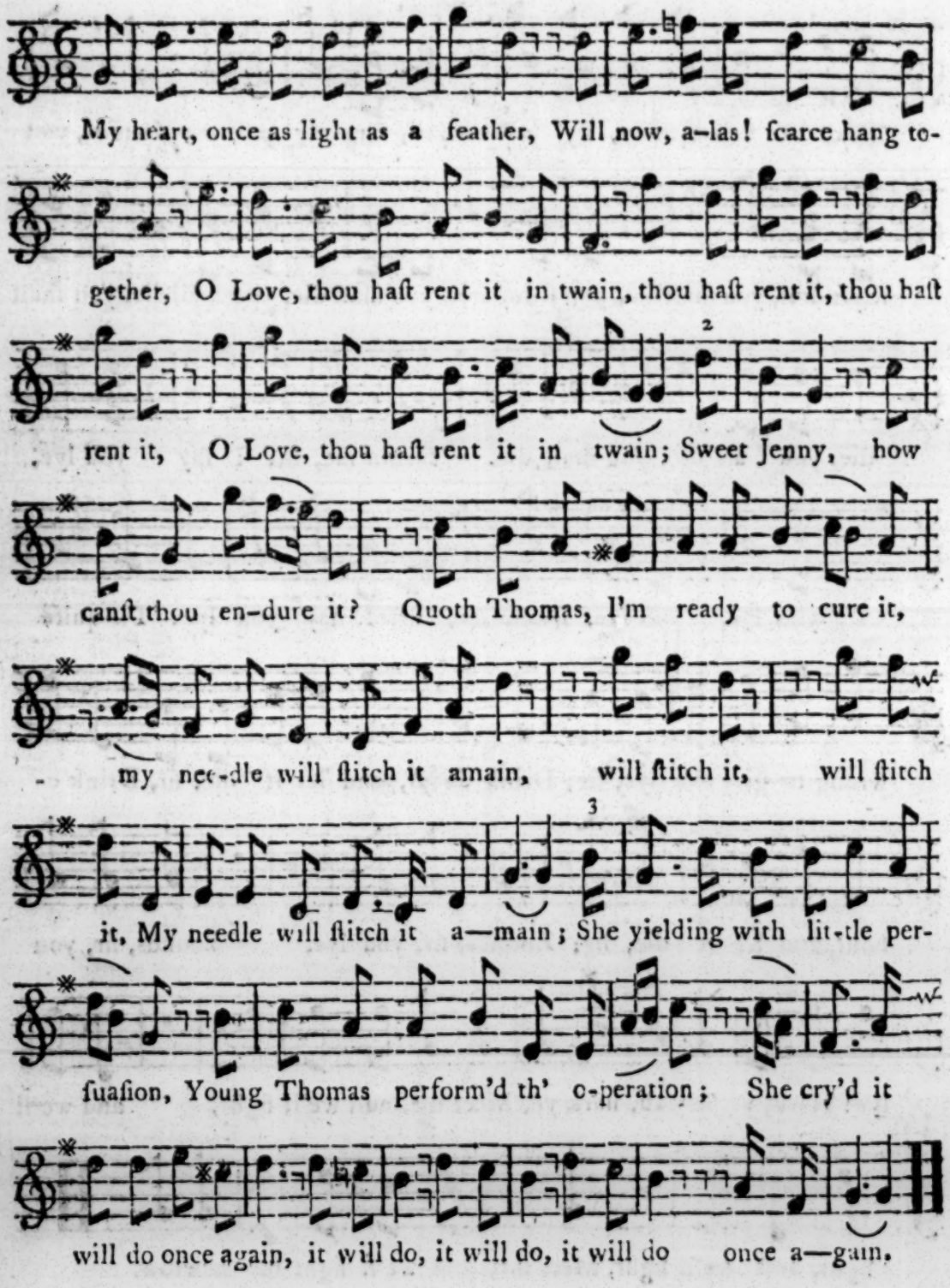
Continued.

Continued.



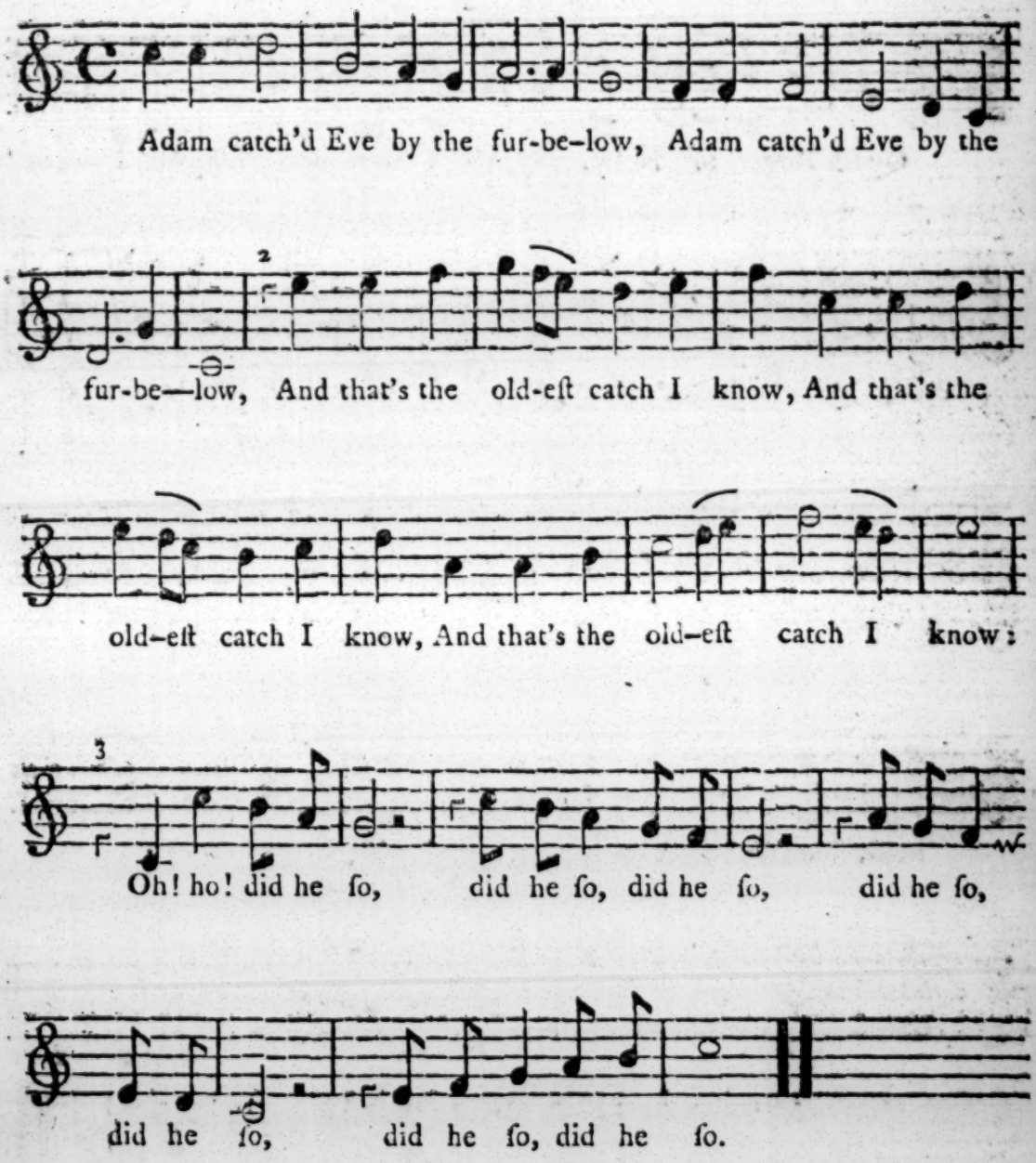
CATCH.

CATCH. *A 3. Voc.*


My heart, once as light as a feather, Will now, a-las! ſcarce hang to-
gether, O Love, thou haſt rent it in twain, thou haſt rent it, thou haſt
2
rent it, O Love, thou haſt rent it in twain; Sweet Jenny, how
canſt thou en-dure it? Quoth Thomas, I'm ready to cure it,
my nee-dle will ſtitch it amain, will ſtitch it, will ſtitch
3
it, My needle will ſtitch it a—main; She yielding with lit-tle per-
ſuaſion, Young Thomas perform'd th' o-peration; She cry'd it
will do once again, it will do, it will do, it will do once a—gain.

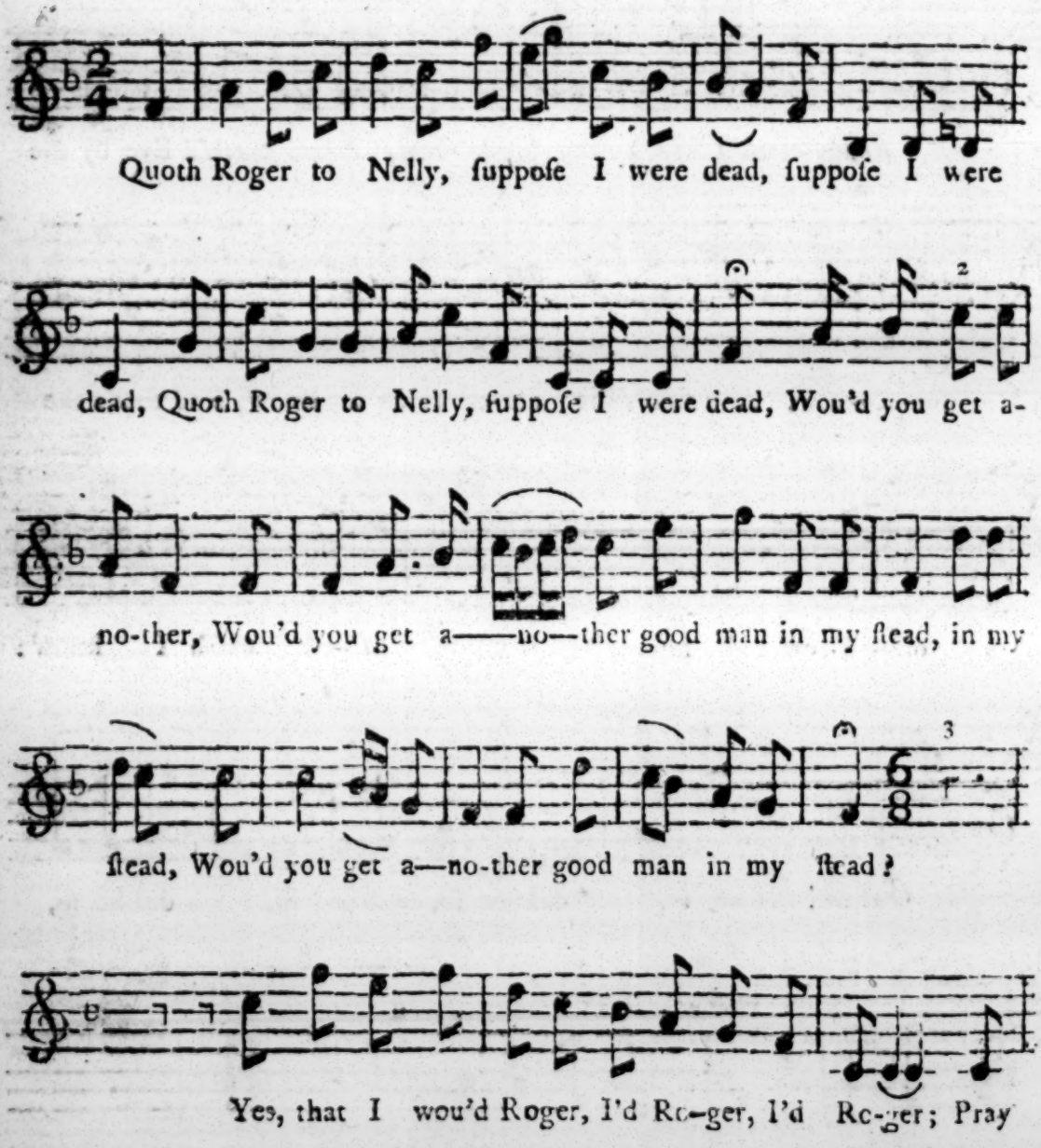
CATCH. *A. 3. Voc.*

Mr. Baildon.



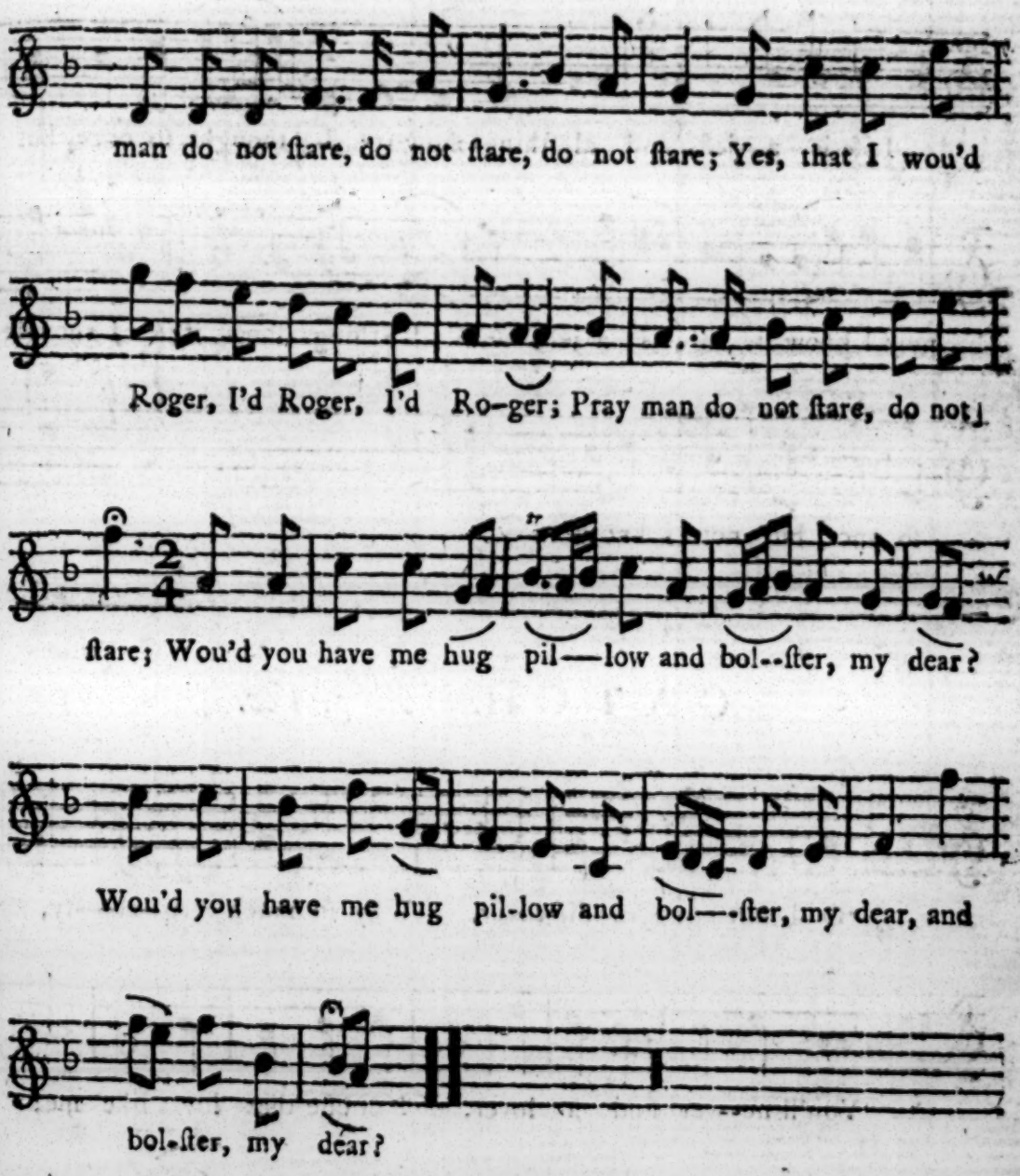
CATCH. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Mr. Richard Woodward, jun.



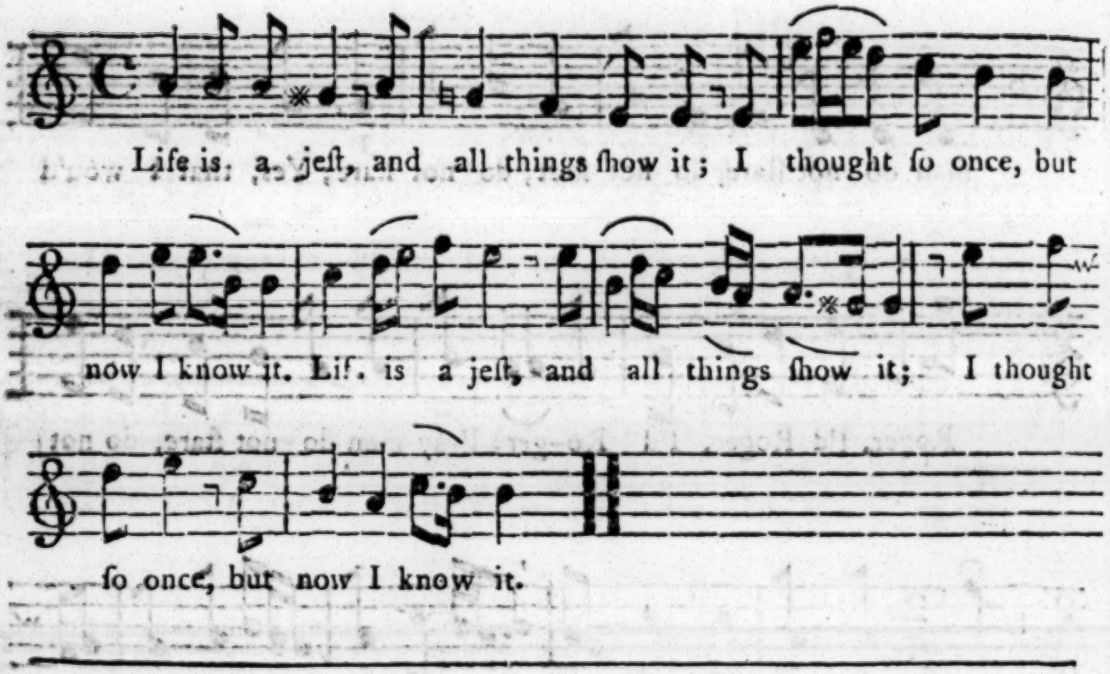
Continued.

Continued.

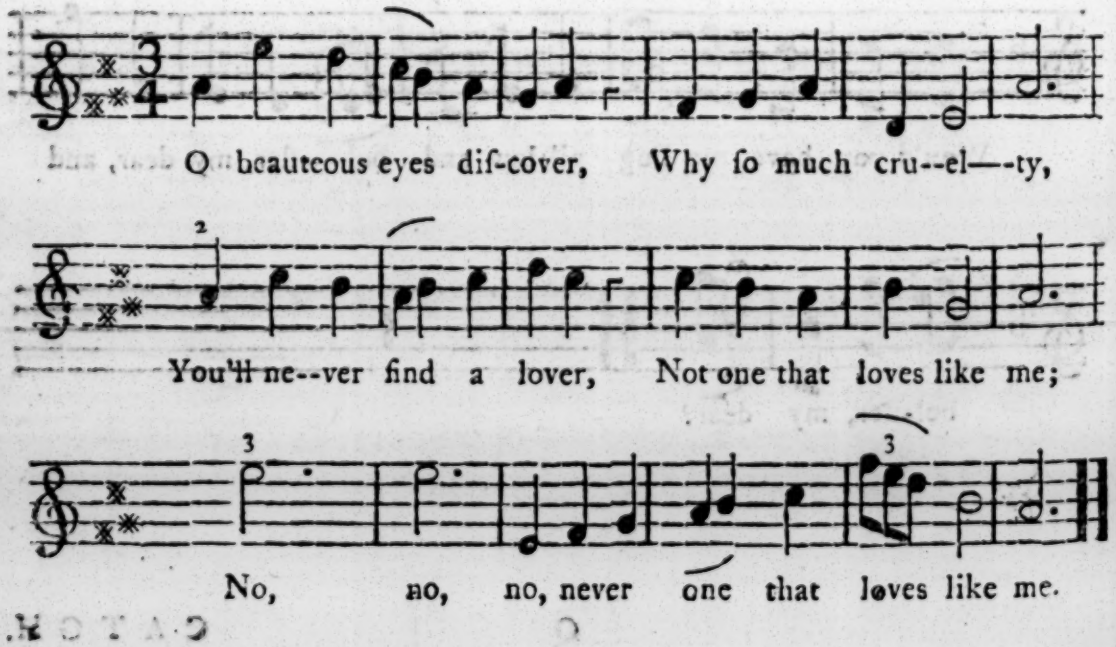

man do not ſtare, do not ſtare, do not ſtare; Yes, that I wou'd
Roger, I'd Roger, I'd Ro-ger; Pray man do not ſtare, do not
ſtare; Wou'd you have me hug pil—low and bol--ſter, my dear?
Wou'd you have me hug pil-low and bol—-ſter, my dear, and
bol-ſter, my dear?

CATCH. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Mr. Travers.

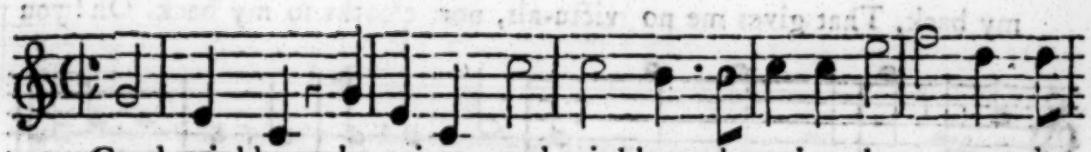


CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

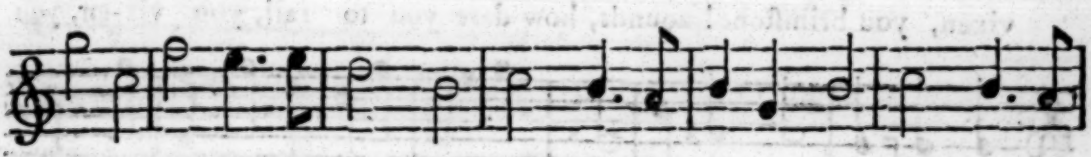


The FAMILY QUARREL. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Dr. Arne.



Good neighbours be qui-et, good neighbours be qui-et, let me part the



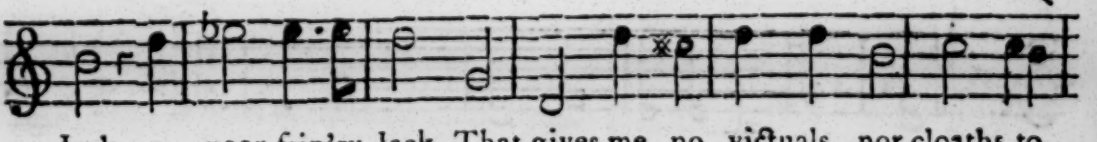
fray, let me part the fray; Good neighbours be qui-et, good neighbours be

qui-et, be qui———et, be quiet, Come kiſs and be friends, kiſs,

kiſs and be friends, drive diſ-cord a--way, drive diſ-cord a--way.

He's a raſ-cal, a raſ-cal, a pimp, a poor frip'ry Jack, a poor

frip'ry Jack, He's a raſcal, a pimp, a poor frip'ry

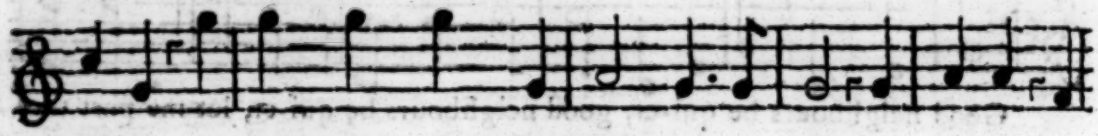


Jack, a poor frip'ry Jack, That gives me no victuals, nor cloaths to

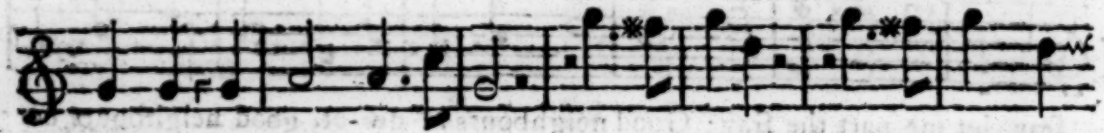
Continued.

Continued.

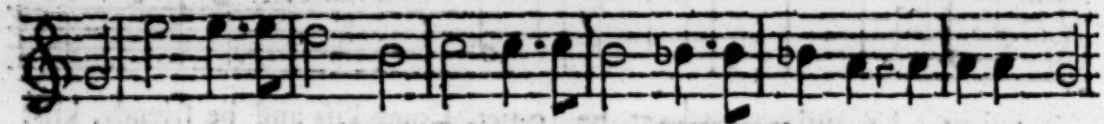
my back, That gives me no victu-als, nor cloaths to my back. Oh! you



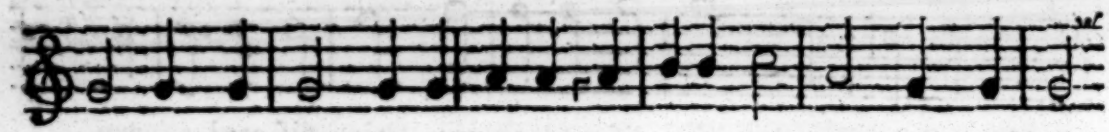
vixen, you brimſtone! zounds, how dare you to rail, you vix-en, you



brimſtone! how dare you to rail, Oh! you vixen, Oh! you brimſtone,

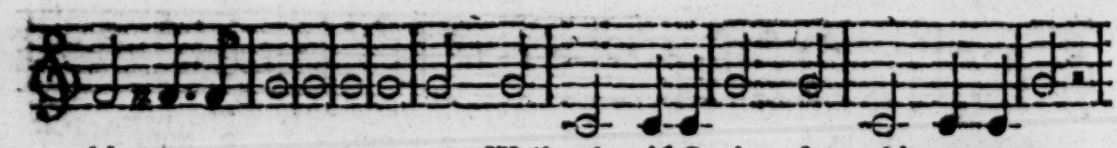


how dare you to rail? how dare you to rail? Like a ſquirrel, you cover your

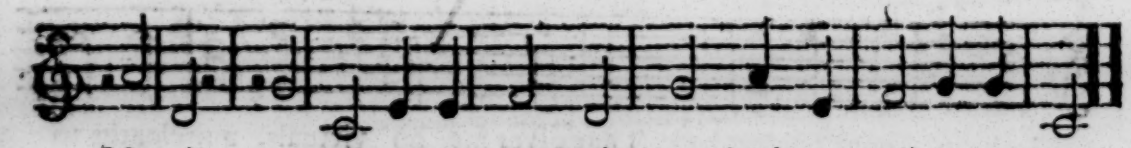


back with your tail, Like a ſquirrel, you cover your back with your tail.

Well, what if I do, well, what if I do, ſure this may a-tone, ſure



this may a————tone; Well, what if I do, ſure this may atone;



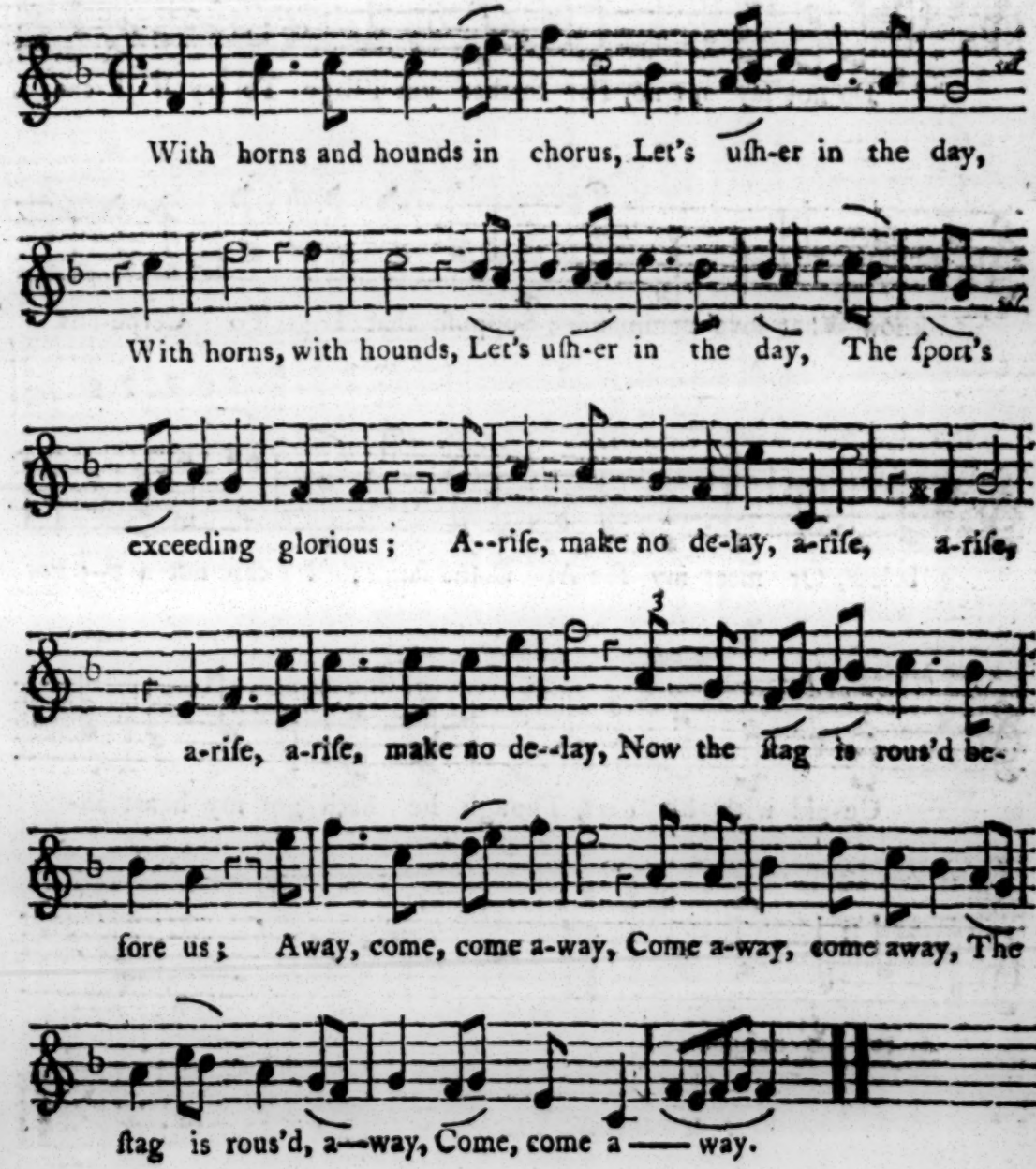
My tail, my tail covers your back, your back as well as my own.

This Catch gain'd the Prize Medal, 1764.

CATCH.

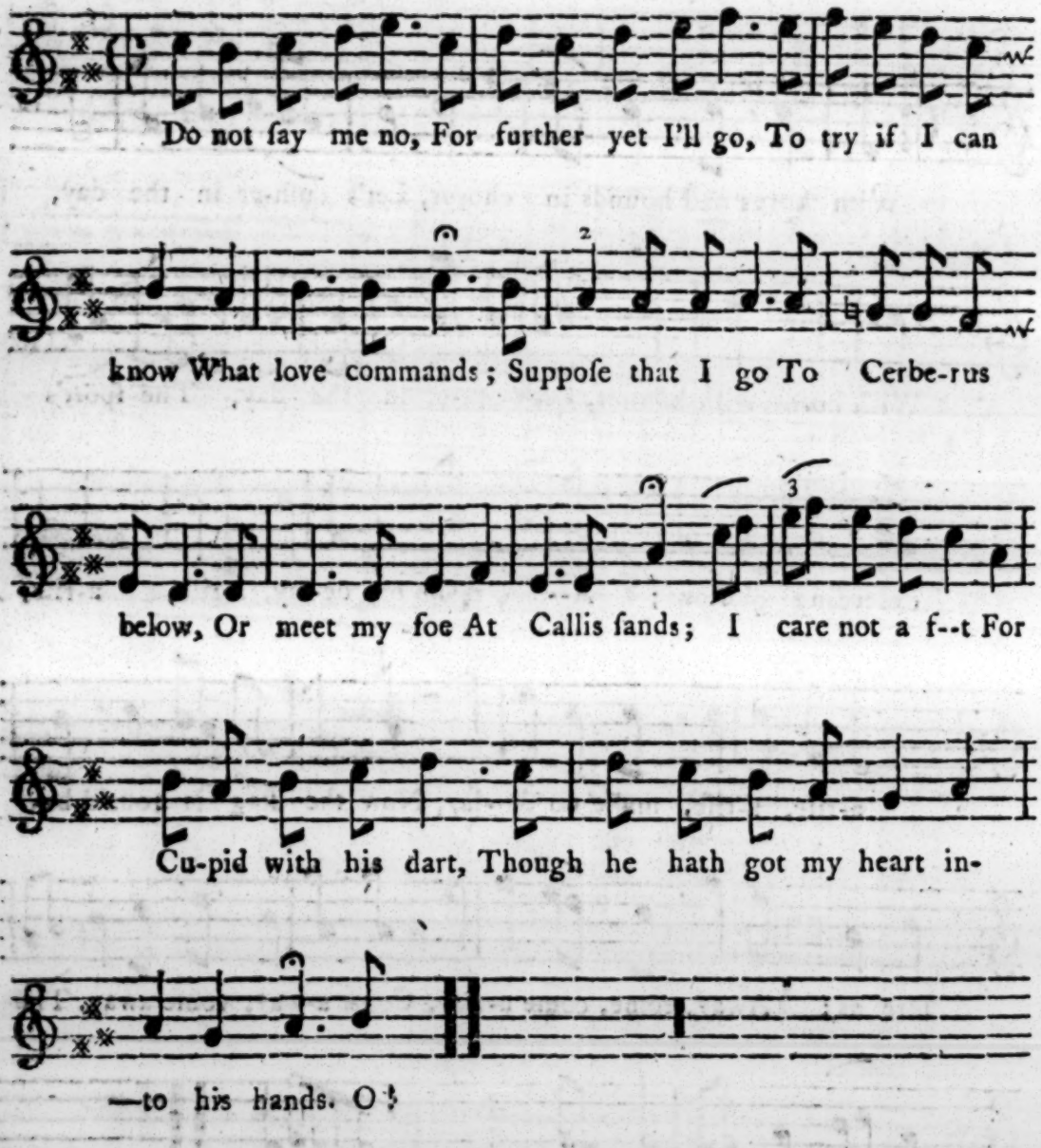
CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Mr. Atterbury.



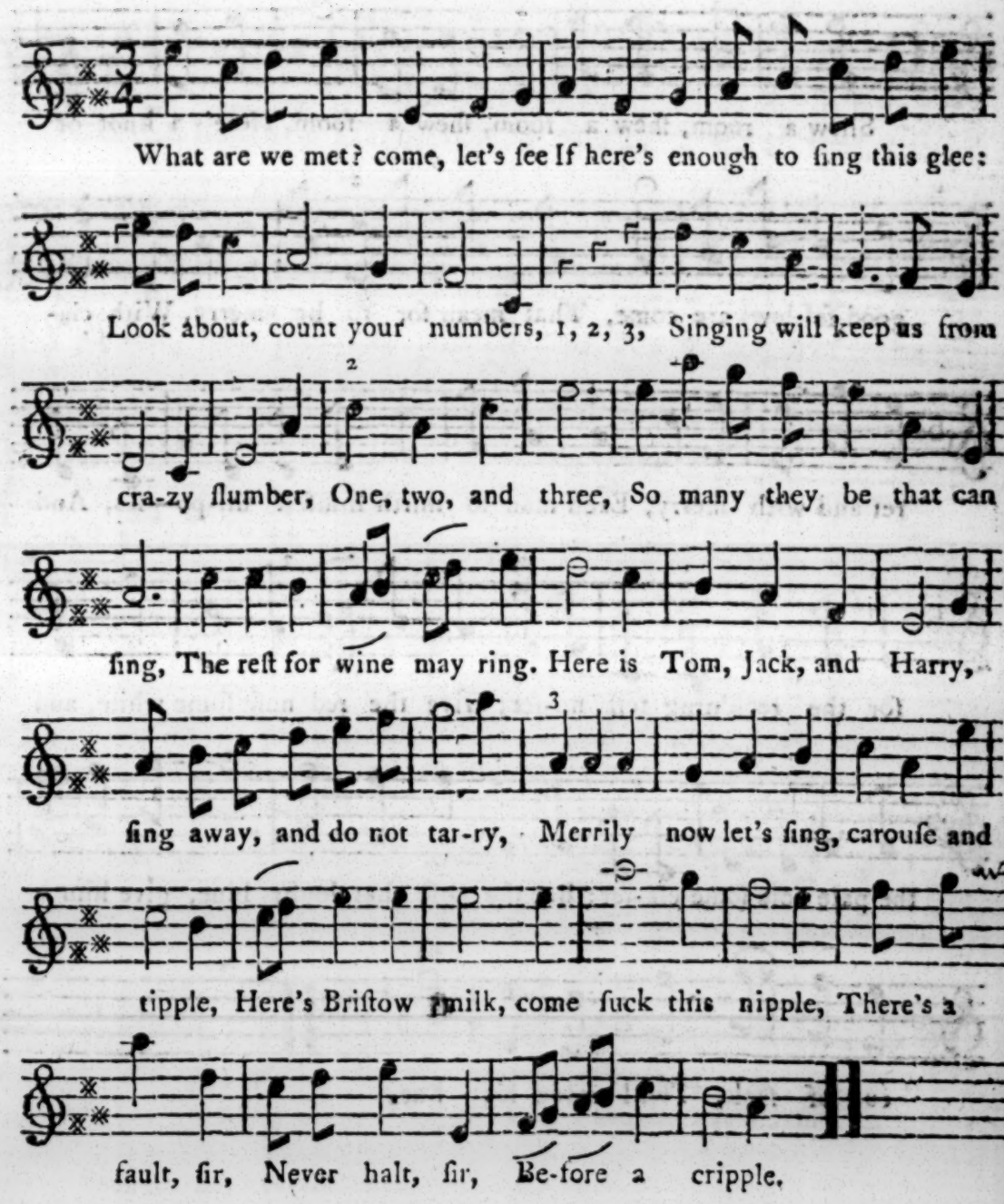
CATCH. *A. 3. Voc.*

Mr. Holmes.



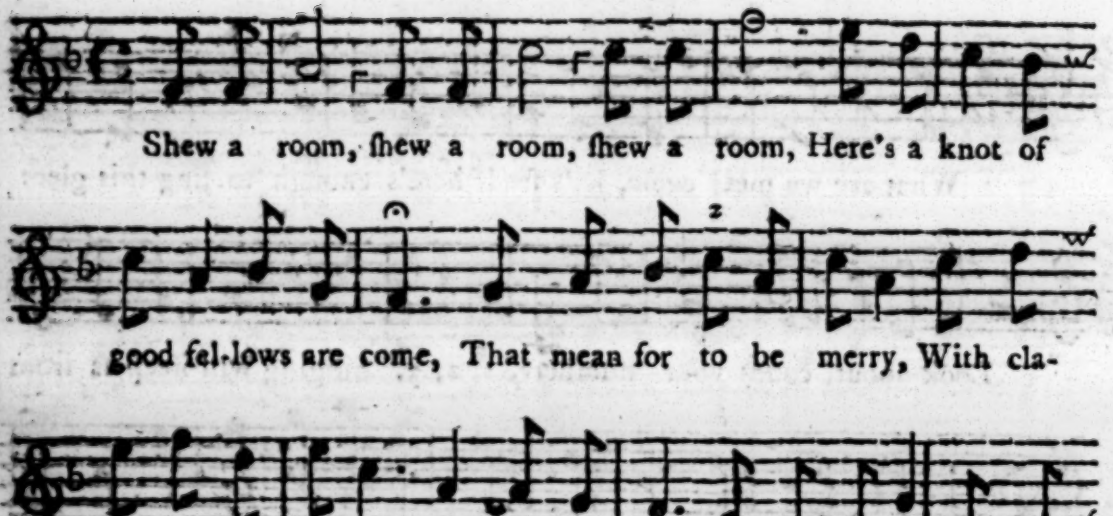
CATCH. *A 3. Voc.*

Mr. Holmes.



CATCH. *A. 3. Voc.*

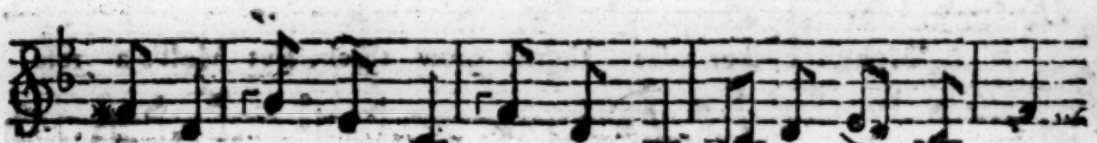
Mr. Holmes.



CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

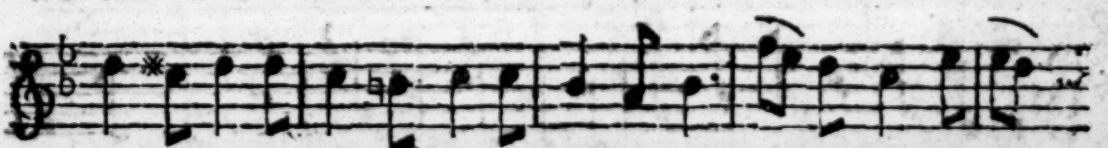
Mr. Charles Burney.

Mortals learn your lives to meaſure, Not by length of time, but

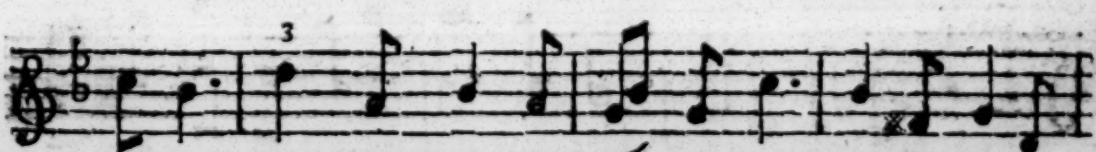


pleaſure, your plea-ſure, your plea-ſure, Not by length of time,

but pleaſure; Soon your ſpring muſt have a fall, Looſing youth is



loo-ſing all, is loo-ſing all, is loo-ſing all, Looſing youth is loo-



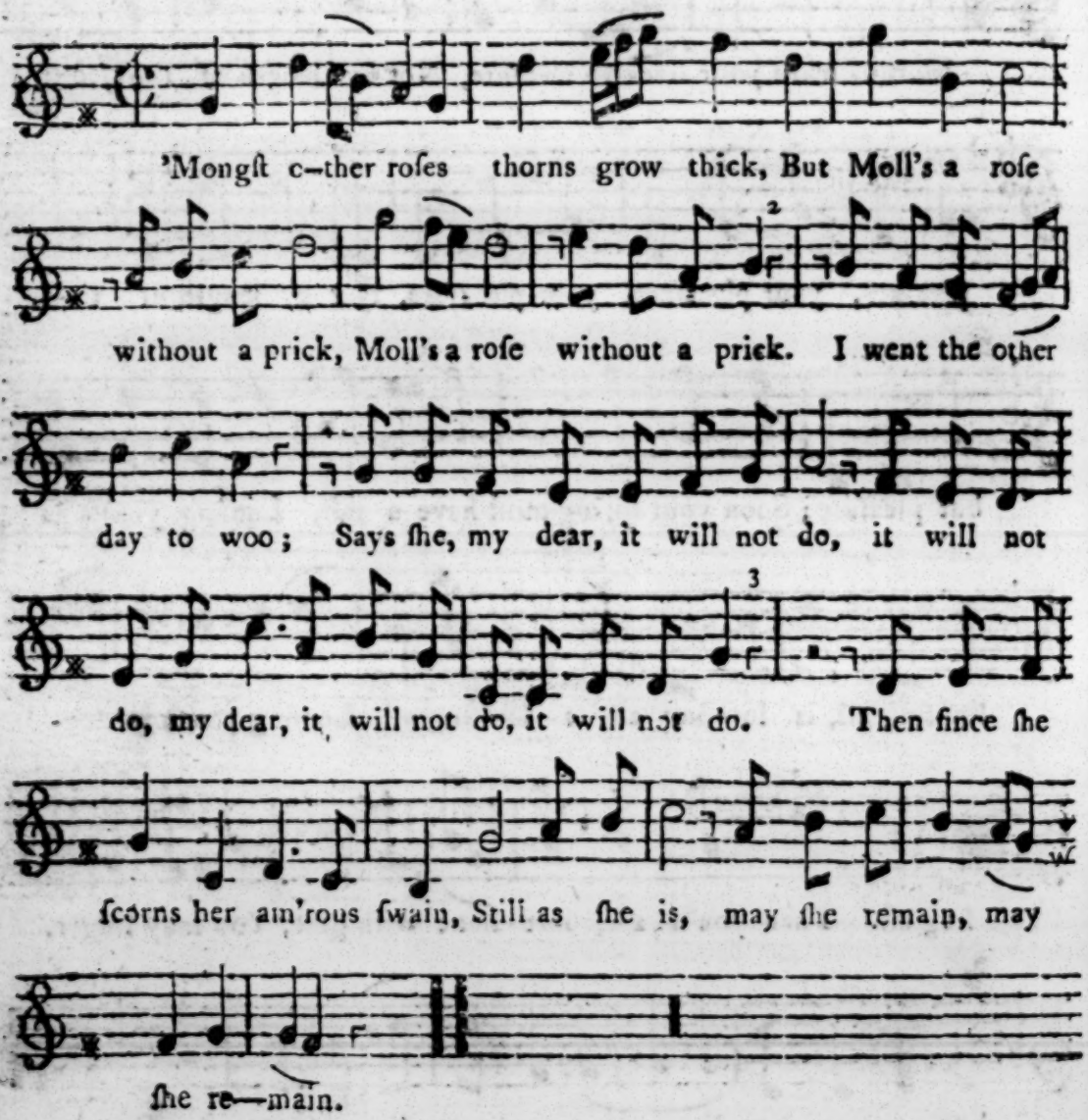
ſing all. Then you'll aſk, but none will give, You may linger,

but not live; may lin —— ger, may linger, but not live.

The MAIDEN ROSE.

CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

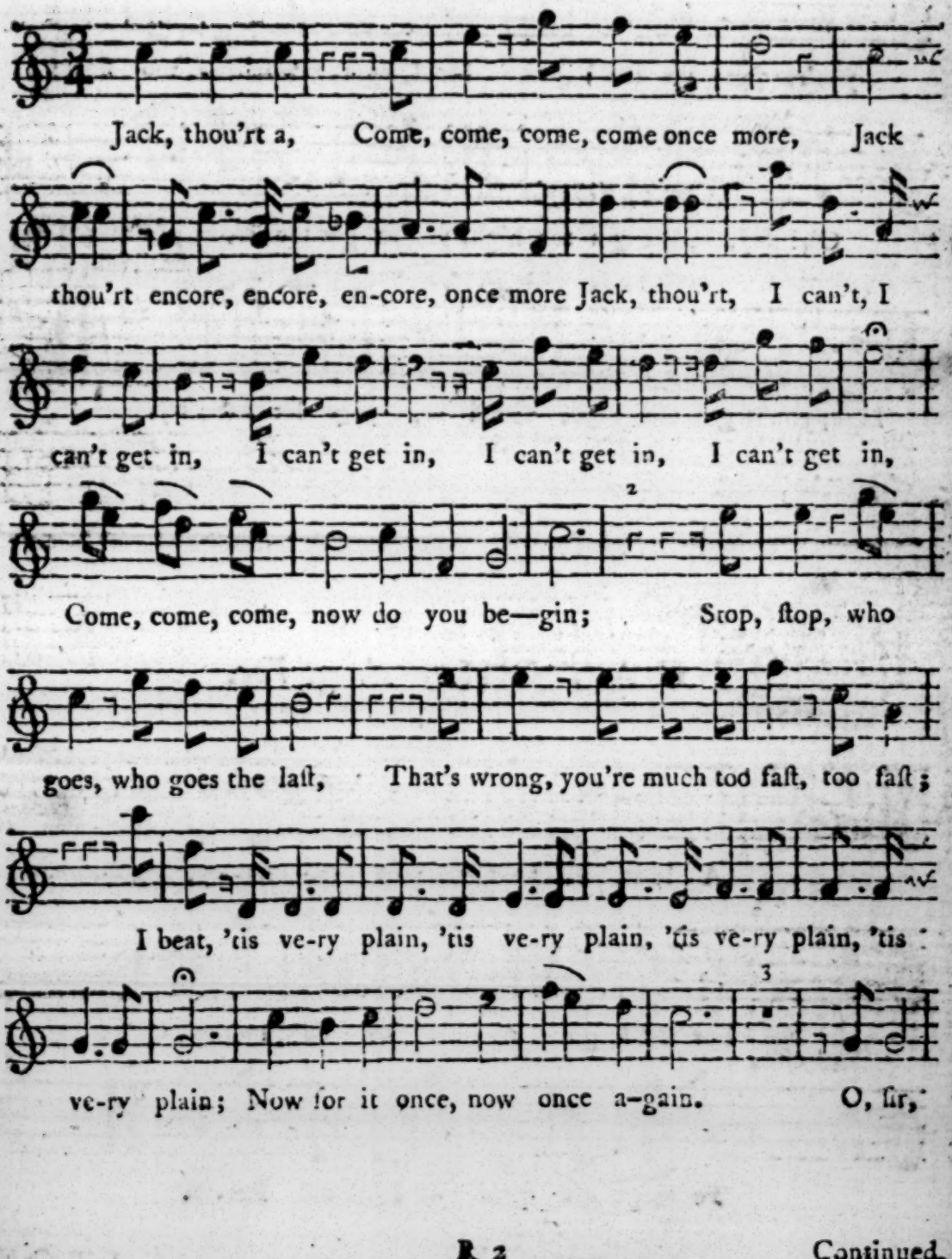
Dr. Boyce.



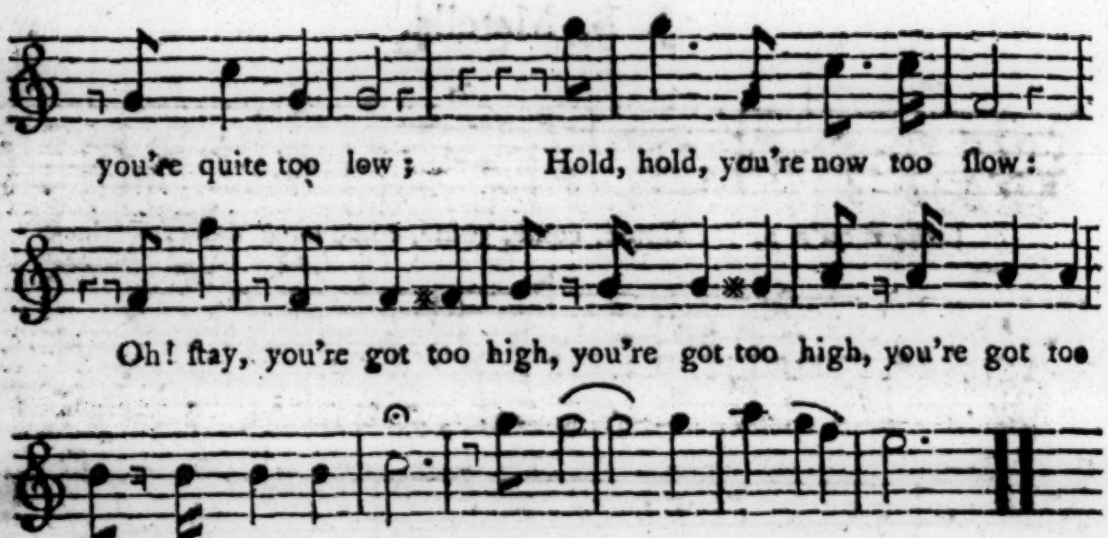
CATCH.

CATCH OF CATCHES. *A. 3 Voc.*

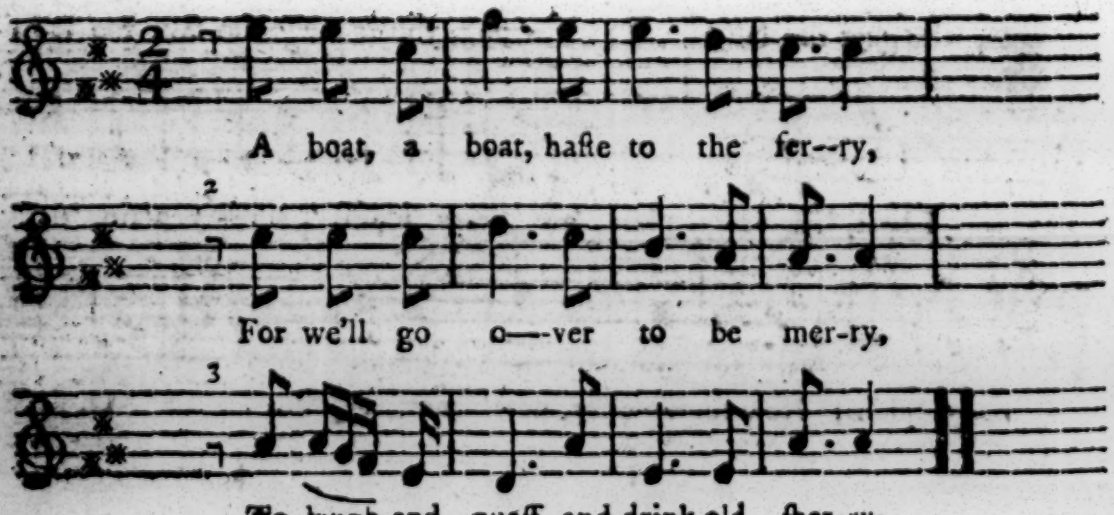
J. B. Marella.



Continued.



CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

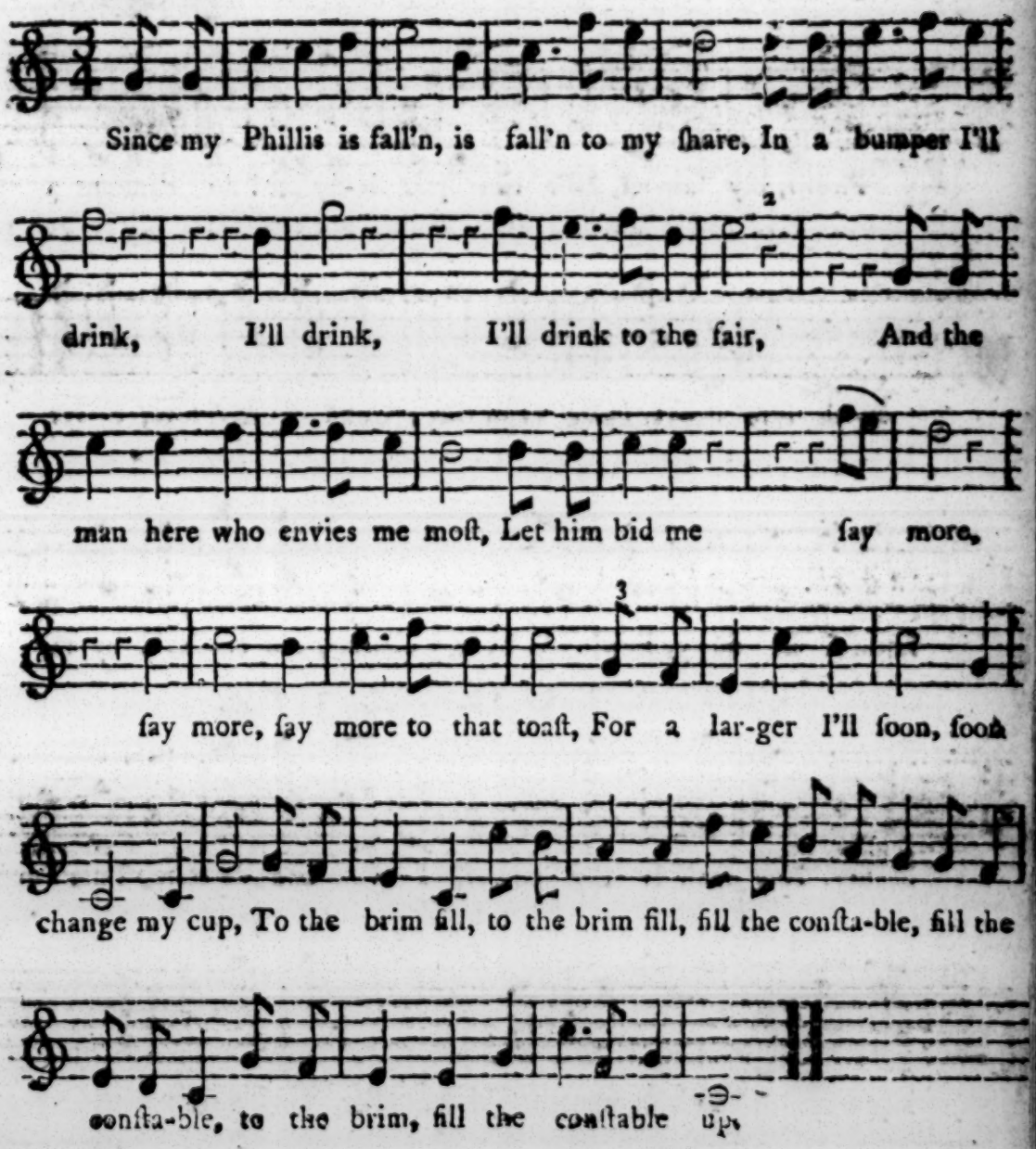


CATCH.

CATCH, *A. 3. Voc.*

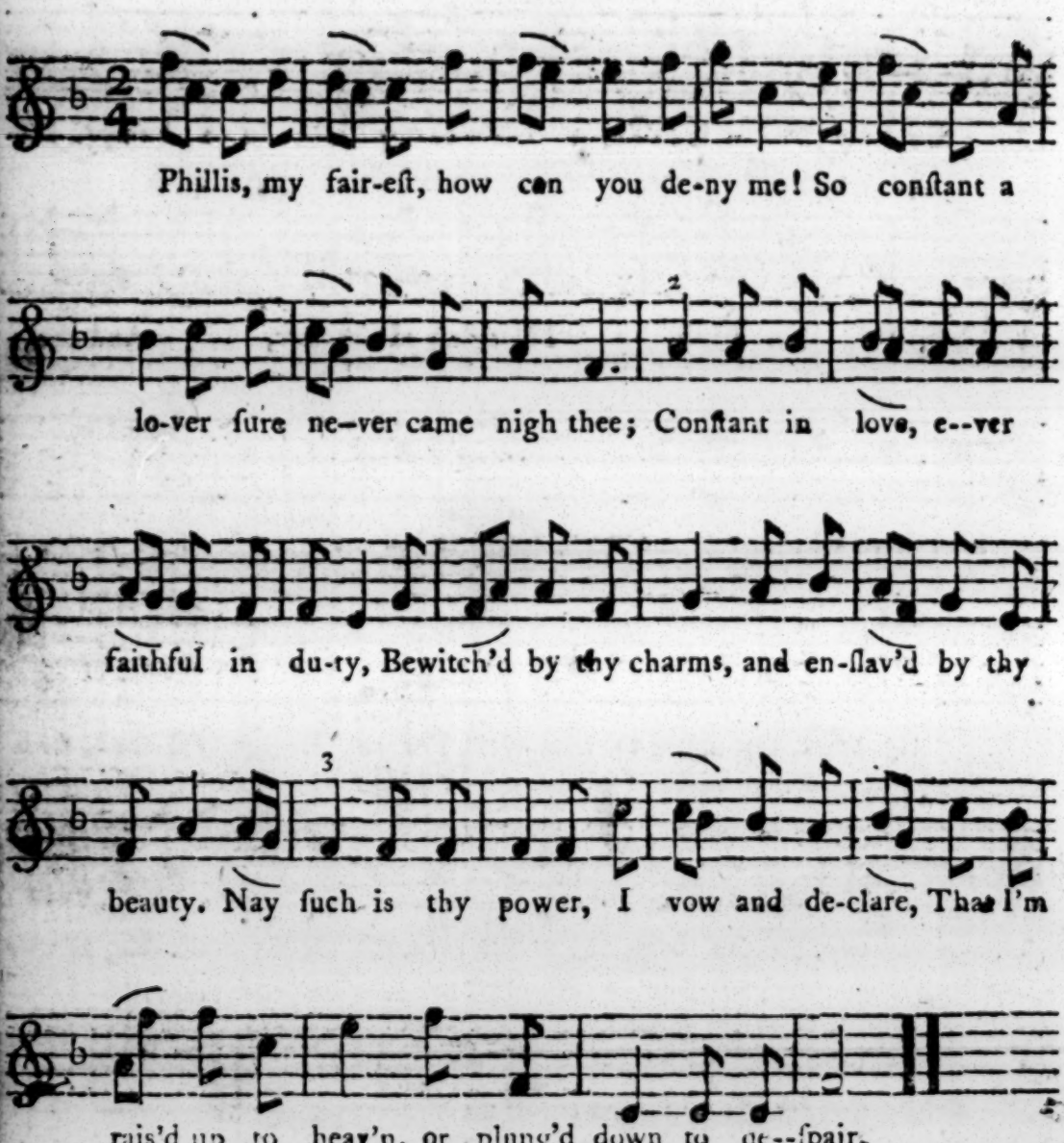
Mr. Clark.

Moderato.



CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

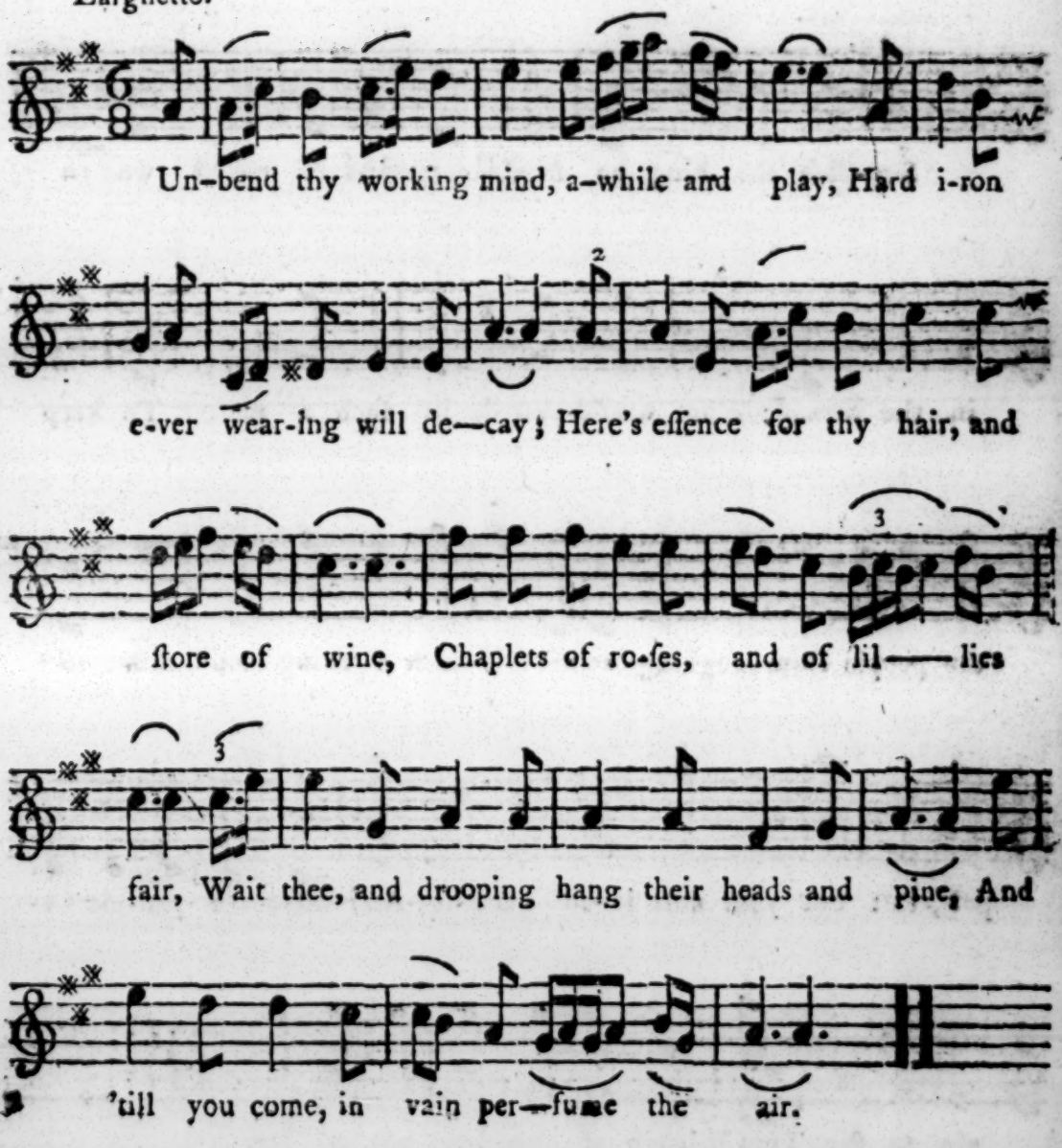
Dr. Hayes.



CATCH. *A 3. Voc.*

Phil. Hayes, B. M.

Larghetto.



CATCH. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.

Sup-poſe the king he ſhou'd command A naked woman

in the Strand; What wou'd you do in ſuch a matter, To keep

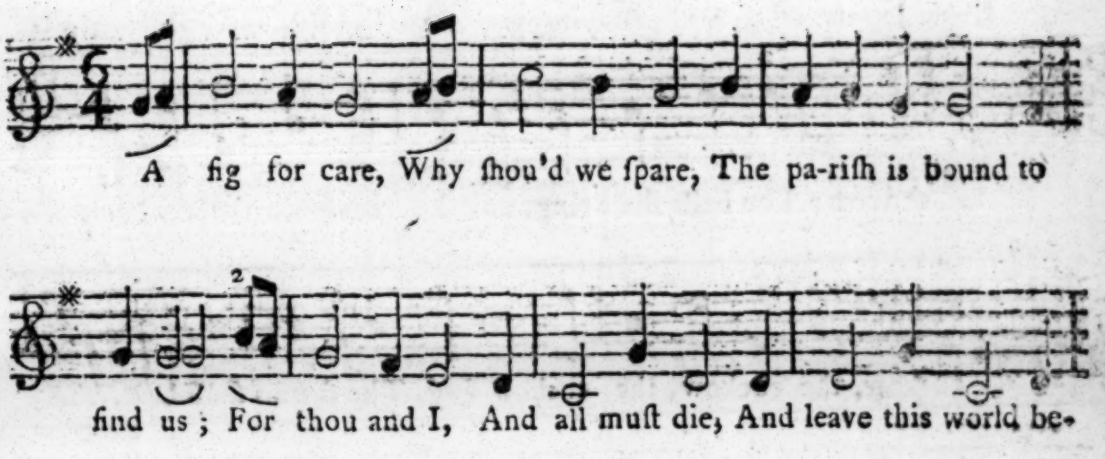
the people from laughing at her? If ſuch a thing ſhou'd come to

paſs, Put but your noſe in-to her a-ſe; And when the peo-ple be-

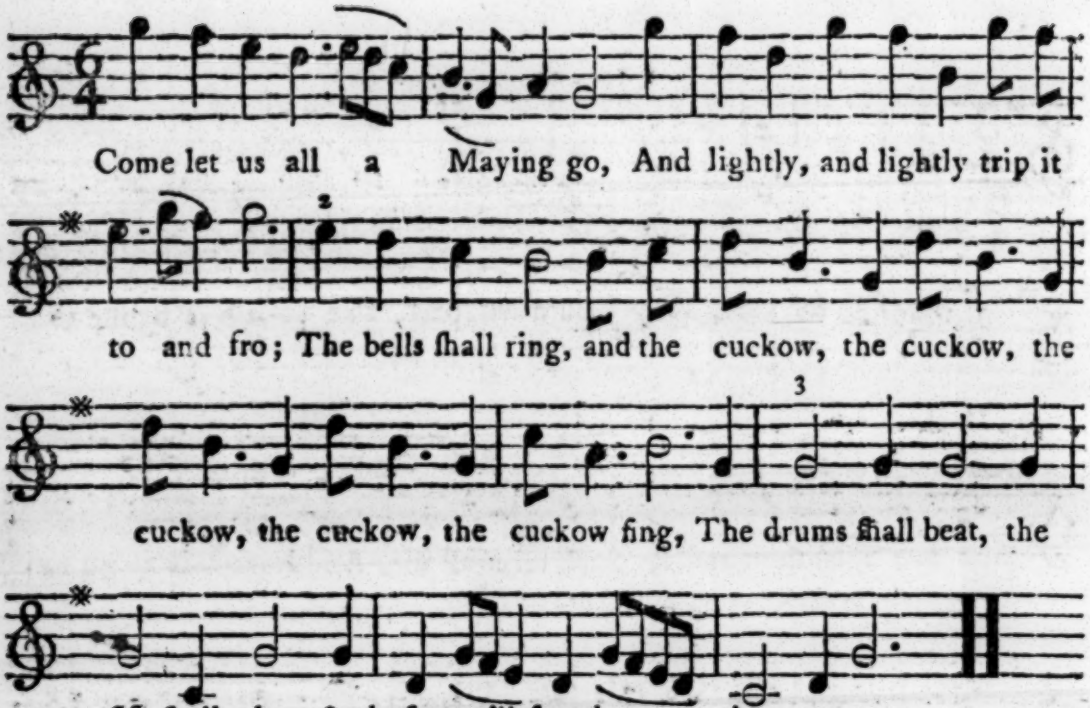
gin to ſtir, They'll laugh at you, and not at her.

CATCH. *A. 4. Voc.*

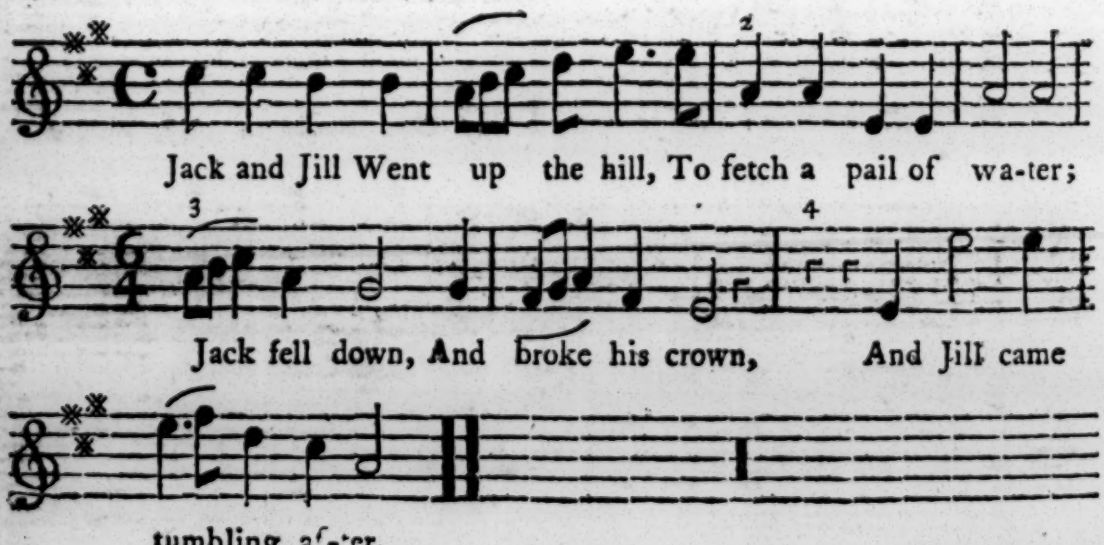
Mr. Brewer.



CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.* Mr. Hilton.



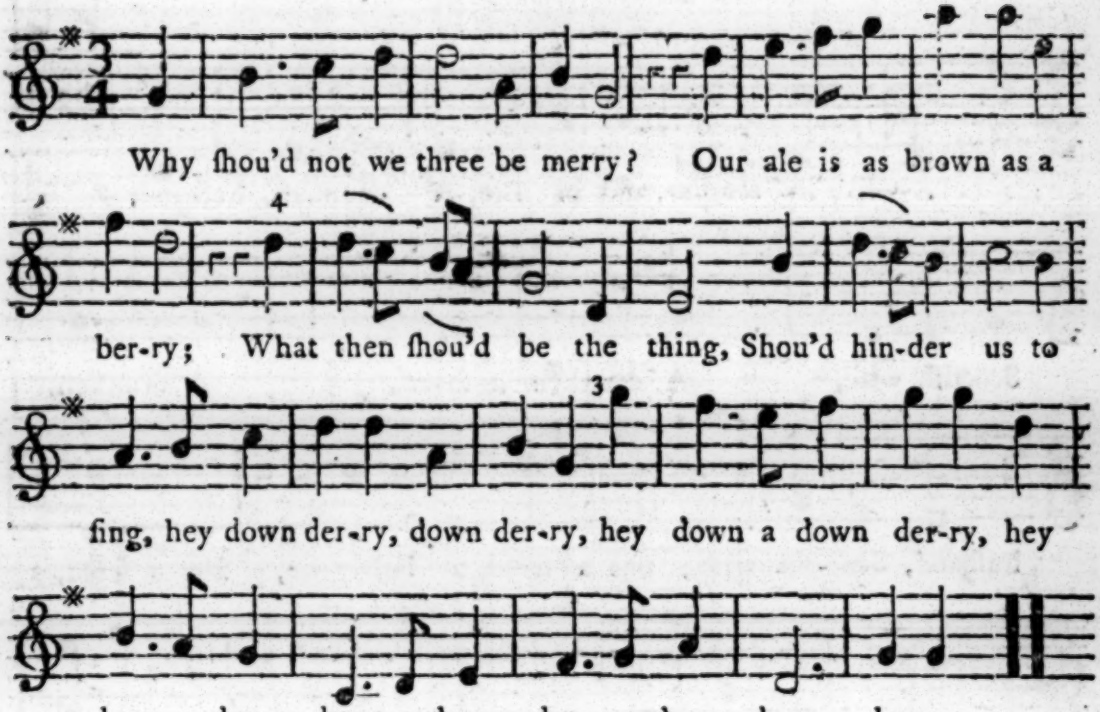
CATCH. *A.* 4. *Voc.* Mr. Charles Burney.



CATCH.

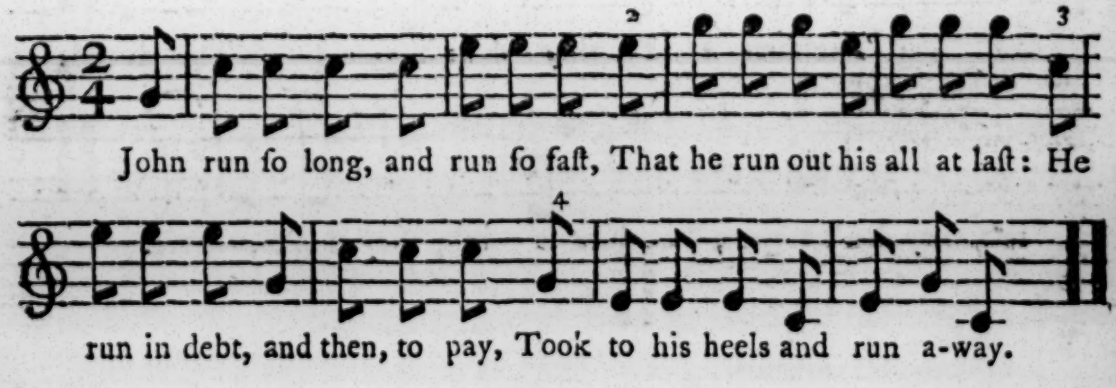
CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Mr. Brewer.



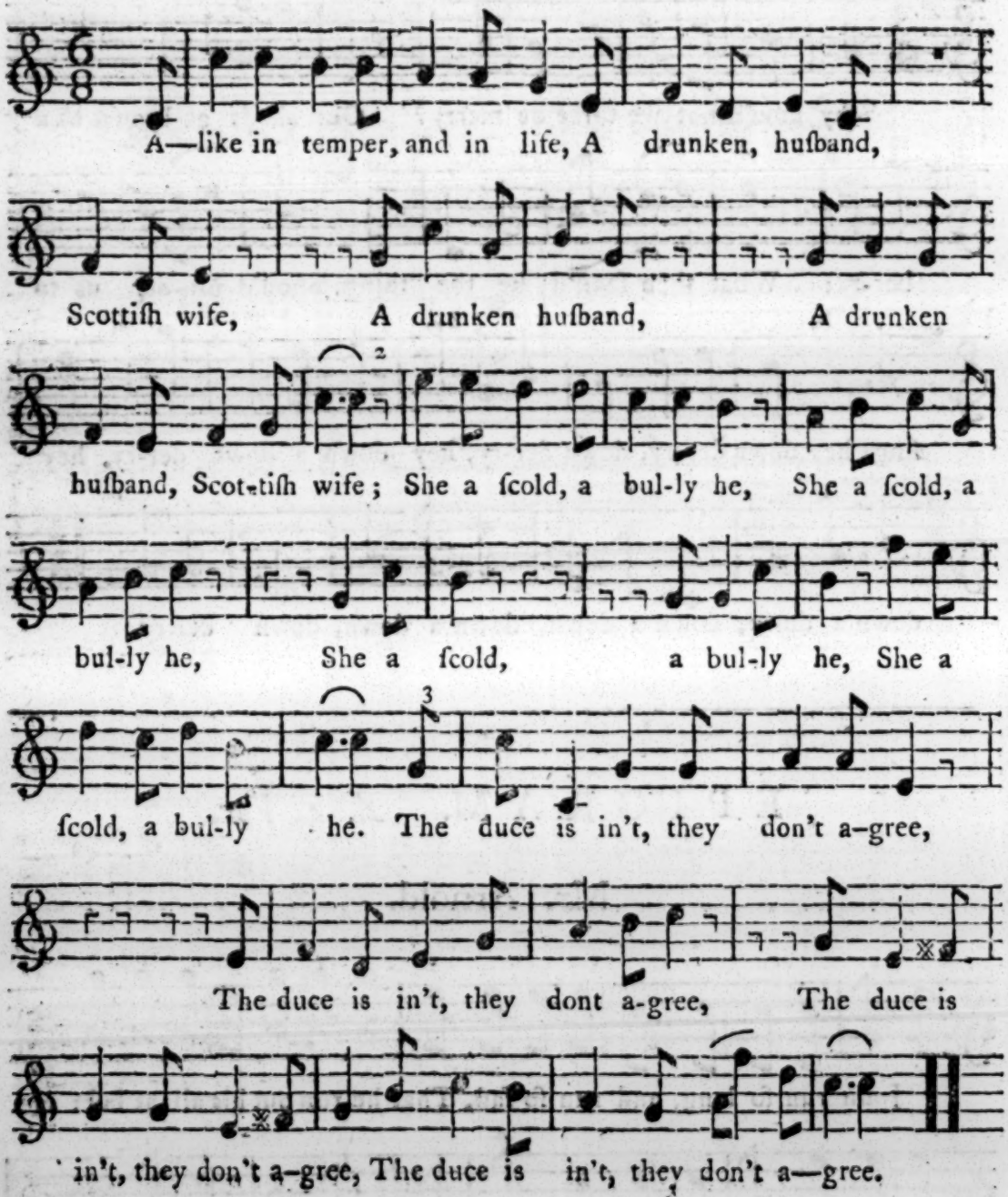
EPIGRAM. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Mr. Arnold.

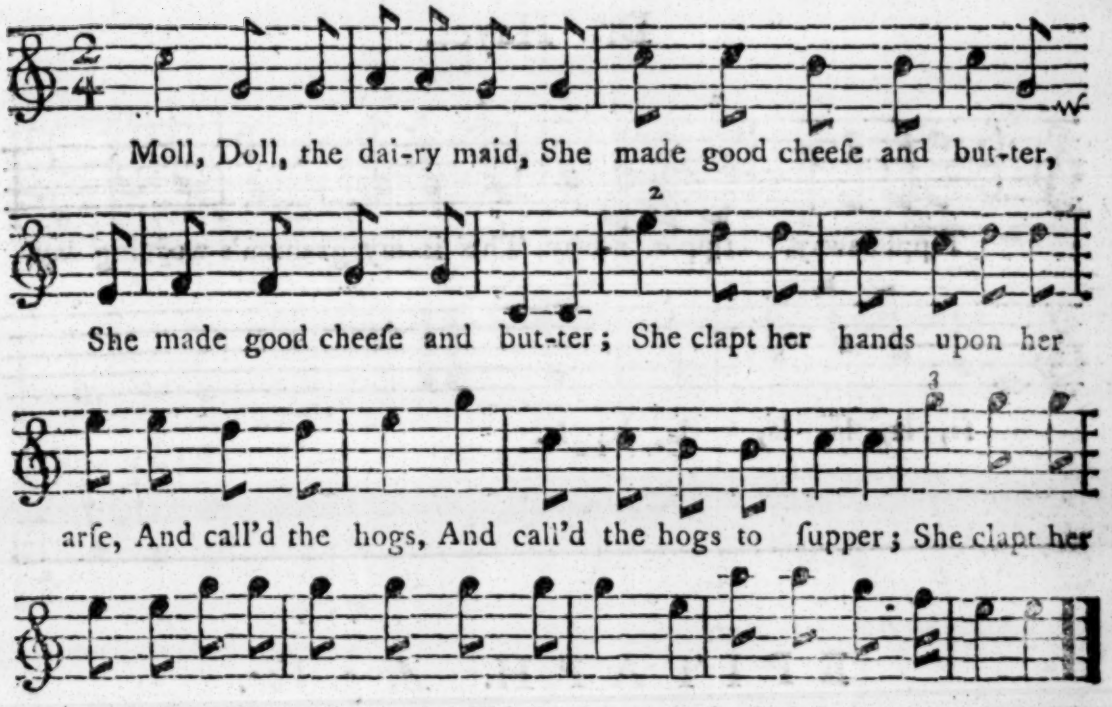


CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

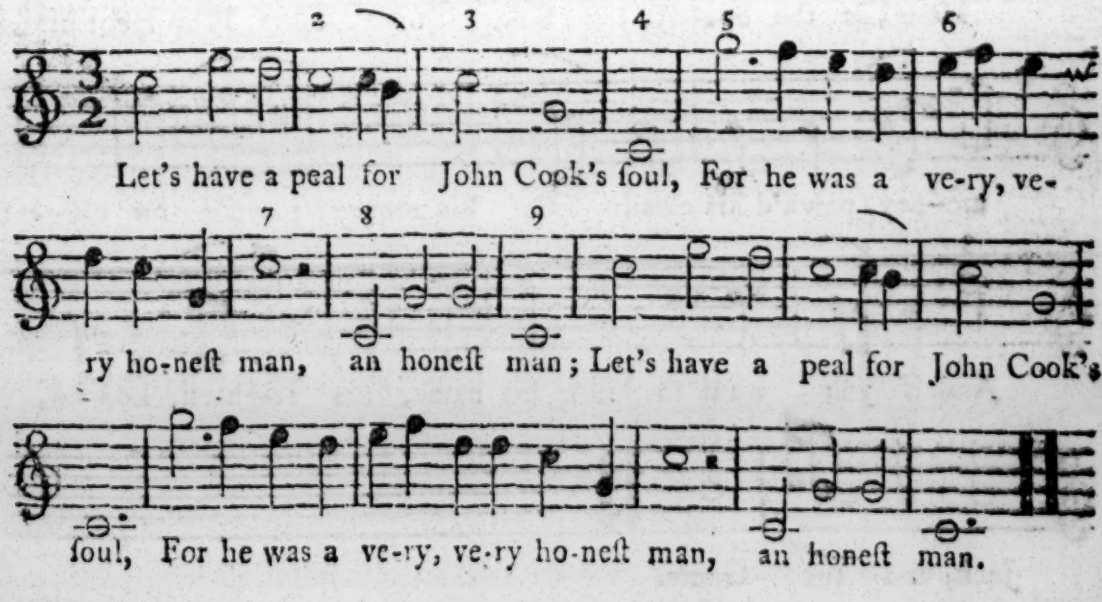
Dr. Hayes.



CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.* Mr. Arnold.



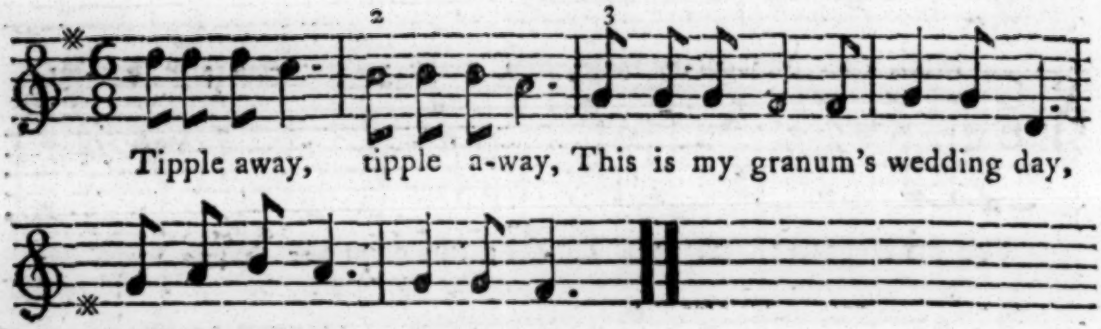
CANON. *Nine in One.*



CATCH.

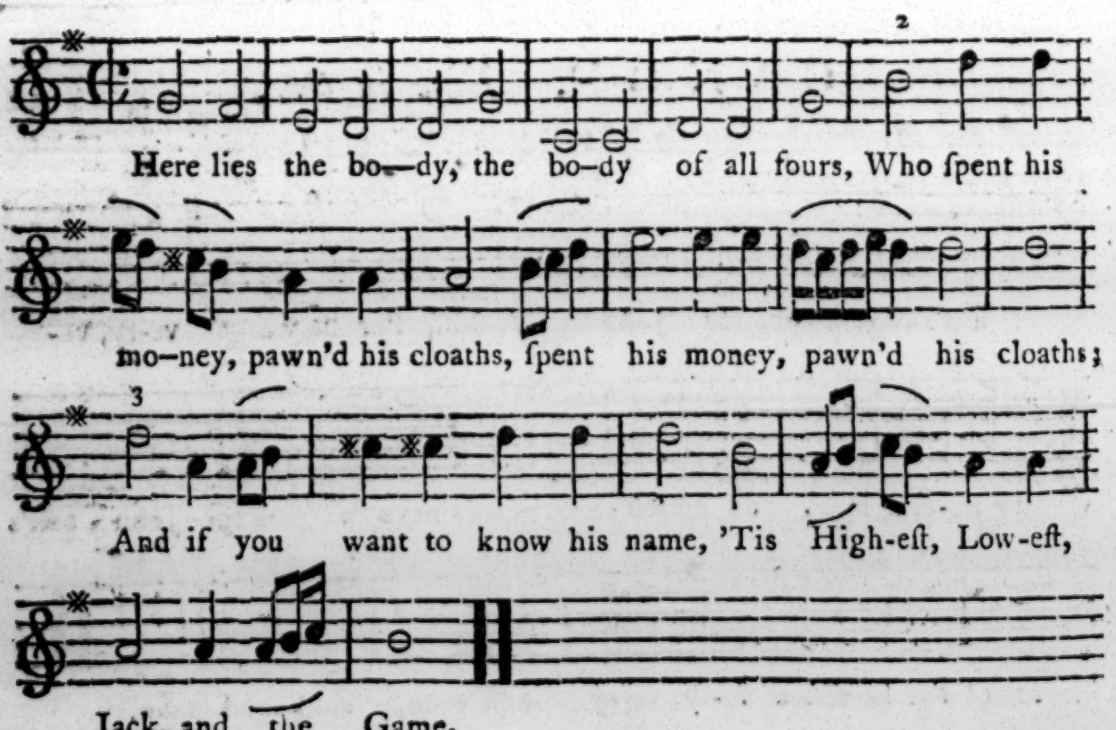
CANON. *Three in One.*

Dr. Hayes.



EPITAPH. *A. 3. Voc.*

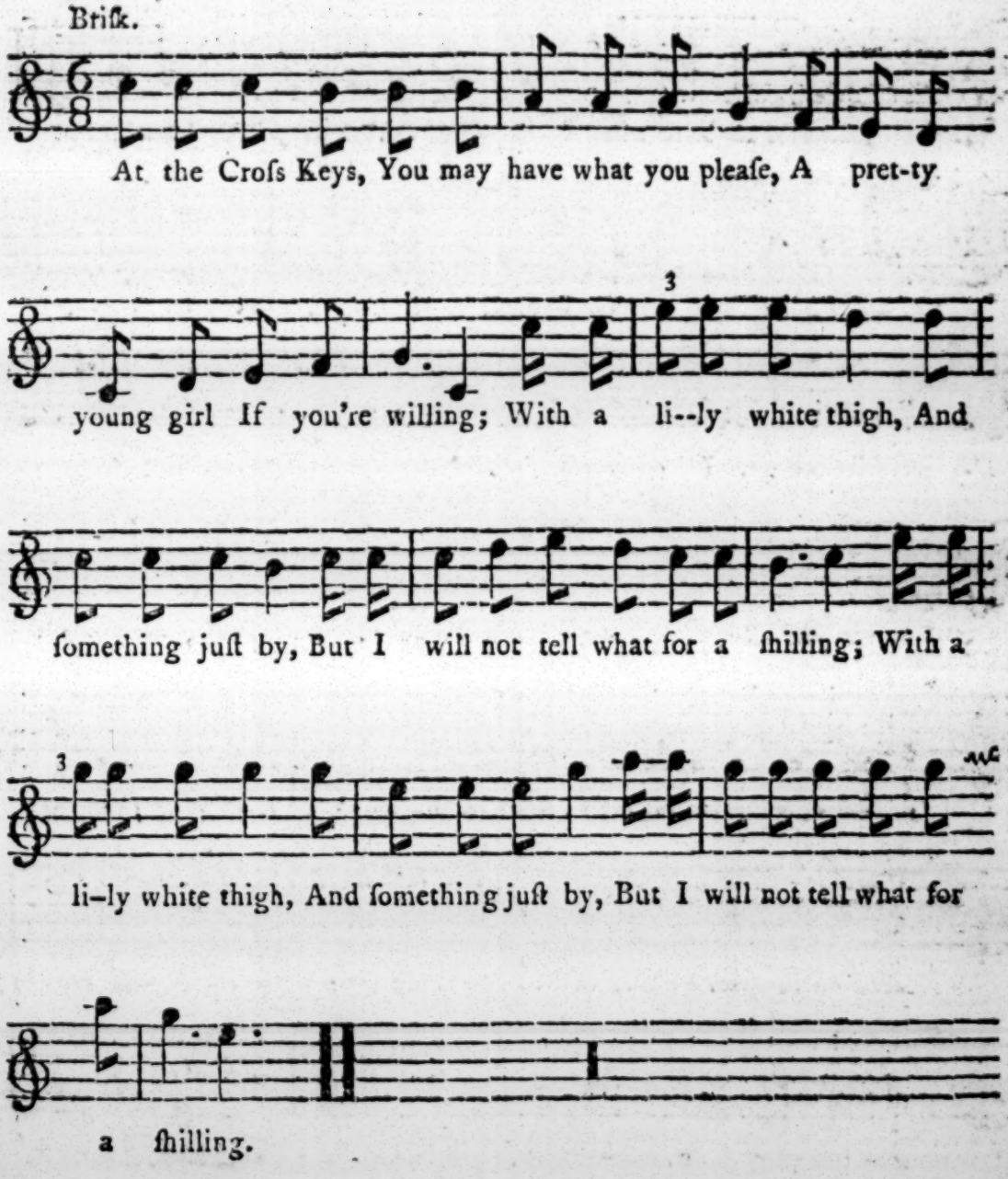
Mr. Arnold.



CATCH.

CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

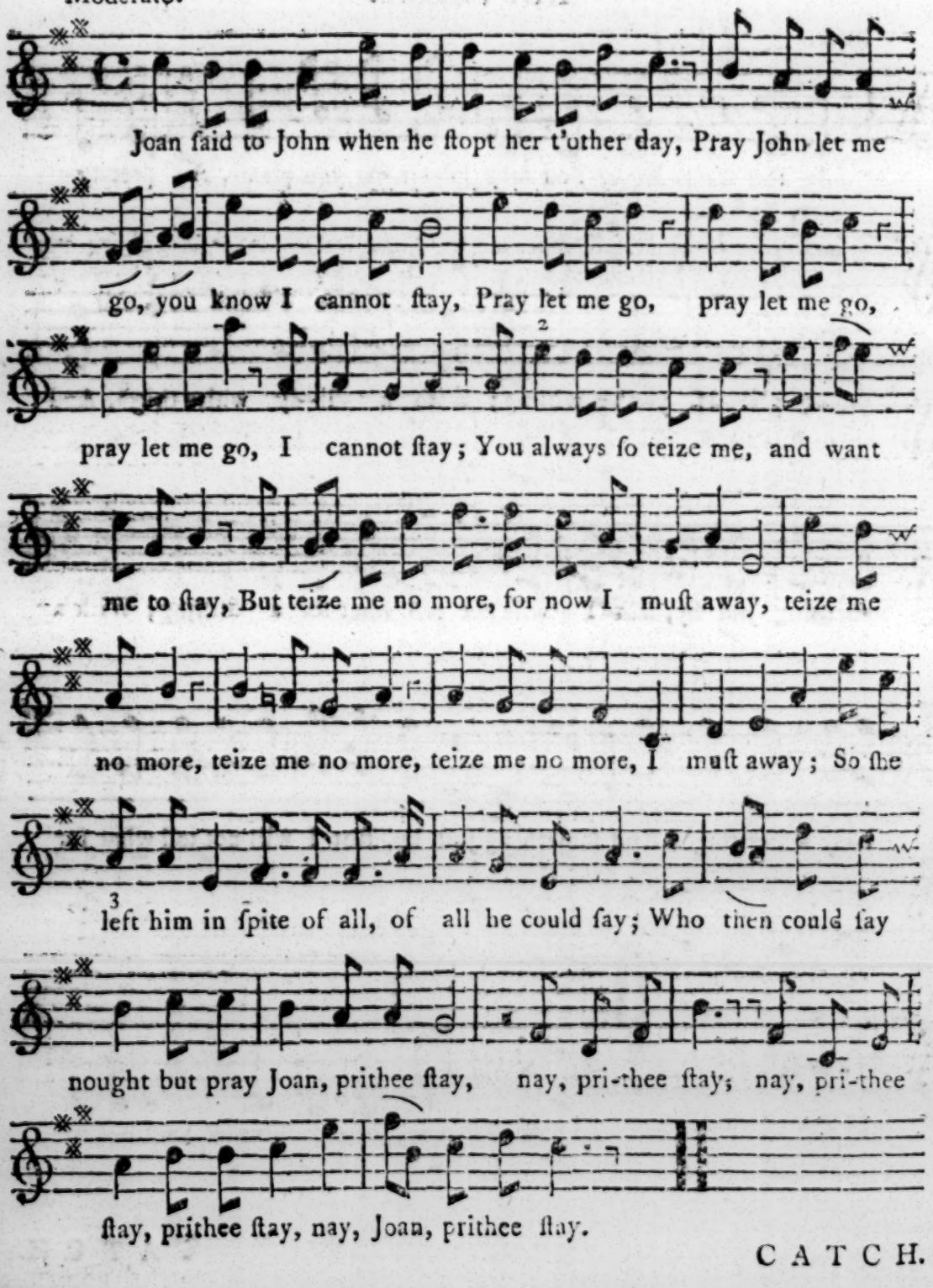
Mr. Arnold.



CATCH. *A. 3. Voc.*

Mr. Atterbury.

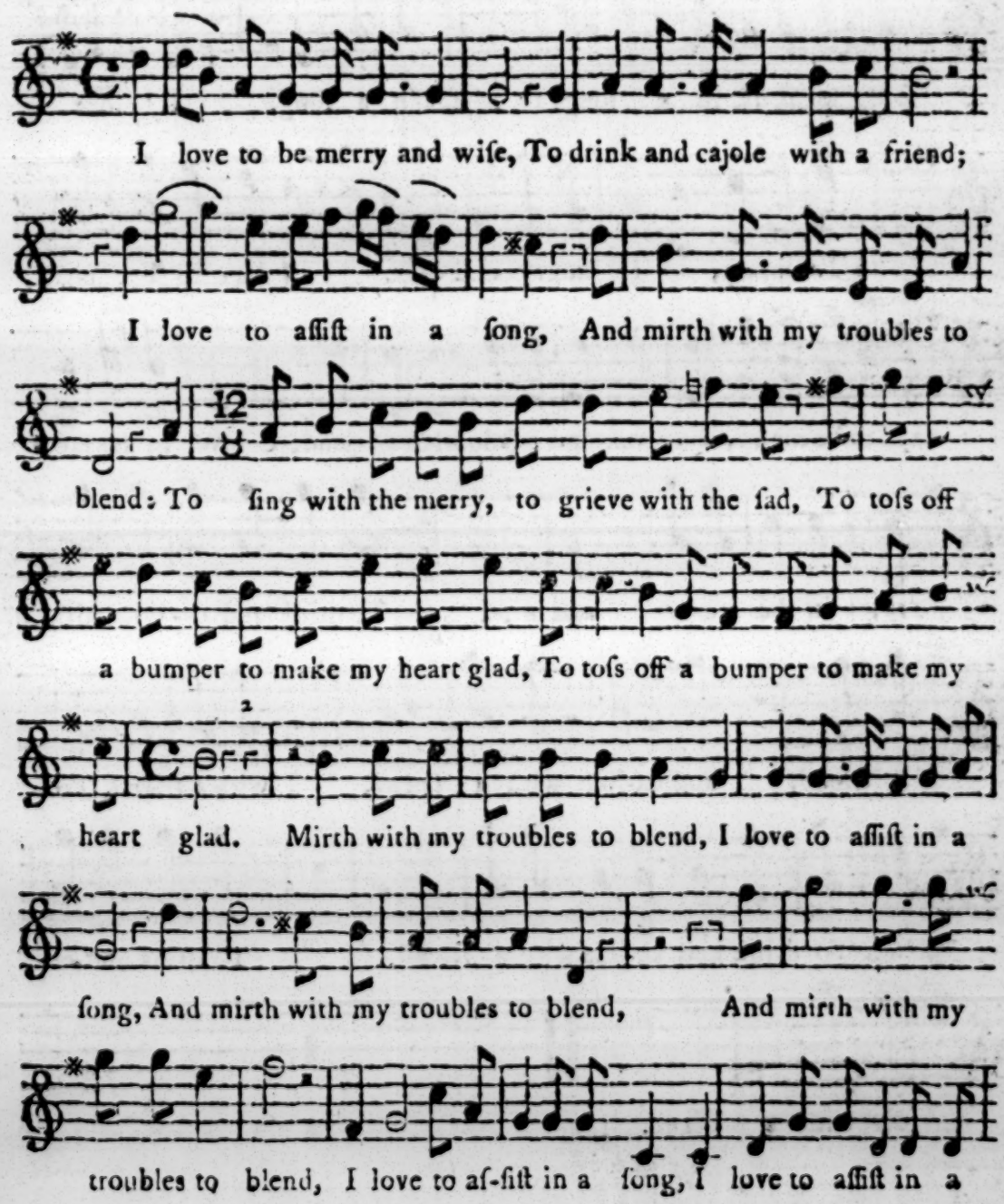
Moderato.



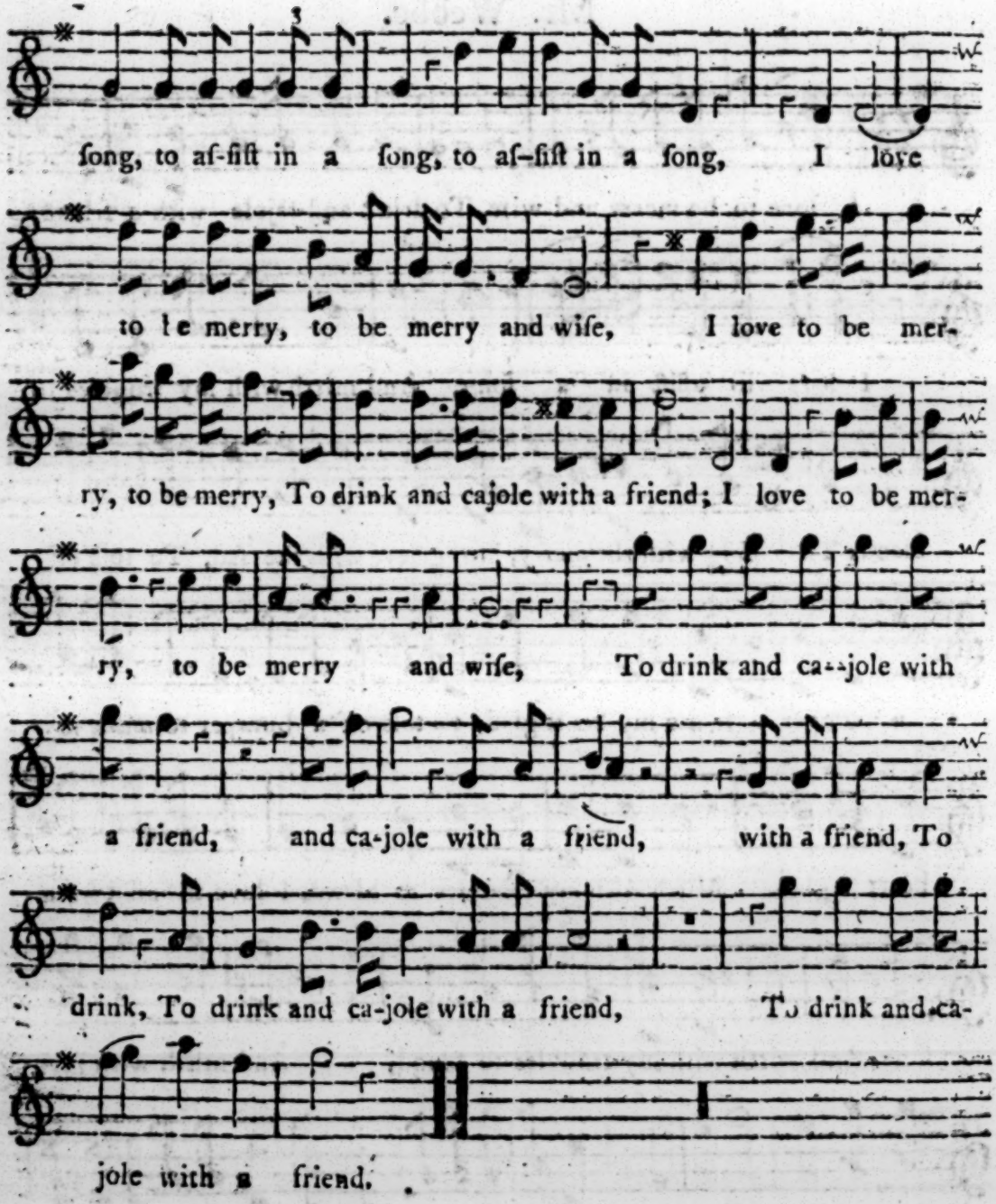
CATCH.

CATCH. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Mr. Webbe.

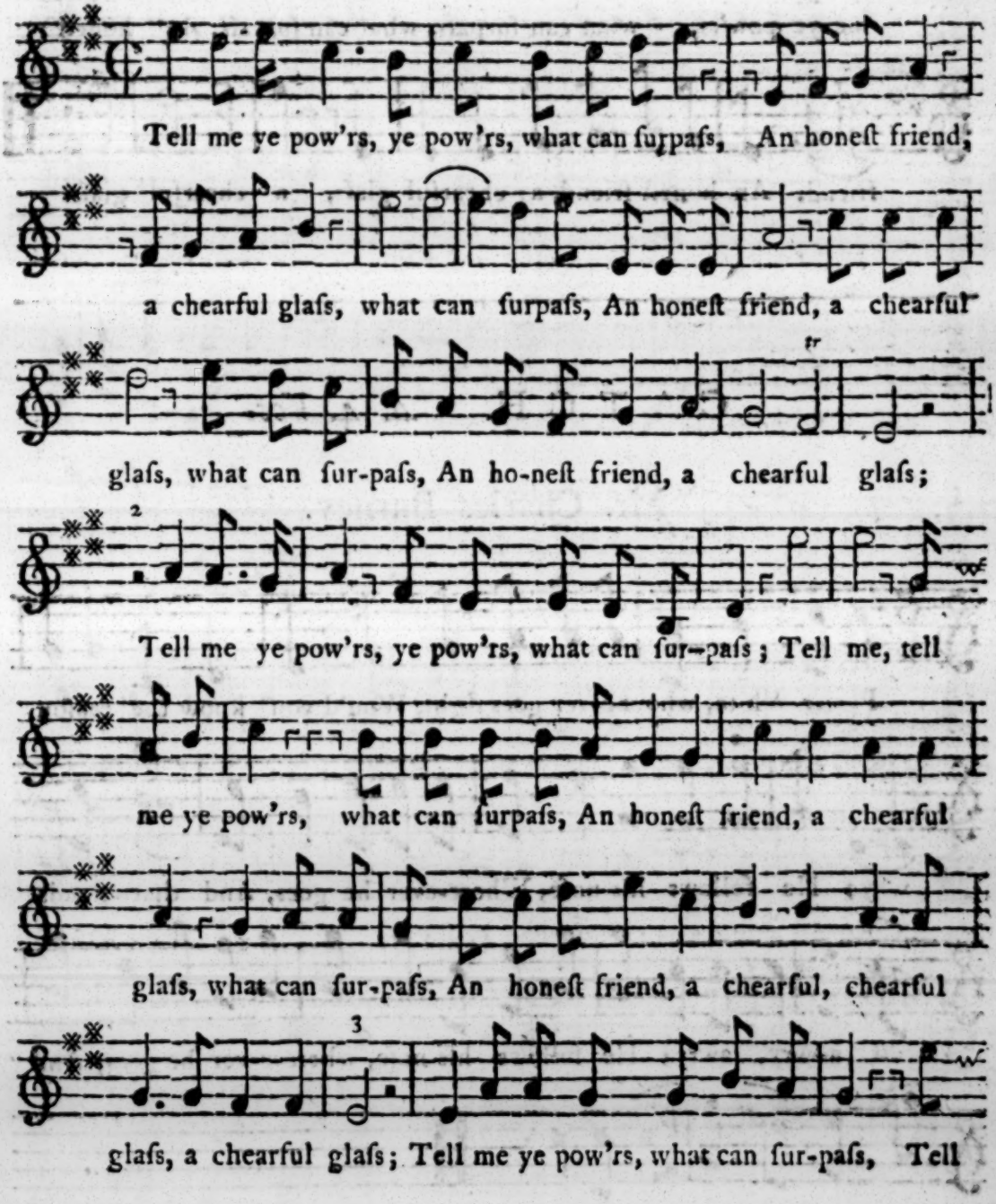


Continued.


ſong, to aſ-ſiſt in a ſong, to aſ-ſiſt in a ſong, I love
to be merry, to be merry and wiſe, I love to be mer-
ry, to be merry, To drink and cajole with a friend; I love to be mer-
ry, to be merry and wiſe, To drink and ca-jole with
a friend, and ca-jole with a friend, with a friend, To
drink, To drink and ca-jole with a friend, To drink and ca-
jole with a friend.

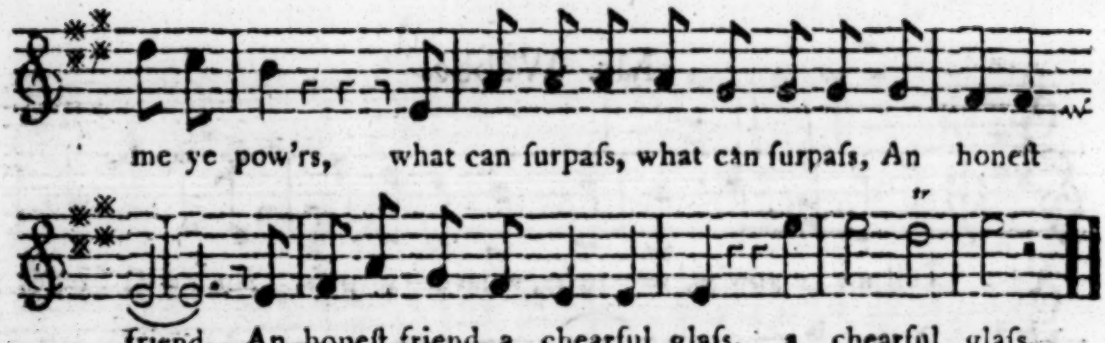
CATCH. *A 3. Voc.*

Mr. Webbe.



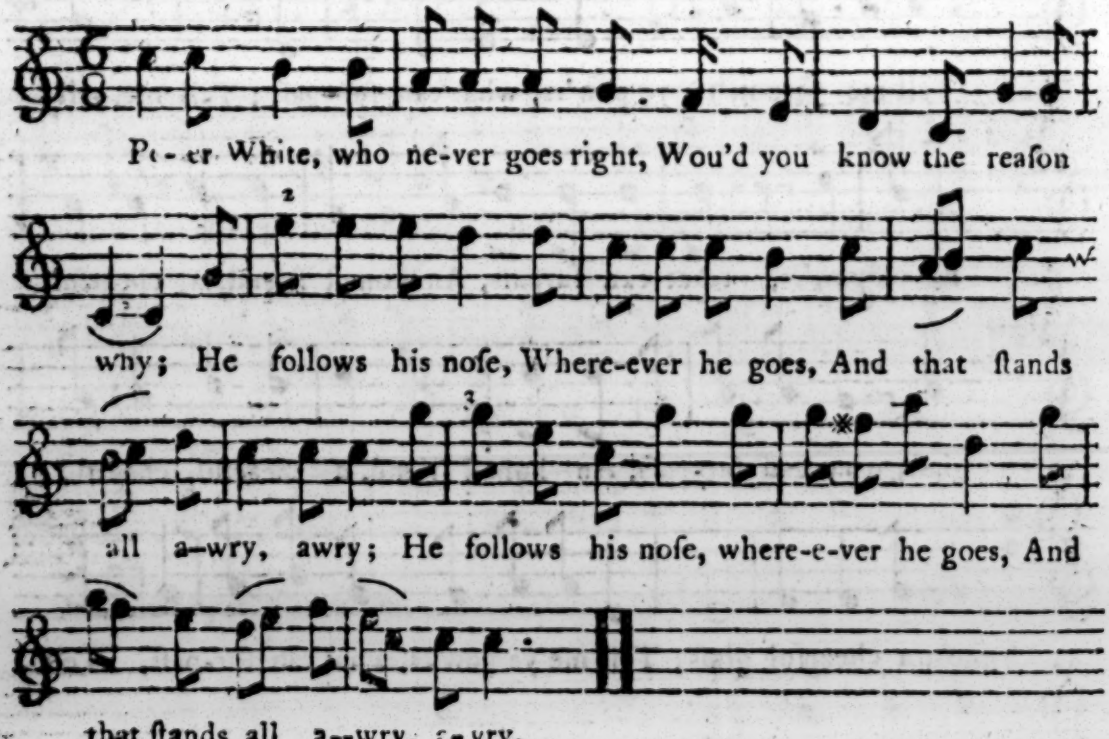
 Continued.

Continued.



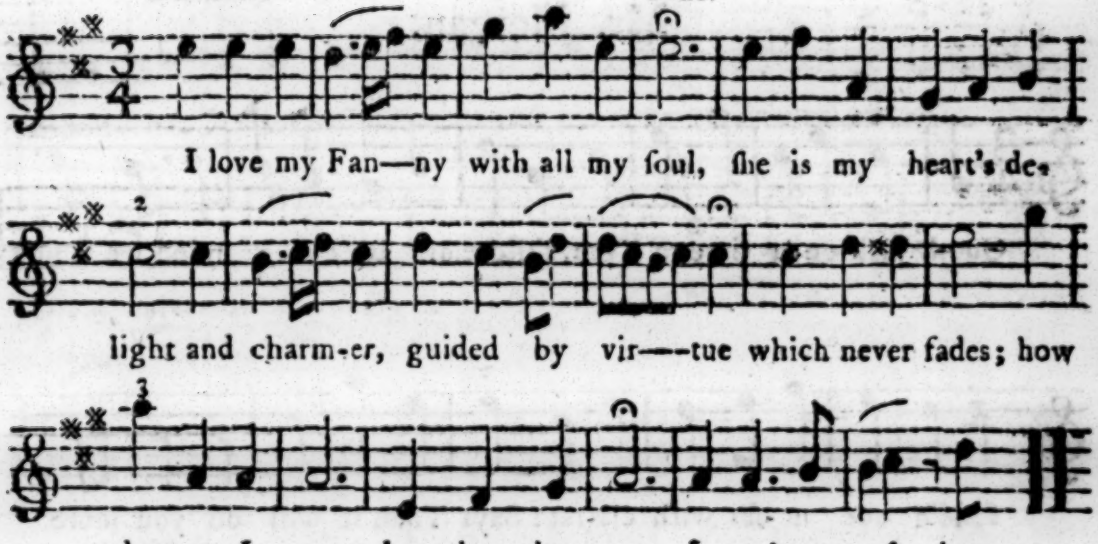
CATCH. *A. 4. Voc.*

Mr. Charles Burney.

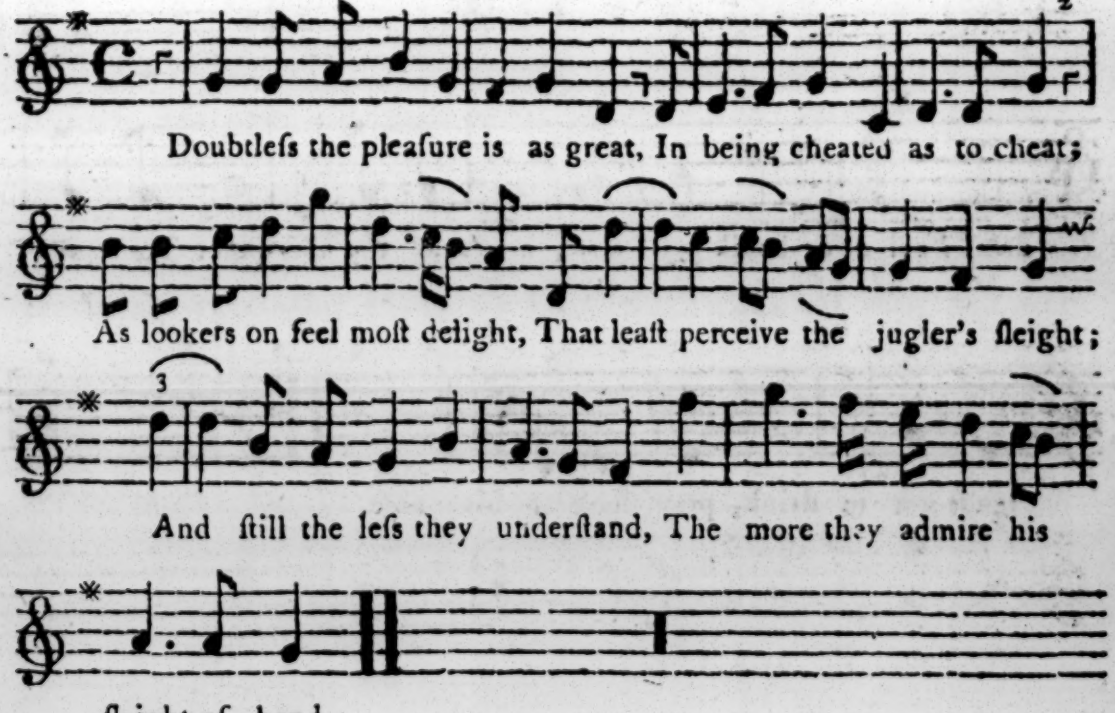


CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Grazioſo. Fine.



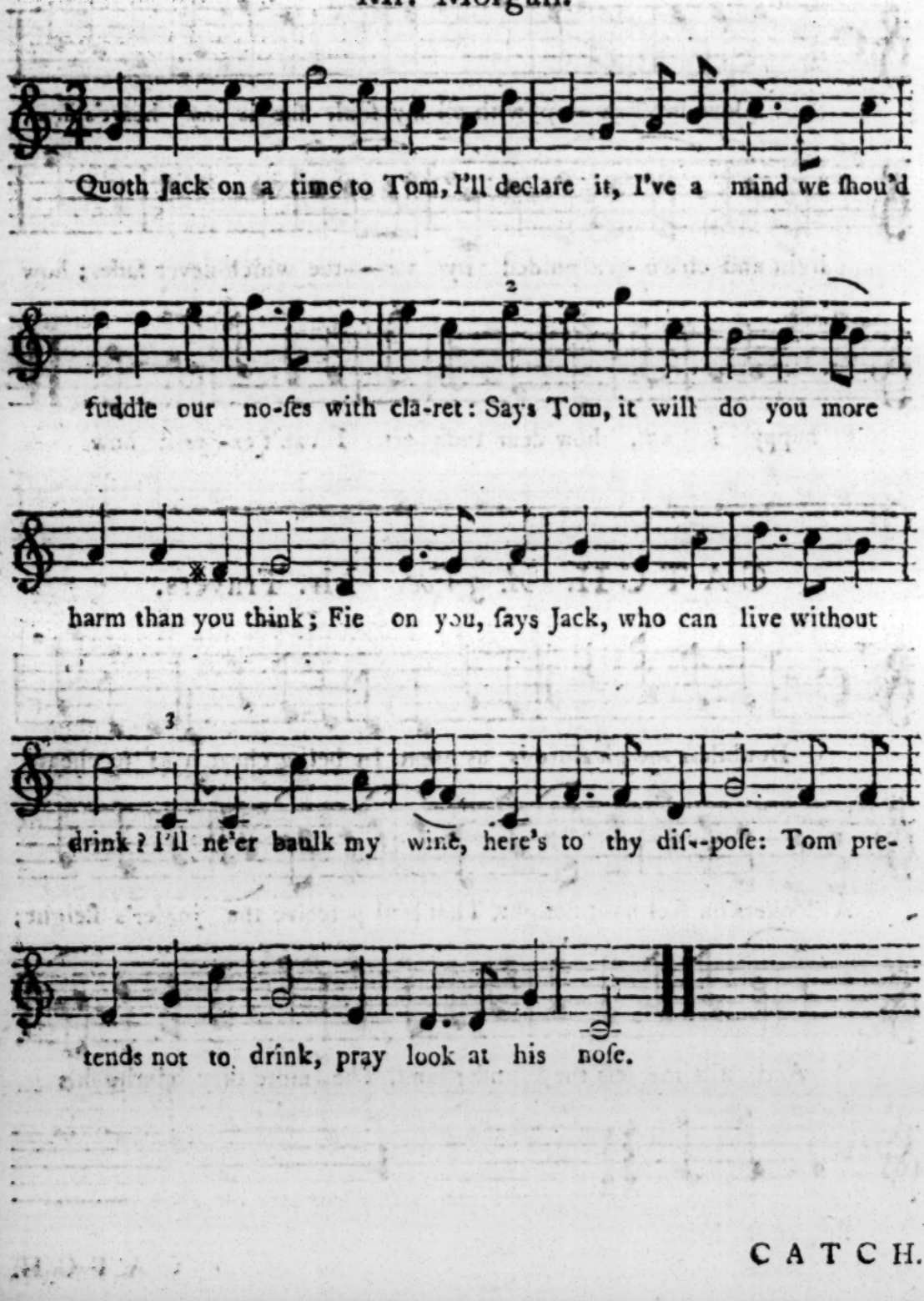
CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.* Mr. Travers.



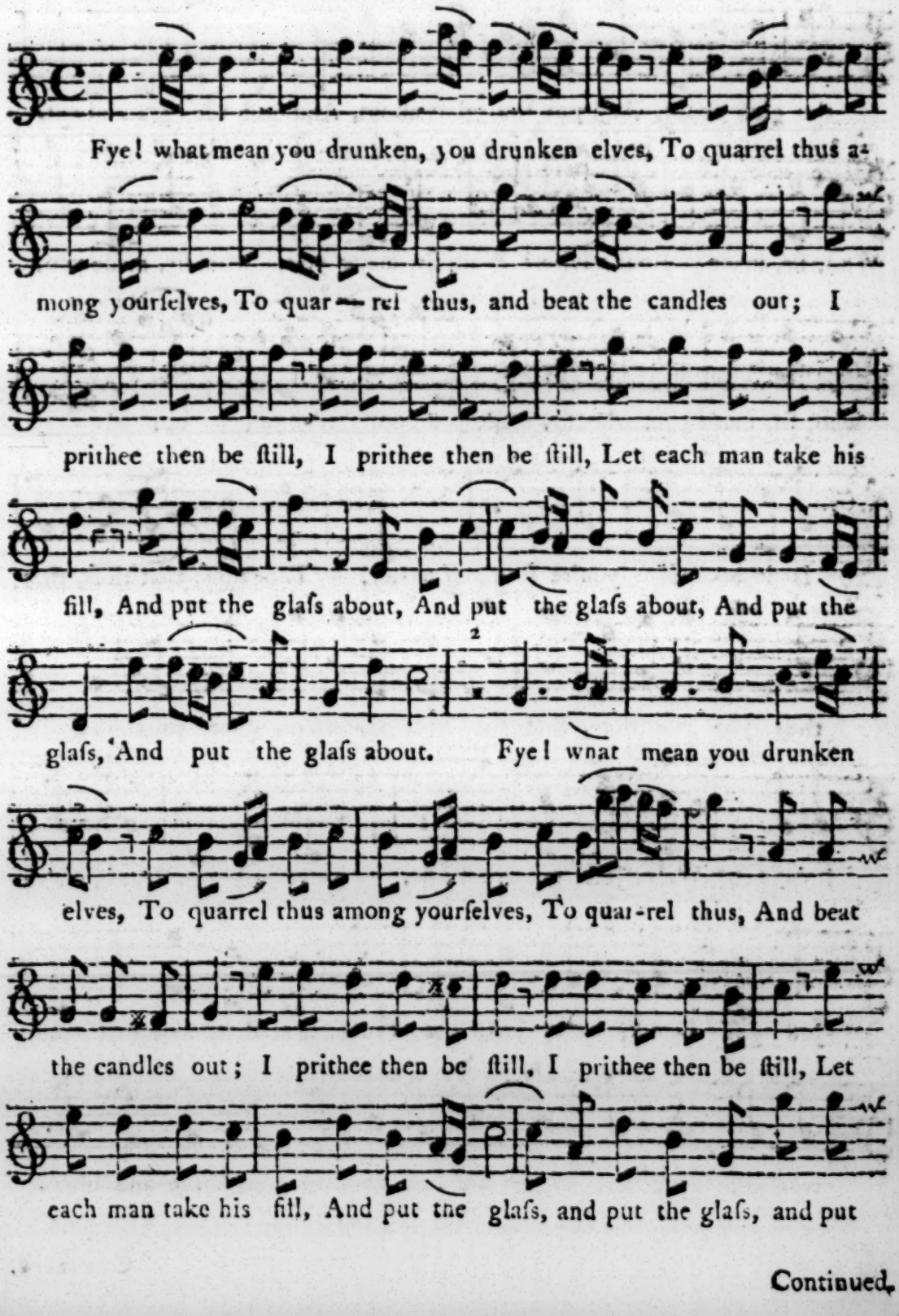
CATCH.

CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Mr. Morgan.

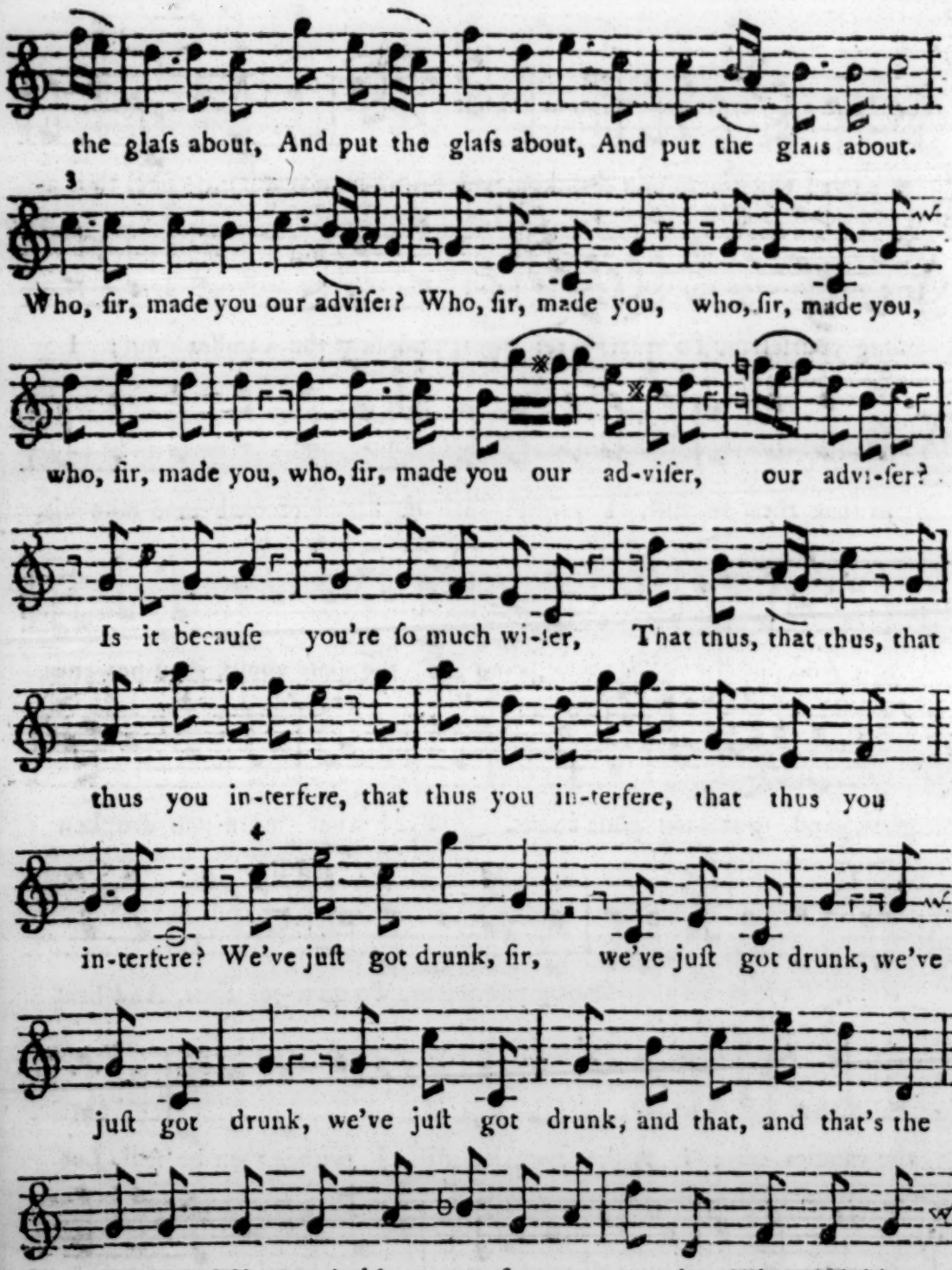


CATCH. *A.* 4. *Voc.*



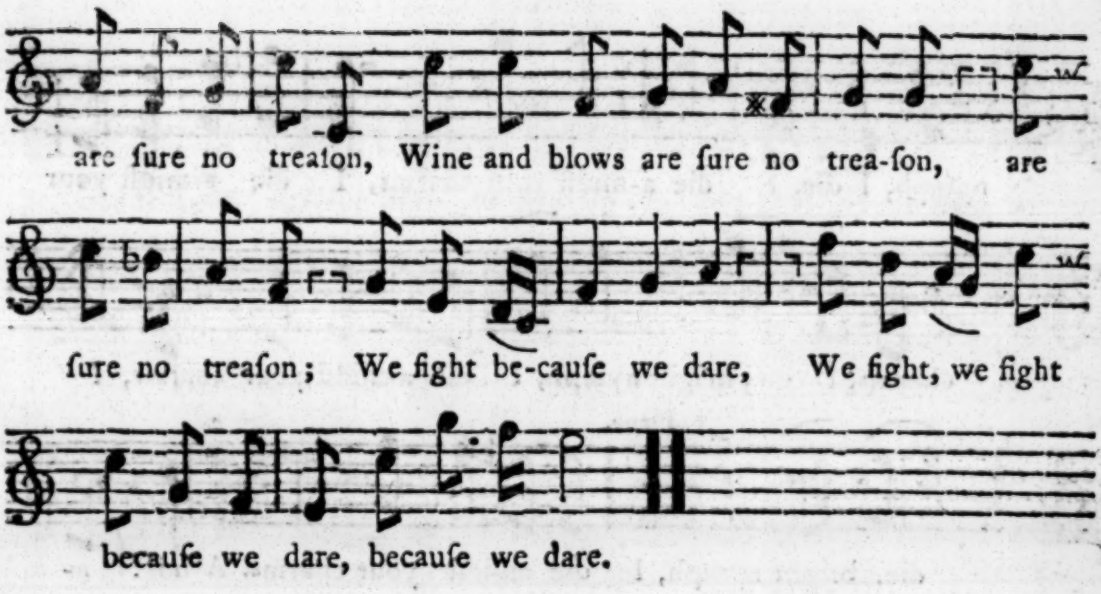
Continued.

Continued.

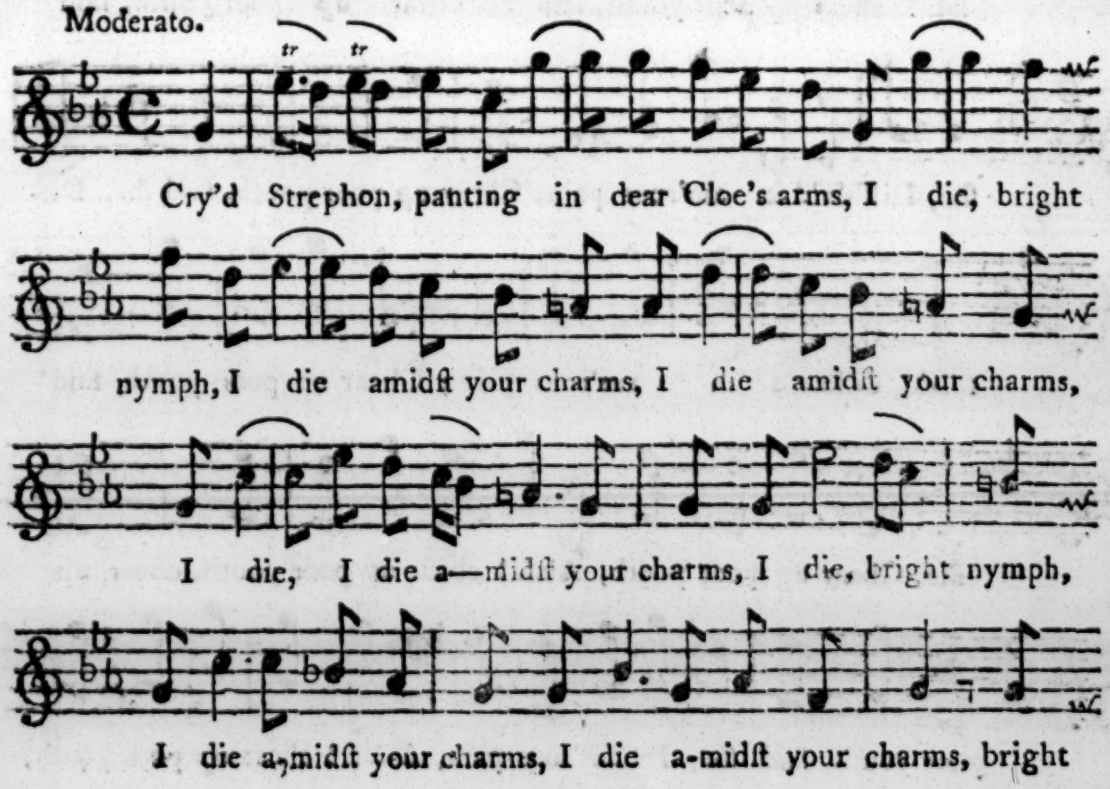


Continued.

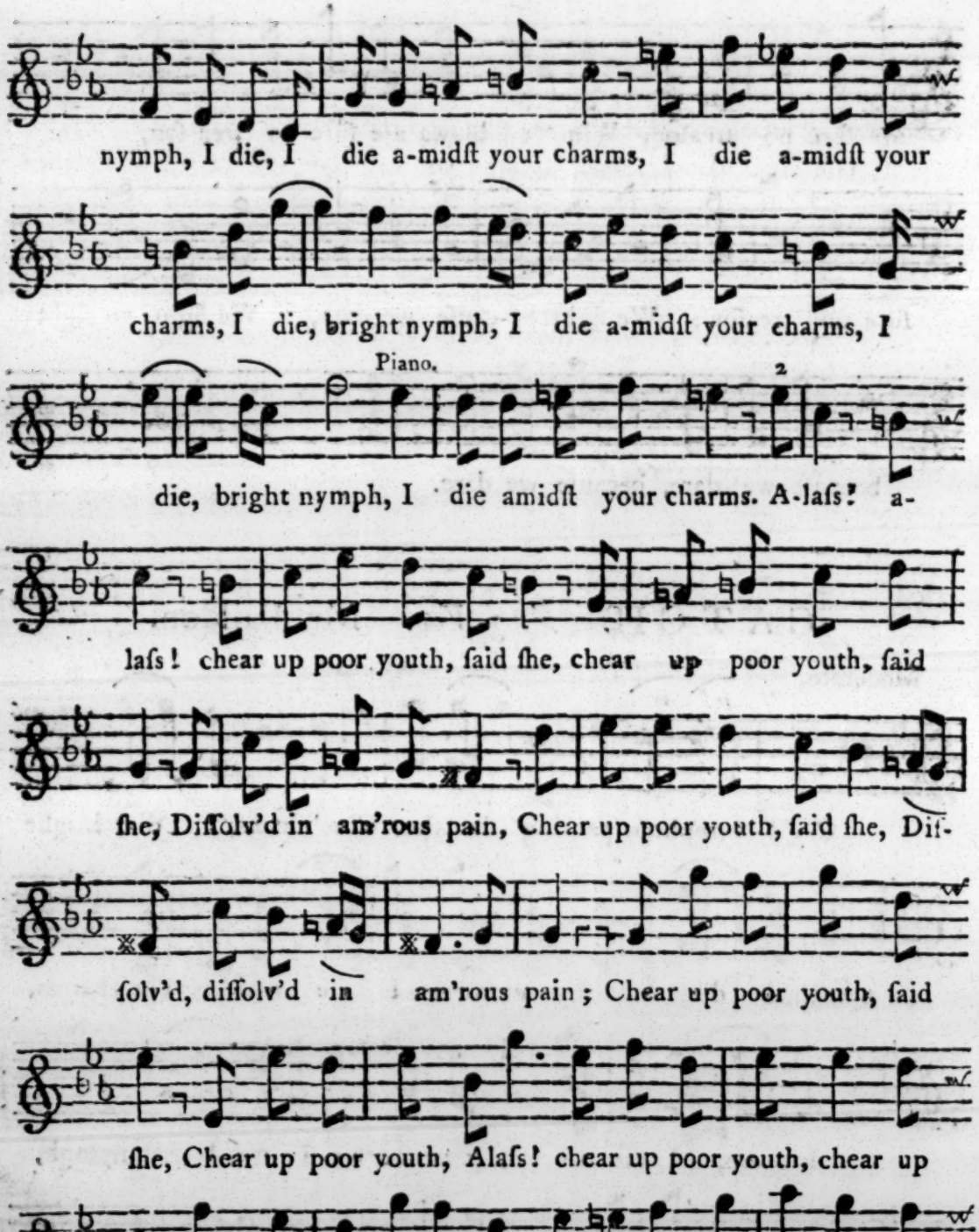
Continued.



CATCH. *A.* 3. *Voc.* Mr. Baildon.

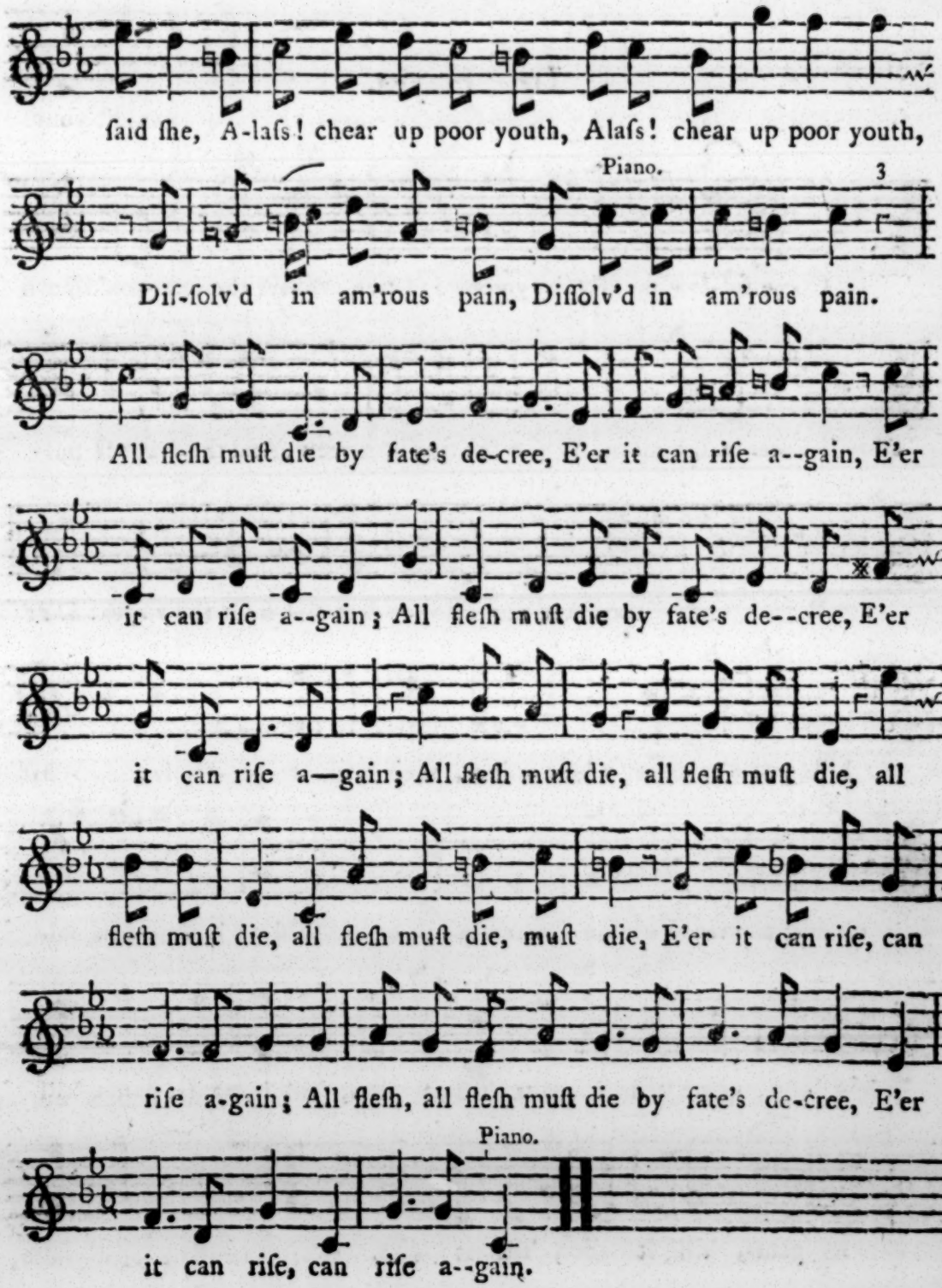


Continued.



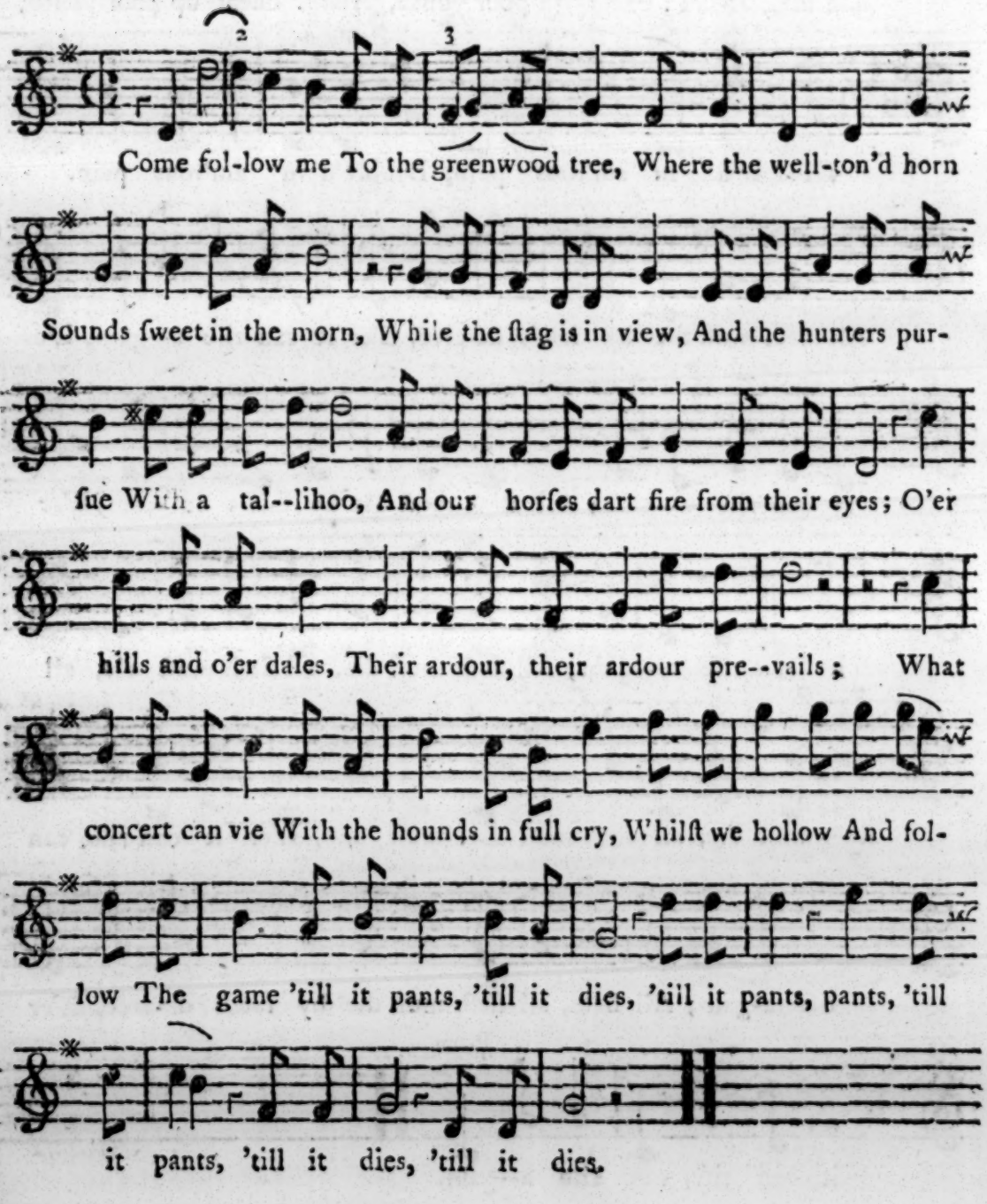
Continued.

Continued.


ſaid ſhe, A-laſs! chear up poor youth, Alaſs! chear up poor youth,
Piano.
3
Diſ-ſolv'd in am'rous pain, Diſſolv'd in am'rous pain.
All fleſh muſt die by fate's de-cree, E'er it can riſe a--gain, E'er
it can riſe a--gain; All fleſh muſt die by fate's de--cree, E'er
it can riſe a—gain; All fleſh muſt die, all fleſh muſt die, all
fleſh muſt die, all fleſh muſt die, muſt die, E'er it can riſe, can
riſe a-gain; All fleſh, all fleſh muſt die by fate's de-cree, E'er
Piano.
it can riſe, can riſe a--gain.

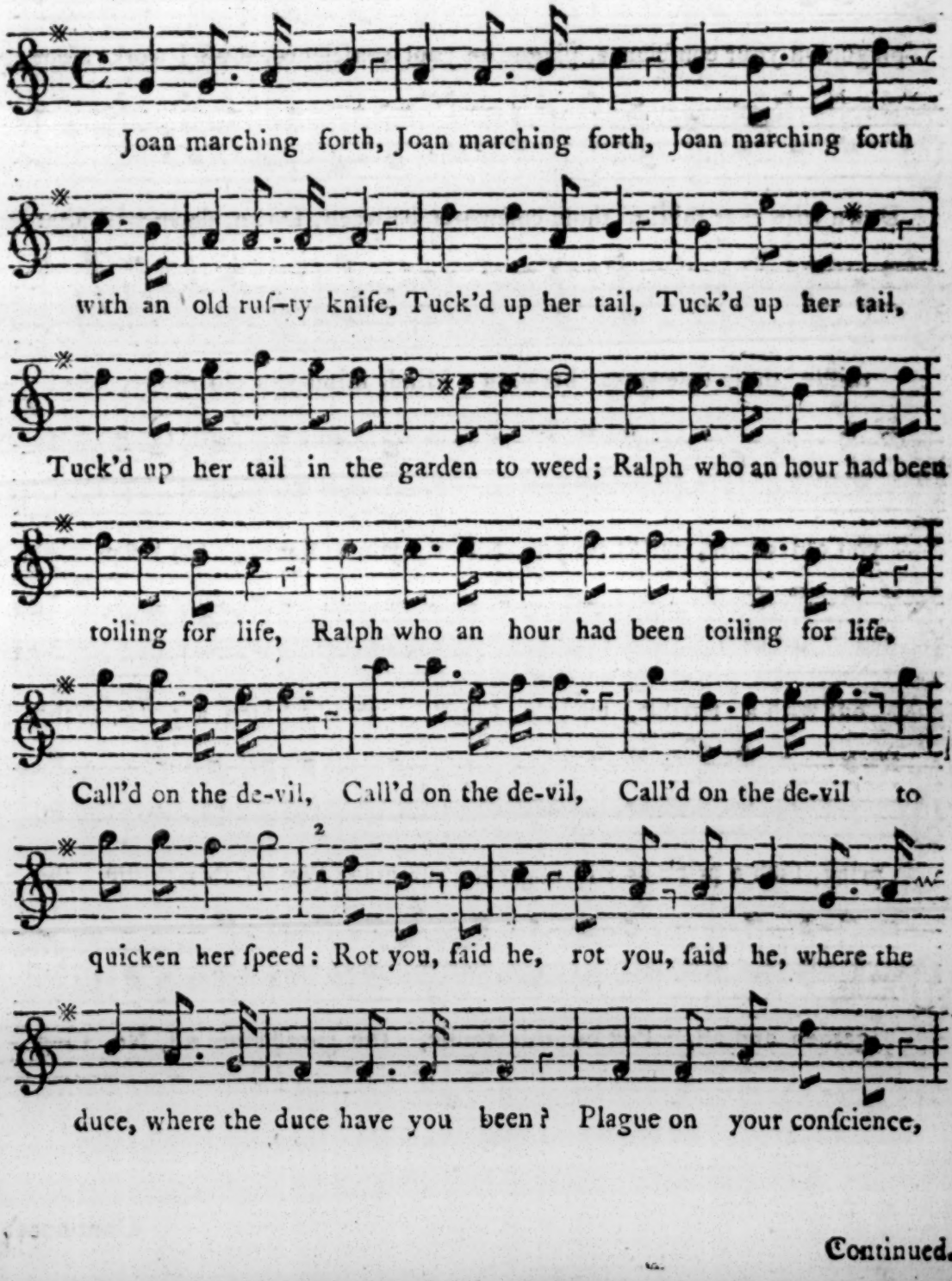
CANON. *Three in One.*

Dr. Hayes.



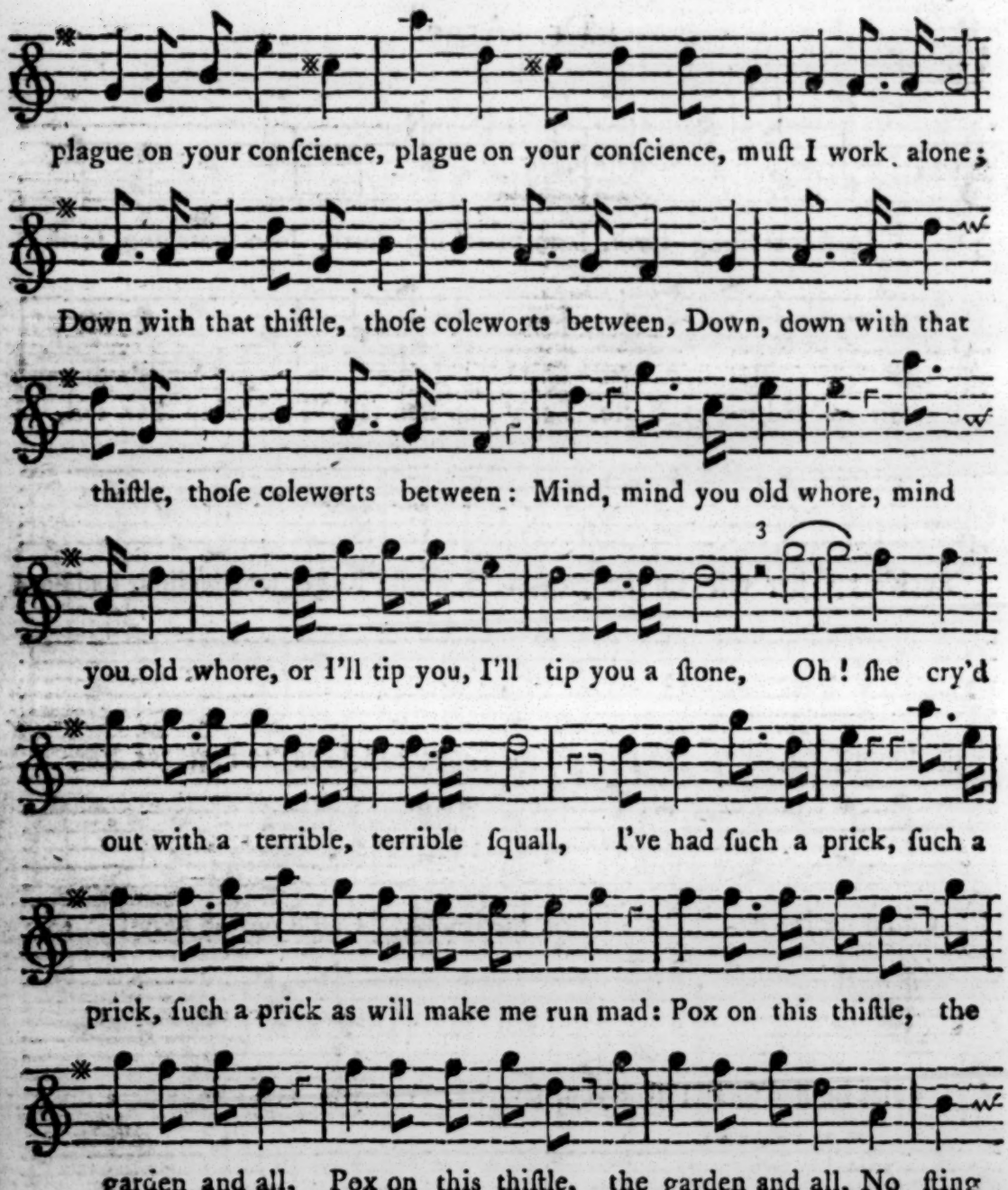
The WEEDERS. CATCH. *A.* 4. *Voc.*

Dr. Arne.



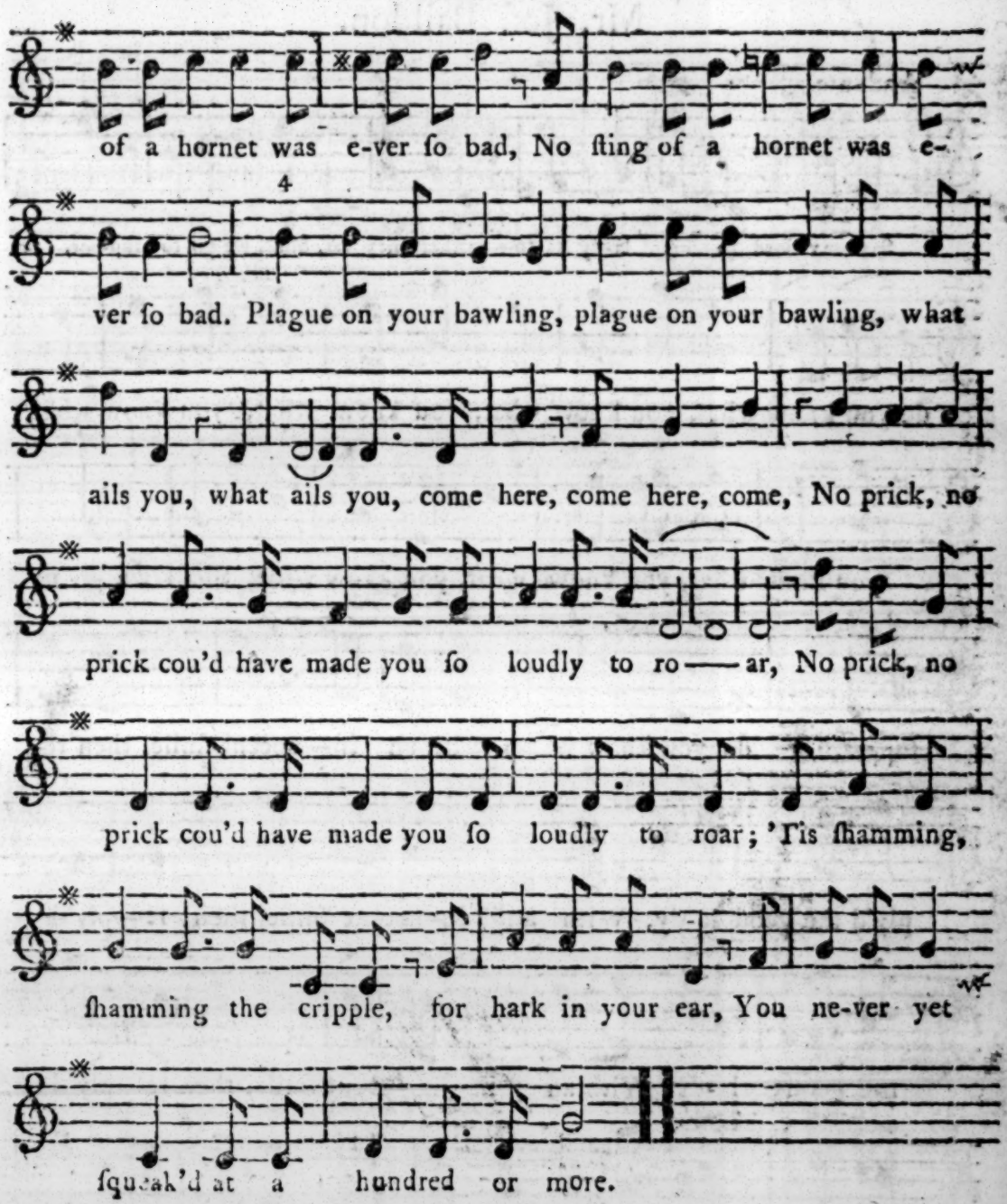
Continued.

Continued.



Continued.

Continued.

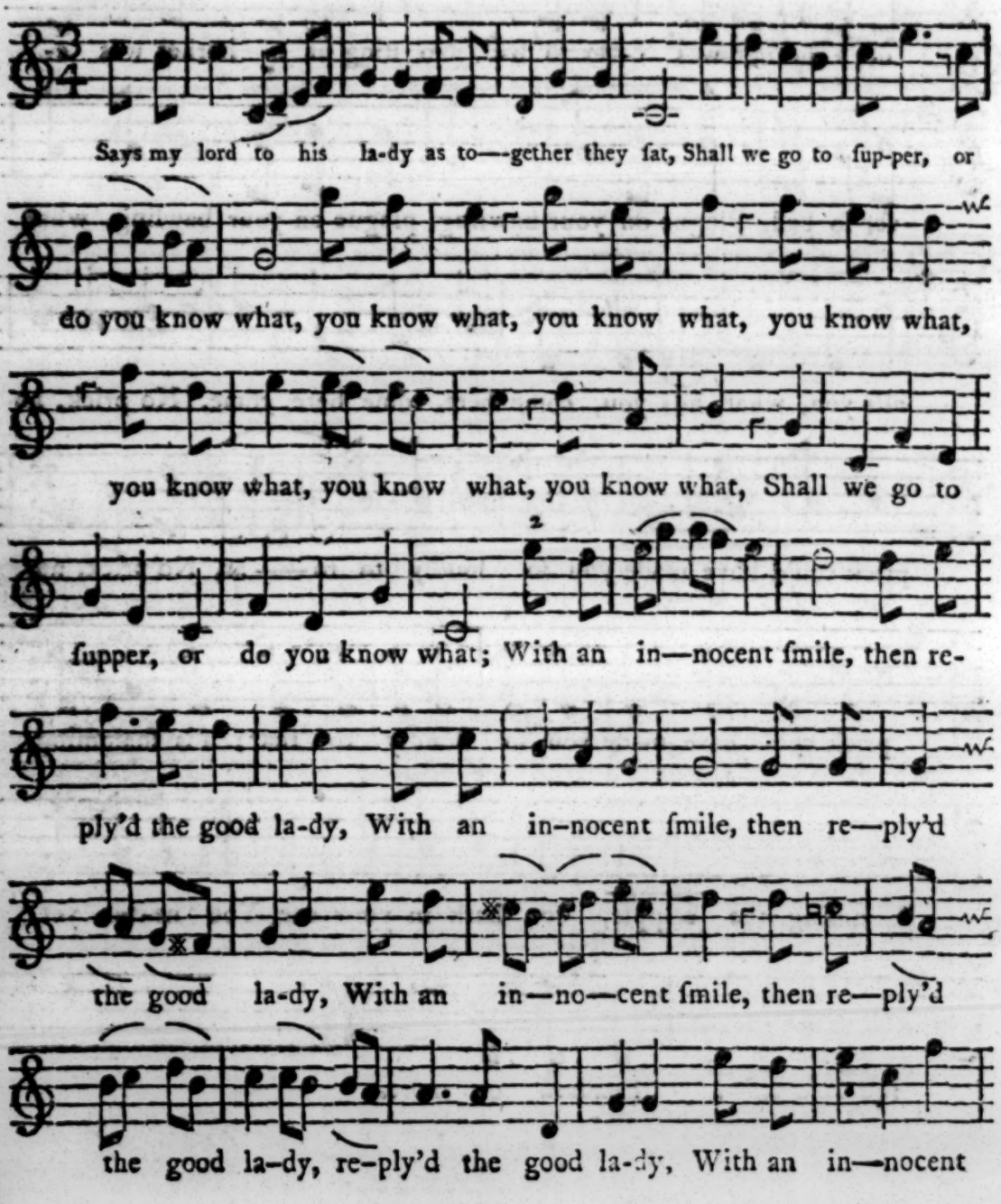


CATCH.

CATCH. *A. 3. Voc.*

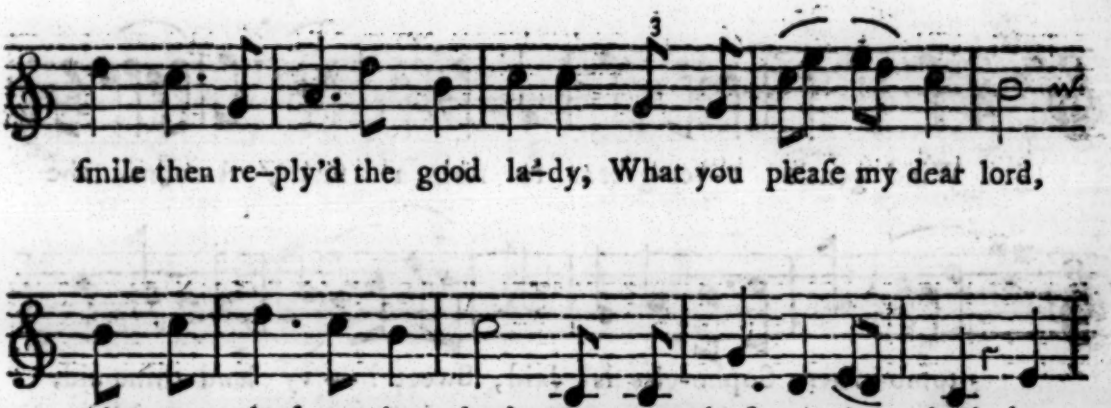
Mr. Joſ. Baildon.

Andante.



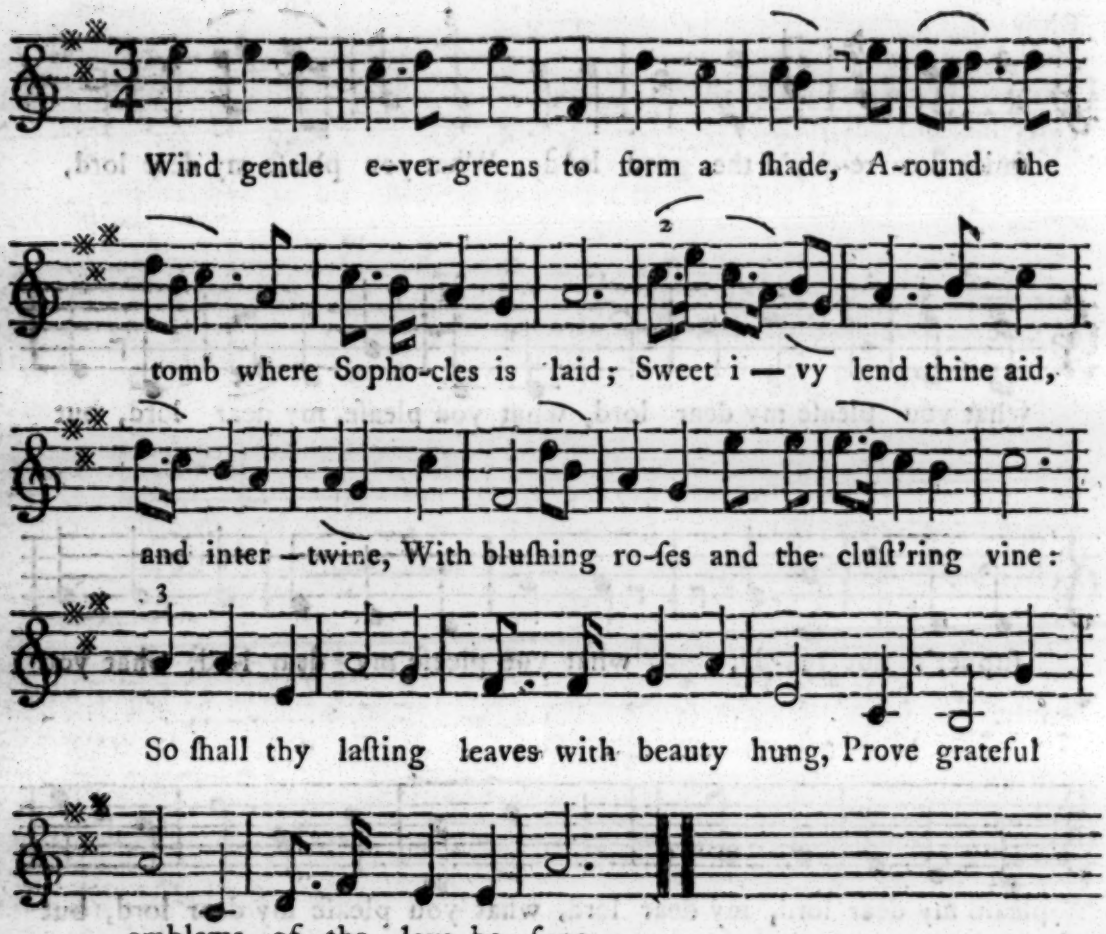
Continued.

Continued.


ſmile then re-ply'd the good la-dy, What you pleaſe my dear lord,
what you pleaſe my dear lord, what you pleaſe, my dear lord, but
ſupper's not rea-dy, what you pleaſe my dear lord, what you
pleaſe my dear lord, my dear lord, what you pleaſe my dear lord, but
ſupper's not rea-dy.

EPITAPH. *A.* 3. *Voc.*

Mr. Brewer.



FINIS.

Juſt publiſhed, Price Five Shillings.

CATCH CLUB HARMONY:

Being an entire new Set of near One Hundred Catches, Songs and Glees, for Two, Three, and Four Voices.

Compoſed by JOHN ARNOLD, Philo-Muſicæ.

LONDON: Engraved, Printed, and ſold for the Author, by Meſſrs. Longman, Lukey and Broderip, No. 26, Cheapſide; alſo ſold by Meſſrs. Hawes, Crowder and Buckland, Pater-noſter Row.

A TABLE *of the* Songs *and* Glees.

	Page
IN a full flowing bowl	1
Since Celia's my foe	2
Love's a gentle, generous paſſion	3
To thee, O gentle ſleep	4
Blow on ye winds	5
Hail England, Old England	6
Huzza, huzza, huzza, oh ye Britons	7
Jolly mortals fill your glaſſes	8
Toby Swill, has ne'er his fill	9
Water parted from the ſea	10
Three children ſliding on the ic	12
Cupid no more ſhall grieve me	13
Bacchus, he it is that fires me	14
Friends, ſince thus I am delighted	15
With my jug in one hand	16
Comely ſwain why ſits thou ſo?	19
To be jovial and gay	20
Farewel ſorrow, farewel pain	22
Bacchus, god of joys divine	29
Muſic, how pow'rful is thy charm	30
When here, Lucinda, firſt we came	31
Let's live and let's love	34
Let the bells now ring	36
Of all the brave birds	41
When firſt I ſaw thee graceful move	44
Bacchus aſſiſt us to ſing thy great glory	46
Fill about, let's drink away	48
Which is the propereſt day to drink	49
Melting airs ſoft joys inſpire	54
Amidſt the myrtles as I walk	55
A pox on reflection	56
When gay Bacchus fills my breaſt	61
Soft Cupid, wanton am'rous boy	67
Old I am, yet can (I think)	79
I married a wife on Sunday	89
The duſky night rides down the ſky	90
How ſweet in the woodlands	92
Come thou roſy dimpled boy	95

A Table *of the* Catches, Epigrams, *and* Canons.

WOMEN ſhould their time divide	97
She that thinks upon her honour	98
My beer is ſtout	ibid.
Such a lyar is Tom	99
Sir, you, ſir, you, ſir, you are a comical fellow	ibid.

A Table of the Catches, &c.

	Page
As Celia with her catcher play'd	102
Now God be with old Simeon	103
The Moon and Woman	104
Come friends and companions	105
Don't, don't, don't puſh	106
Prithee is not Miſs Cloe's a comical Caſe	107
Jack, I hear you're good at pinking	108
My heart once as light as a feather	110
Adam catch'd Eve	111
Quoth Roger to Nelly	112
Life is a jeſt	114
O beauteous eyes diſcover	ibid.
Good neighbours be quiet	115
With hounds and horns in chorus	117
Do not ſay me no	118
What are we met	119
Mortals learn your lives to meaſure	121
'Mongſt other roſes thorns grow thick	122
Jack, thou'rt a	123
A boat, a boat, haſte to the ferry	124
Since my Phillis is fallen	125
Phillis my faireſt how can you deny me	126
Unbend thy working mind awhile, and play	127
Suppoſe the king he ſhould command	128
A fig for care, why ſhould we ſpare	129
Come let us all a Maying go	130
Jack and Jill went up the hill	ibid.
Why ſhould not we three be merry	131
John run ſo long and run ſo faſt	ibid.
Alike in temper and in life	132
Moll Doll the dairy maid	133
Let's have a peal for John Cook's ſoul	ibid.
Tipple away, tipple away	134
Here lies the body, the body of All Fours	ibid.
At the Croſs Keys	135
Joan ſaid to John	136
I love to be merry and wiſe	137
Tell me, ye pow'rs, what can ſurpaſs	139
Peter White, who never goes right	140
I love my Fanny with all my ſoul,	141
Doubtleſs the pleaſure is as great	ibid.
Quoth Jack on a time to Tom, I'll declare it	142
Fye! what mean you drunken	143
Cry'd Strephon, panting in dear Cloe's arms	145
Come follow me to the greenwood tree	148
Joan marching forth	149
Says my Lord to his Lady	152
Wind gentle evergreens	154

6 NO 63